This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

3 3433 06729442 5

1778 - 1847

WORKS

OF

THE HON. AND VERY REV.

WILLIAM HERBERT,

DEAN OF MANCHESTER, ETC.

EXCEPTING THOSE ON BOTANY AND NATURAL HISTORY;

WITH

ADDITIONS AND CORRECTIONS

BY THE AUTHOR.

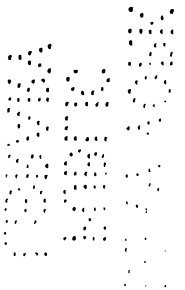
VOL. I.

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

LONDON:

H. G. BOHN, YORK STREET, COVENT GARDEN.

1842.



ERRATA

IN HORÆ SCANDICÆ.

P.	3,	l.	18, *for*	wave	*read*	wave ;
—	32,	v.	785, —	allure	—	allure,
—	77,	v.	1583, —	charms	—	charms.
—	120,	v.	2911, —	belief.	—	belief,
—	160,	v.	103, —	guil	—	guilt
—	199,	v.	93, —	this,	—	this
—	219,	l.	26, —	king of	—	king
—	284,	l.	24, —	ode,	—	ode.

IN HORÆ PIERIÆ.

P.	10,	v.	230, —	from	—	for
—	—	v.	238, —	seems it	—	it seems
—	204,	v.	17, —	Zephyr's	—	Zephyrs
—	233,	v.	132, —	θεοεικελου	—	θεοεικέλου
—	236,	v.	217, —	Οὐνοθίδαι	—	Οὐνόθιδαι
—	237,	v.	242, —	Ουποτέ	—	Οὔποτέ
—	241,	last line,	—	τοῖσδ'	—	ταῖσδ'
—	242,	v.	1, —	Ολβιος	—	Ὄλβιος
—	248,	v.	53, —	νεφέλαις	—	νεφέλαις·
—	251,	v.	23, —	silvæ	—	sylvæ
—	282,	v.	78, —	gelidû	—	gelidâ
—	—	v.	80, —	fui	—	fui.
—	287,	v.	27, *read*	Ipsa, ipsa exacui		
—	292,	v.	30, *for*	veterno	—	veterno.
—	—,	v.	54, —	meam	—	meæ

HORÆ SCANDICÆ,

OR WORKS RELATING TO

OLD SCANDINAVIAN LITERATURE.

HEDIN.

1820.

I.

Thy steeps adorn'd with fir-trees evergreen,
Thy torrents roaring the huge rocks between,
Thy broken glens and crags sublimely piled,
O Norway, beauteous Nature's rudest child,
Who can survey, and lash'd by stormy wind
Mark thy bleak coast, and climate nothing mild,
Nor deem such scenes by Freedom's power design'd
To steel her sons with strength, and brace the generous mind!

II.

And hast thou rued the fell invader's sword!
Has the Franc eagle to thine eyrie soar'd!
Have Sweden's hateful banners, floating wide,
Mock'd thy gray hills and valleys' rugged side,
As thy free honours, once fair Norway's boast,
Stoop'd to a foreign yoke in vain defied;
While Want assail'd thy desolated coast,
And ghastly Famine scowl'd on thy beleaguer'd host!

III.

Sons of the rock, in strife and tempest brave,
Thine offspring roam'd, like seamews, o'er the wave
Yet faithful Love, by the pure glowing light
Of thy bleak snows, with northern streamers bright,

And high-born Honour and chaste Truth abode.
Strong was thy race, and dauntless in the fight,
But none unrival'd as young Hedin strode,
Bold in the battle's surge, and first in glory's road.

IV.

Gay laugh'd the sun on Danish Issefiord,
And fast in Leyra's (1) port the fleet was moor'd;
And lists for combat on the beach appear'd;
Twelve kingly thrones in awful order rear'd;
On each a prince, in gorgeous garb array'd,
Summon'd by him (2) whose mandate they revered.
Great Frodé's word twice fifty kings obey'd,
Upheld his stately power, and flourish'd in its shade.

V.

And there were two, in helm and hauberk clad,
On whom all looks were turn'd; the gaze was sad
And piteous, though they stood with bearing high,
Seeming the flower of that proud chivalry.
And there was one, a form of beauty rare,
By nuptial train attended; but her eye,
Fix'd in majestic sorrow, seem'd to wear
Less look of bridal joy, than of forlorn despair.

VI.

To them the monarch; "Princes of my realm,
"Shall kindred strife this goodly state o'erwhelm?
"Battle unauthorized and combat rude
"Have shiver'd Denmark's peace with civil feud.
"See the rash son defy the parent's brand!
"With hopeless wrath stern vengeance is pursued;
"Once blest in love, as now by hatred bann'd,
"Sworn comrades e'en to death, (3) the twain before you stand.

VII.

" Them judge ye, Peers; if combat be decreed,
" Two chiefs are lost to Denmark; both must bleed.
" If fault in either worthy death be found,
" Let equal justice deal the deadly wound,
" So one be saved: and see yon beauteous form,
" Like a pale statue rooted to the ground,
" Daughter and bride, with torn affections warm,
" Plead for her spouse and sire, to 'scape this double storm."

VIII.

He ceased; through the deep crowd a murmur ran,
Then, silence made, stern Hagen thus began.
" I call to combat Hedin, and reclaim
" My daughter, his too fair, but guilty, dame.
" Is my head soil'd with treason? is the hand
" Of Hagen recreant to its earliest fame?
" So fall the axe on me! but if I stand
" Pure and untouch'd, I ask the battle with my brand.

IX.

" I had one gem preserved with precious care,
" My hope, my treasure. Who so fit to wear
" That jewel as my friend? with partial voice
" Him unsolicited I bade rejoice.
" My heart's best pride, the darling of my sight,
" Was freely proffer'd by a parent's choice;
" A form so perfect, and a mind so bright,
" She seem'd a living beam of heaven's immortal light.

X.

" Nor linger'd long the hours: his vessels bore
" Hedin in tempest to his native shore.
" Swift at the call his northern clansmen hied
" To greet in Frodé's halls the willing bride.

" And ask ye now, high Peers, why I who led
" The virgin to those bonds in joyful pride,
" Tear the sad matron from her nuptial bed,
" And heap with bitter hate her lord's accursed head?

XI.

" I answer, he, who lives bold Hagen's fere,
" Must stand untouch'd, without reproach or fear;
" She, who my blood inherits, may not rest,
" Scorn of her kind, by a false traitor press'd.
" Traitor and false I name thee, Hedin; curst
" By who once hail'd thee to a brother's breast,
" But deems that act of his pure life the worst,
" Which knit those hallow'd bands that vengeful hate has burst.

XII.

" The living gods, who saw our (4) mingled gore,
" The gods, dire witnesses of vows we swore,
" (Link'd to one being, by one interest bound,
" Since that dread moment on that hallow'd ground)
" Bear witness to our strife! Insatiate hate,
" Since love is rent, must deal its deadliest wound.
" Hedin, we may not live; to me the weight
" Of sharing thy disgrace is heavier than my fate.

XIII.

" It boots not now, that where the northern tide
" Roars round its rocks, we vanquish'd side by side.
" I bore thee faint from Orkney's hostile plains,
" When weak thy limbs, and bloodless were thy veins.
" My daughter watch'd thee, skill'd to ease the smart
" Of thy keen wounds, and soothe their throbbing pains.
" The serpent, she had warm'd, with treacherous art
" Writhed its pernicious coil around her guileless heart.

XIV.

" By me unhallow'd to the listening fair
" His secret voice had breathed its guilty prayer;
" The man my choice deem'd true, sincere, and brave,
" Had breathed corruption on the prize I gave.
" By the lone taper or the conscious moon
" He whisper'd love, foul love's dishonour'd slave;
" Freely I yielded the delightful boon,
" But his dark treason cull'd the precious flower too soon.

XV.

" The day was named; at Frodé's board I sate,
" Fearless of guile, improvident of hate.
" Nigh Jutland's coast the spotless Hilda lay,
" While he to bid his kindred braved the spray.
" No beam was in my halls, save one lone light,
" That pour'd from her chaste bower its trembling ray.
" The traitor mark'd it in the silent night,
" His anchor bit the sand, his footsteps shunn'd the sight.

XVI.

" Now ask your hearts, why Hagen redemands
" The gift he trusted to a recreant's hands;
" Why my stout ships reclaim'd the guilty wife,
" Stunning the Baltic's wave with civil strife:
" And (but he fled defeated, half subdued)
" This arm ere now had quell'd the traitor's life.
" In vain that tongue for mercy might have sued,
" Which swore a guileful oath, and like a villain woo'd."

XVII.

He ceased; with swelling wrath the youth replied—
" For peace or mercy never Hedin cried;
" Nor fled I, save more stoutly to assail,
" Spreading fresh canvas to the shivering gale

" With force collected, sudden overta'en
" By thy fell rage and unsuspected sail.
" That arm, which seal'd our vows on Orkney's plain,
" Nor shuns the strife of swords, nor ever smites in vain.

XVIII.

" I ask but justice from your voice, O Peers!
" The fight proud Hedin neither seeks, nor fears.
" If to have loved be guilt, that guilt I own.
" Is virtue's breast uuanimated stone?
" Our love was true, and secretly we pined
" O'er its uncertain hopes so deeply sown;
" But chaste desire was not to honour blind,
" And Hilda's virgin fame was stainless as her mind.

XIX.

" Now hate has done its worst, and death is nigh;
" The dream of life has glided swiftly by.
" Come the red danger of the deadly fight,
" If Hedin falls, his friend must leave the light!
" But glory shines unfaded and the same,
" While love's best raptures yield us short delight;
" And that dire trial, which redeems our fame,
" Shall fire our souls again with friendship's purest flame."

XX.

This said, a deep and solemn pause ensued,
Like the dead calm which coming tempests brood.
Each eye is fix'd, each turn'd in pity, where
Stands that bright form of motionless despair,
Hilda, the lovely, chaste as mountain snow,
Pure from her wedded couch; her flowing hair
From the white shoulder to the zone below
Hangs careless, and her eye seems tranced in settled woe.

XXI.

A mien she wears of perfect majesty.
If the bright spirits of the glorious sky
E'er change for grief their heavenly garb of bliss,
Their shape of sorrow must be e'en like this,
So sad, yet so serene! how pale the hue
Of that sweet form, which scarce the winds dare kiss!
A vision fair, bewraying to the view
No glow of mortal love, but faith sublime and true!

XXII.

Each look in wonder on that shape is bent;
To listen, if she breathes, each ear is lent;
When, with both arms outstretch'd, "My blood be spilt!
"Mine, mine alone, O princes! mine the guilt!
"Thrice-honour'd father, let my life atone!
"Save for God's blessing never Hilda knelt;
"Now proud I kneel before the justice-throne,
"Not for thy life, or his; I sue for death alone.

XXIII.

"Unheard, unseen, in Jutland's calm retreat
"My youthful breast with high emotion beat,
"And all that heaven on Hilda had bestow'd
"Of love and faith in faltering accents flow'd,
"What time, as evening's balm bedew'd the shore,
"The heart-rapt lover sought my lone abode:
"A parent's blessing on his lips he bore,
"And whisper'd dreams of joy, I wist not to explore.

XXIV.

"O pure endearments of that fatal eve!
"Sweets, that now bid the shuddering bosom grieve!
"I would not change in this unjust disgrace
"The guiltless blush which then suffused my face;

" For I have lived to be young Hedin's bride,
" Known the chaste rapture of his loved embrace,
" Nor is there joy untasted, save the pride,
" As we were one in bliss, to be in death allied.

XXV.

" Has Hilda's bosom nursed a lawless flame?
" Has Hagen's stainless issue stoop'd to shame?
" As pure from wrong, as now of hope forlorn,
" I yield no answer to that charge but scorn.
" Or (if reply be meet) enough for me,
" From Hagen's glorious blood was Hilda born:
" Dishonour comes not of that stately tree,
" But like its princely stock the scyon's fruit must be.

XXVI.

" If kindred feuds require a forfeit life,
" Let Hilda fall, sole cause of civil strife!
" And thou, dread sire, if free, as now, from stain
" I ever sooth'd thee, sang to thee in pain,
" Winning with virgin skill the sprite of wo,
" Let thy proud daughter still small grace regain!
" Grant her with joy to meet the murderous blow,
" And o'er her cold cheek hear a parent's blessing flow."

XXVII.

She ceased, and sound was none; as when the deep
Foretells a storm, and yet the whirlwinds sleep,
Sad Denmark seem'd in silence to presume
With fearful presage on the coming doom.
Mute expectation mingled with dismay,
Till the dread judgment broke the cheerless gloom,
And those stern lords, whom no one may gainsay,
Decreed the hopeless fight, and bade the trumpet bray.

XXVIII.

It came on Hilda like the deadly throes,
Which sever life: stately and slow she rose;
Her lovely bosom, passing mortal mould,
Seem'd like a shape of marble still and cold;
It throbb'd not, moved not, stiffen'd by despair,
And whiter than her vestment's snowy fold.
So calm, so pale, so exquisitely fair,
She look'd like beauty's wraith, and scarce of life aware.

XXIX.

But long and loud the trumpet's fatal clang,
Of strife the parricidal summons rang.
The lists are measured, for (5) alternate blows
The dire swords bared; the iron vizors close,
And, each in cumbrous mail and harness dight,
Father and son firm foot to foot oppose.
Hagen draws first the lot, with vengeful might,
So heaven befriend his stroke, to end at once the fight.

XXX.

High with both hands the gleaming blade he rear'd
O'er that young head that never shrank or fear'd;
And unresisted, like a bolt of hell,
On his strong casque the thundering falchion fell.
Far fly the helm's bright fragments; the dim eyes
In darkness swim, and the stunn'd senses reel.
Half bow'd to earth behold him prouder rise,
And yet he stands unharm'd, and yet his foe defies.

XXXI.

A mournful murmur through the admiring crowd
Wax'd faintly tremulous, more loud and loud.
Beauteous he smiled, and from his forehead bare
Smooth'd back the ringlets of his (6) flowing hair.

"My weapon cleaves not," the old warrior cried;
"Strike now, strike firmly, Hedin, and beware!
"Thy strength, thy prowess shall not twice be tried;
"Ill may that youthful brow this blunted falchion bide."

XXXII.

Hedin each nerve with force collected strains,
The hot blood throbbing in his swollen veins;
And loud, "Since sire or son," he cries, "must bleed,
"Swift be the death, and worthy be the deed!"
He spoke, and instant the dire dint assay'd
Of his bright weapon with the lightning's speed;
From the slant helmet glanced the impetuous blade,
And a deep bloody cleft in the left shoulder made.

XXXIII.

Now, fierce avenger, shall thy wrath be slow?
Serene the victim waits the fatal blow.
Hear the faint moan, the doubtful voice of dread,
As thy keen glaive shines threatening o'er his head!
Stay the fierce deed, and yet, O yet delay!
Hear the low sounds of shuddering pity spread!
Down his bare neck the unbound ringlets stray,
Waving in glossy curls, and o'er his shoulders play.

XXXIV.

Stern father, hast thou mark'd that eye of youth,
That beam of loveliness, that ray of truth?
Shall calm reflection milder thoughts inspire?
Gaze, daughter, gaze! behold thy vengeful sire!
Mark his dire port, his high uplifted hand,
The arm's strong sinews braced by ruthless ire!
It stops!—Shriek out for joy!—Upon the sand
His proud relenting arm casts down the stainless brand.

XXXV.

Mute had she view'd each stroke of deadliest hate
Wing'd with a husband's or a father's fate;
Joy burst on her stunn'd senses, as the flow
Of deafening waters on the waste below:
For she had stood past hope, past wish or pain,
The nerves all strain'd to meet the shock of wo.
Her pale cheek flush'd not; 'mid her bridal train
A cold and senseless weight she sunk upon the plain.

XXXVI.

Stout Hedin on the throng'd arena stood
Unmoved, as waiting still the work of blood.
And, "Lacks thine arm," he cries, "the strength to smite?
" O recreant to fame, as void of right!
" Does mine eye quell thy soul? O nothing brave,
" Hedin's bare forehead scares thee from the fight!
" Hedin, who fled from thy victorious glaive,
" Nor dared thy prowess bide upon the Baltic wave!

XXXVII.

" O heartless, now it galls me to have led
" A dastard's offspring to an honour'd bed,
" Pure though she be as light, and fair as heaven,
" Like the best gifts by gods to mortals given;
" It grieves my spirit, ever wont to stand
" Lord of the war, though life's best hope is riven,
" It grieves my soul to perish by a hand
" That unresisted shrinks and dreads to wield the brand."

XXXVIII.

To him brave Hagen mildly sad replied:
" I would have spared thee, youth of fatal pride!
" O'er my stern heart the thoughts of other times
" Came as a fairy dream of distant climes,

"Stilling fierce passion, like the aërial strains
"Of gentlest music breathed to witching rhymes.
"I thought of Orkney's desolated plains,
"Where the red stream of blood flow'd jointly from our veins.

XXXIX.

"Sweet memories of former friendship stole,
"Like some dear vision, o'er my troubled soul.
"Methought thine infant leap'd within the womb
"Of my pale daughter leaning on thy tomb.
"I would not that the child should tread the world
"Friendless and fatherless in utter gloom.
"Nor see the lance by his bold parent hurl'd,
"Nor view his gallant barque with death's red flag unfurl'd.

XL.

"Enough! Thy pride rejects the life I gave.
"Raise, Hilda, high thy lord's and parent's grave!
"The die is cast; together, as we fall,
"Receive us, Odin, in thy blissful hall!"
He said, and from his hoary locks unbound
The weighty helm that press'd his forehead tall;
And, smiling, cast it scornful on the ground,
Prepared to give and take at once the deadly wound.

XLI.

No more; on rush they, prodigal of life,
Eager to die, and desperate in the strife.
'Tis done; in last convulsion, on the sand,
The parent grasps his comrade's dying hand;
"'Tis done!" he whispers, "from this bloody floor
"We go to glory, in that joyous land,
"Where never hate shall disunite us more,
"Or fell suspicion bathe our hands in kindred gore."

XLII.

On him pale Hedin raised his glassy eye,
And, "Hear me, sire," he murmur'd, "ere we die!
"I, fearful of denial, dared not sue,
"But ne'er was Hedin to his friend untrue;
"Save that the captived heart, unused to bow,
"While the dear hope was ever in its view,
"With lingering passion breathed the secret vow,
"And hid the burning love, it trembled to avow.

XLIII.

"Hate has been quick the harvest to destroy,
"If it was guilt to reap that treacherous joy;
"To bear the pang of unfulfill'd desire
"In the soul's core, and nurse its hidden fire.
"Cold is the hand that grasps thee, and in night
"Float these dim eyes; but the proud spirit soars higher
"To heaven's eternal realms, and that pure light
"Whose glorious beams relume the warrior's dying sight.

XLIV.

"Friend, father, we have loved, as men whose blood
"Sprang from one fount, and mingled in one flood;
"Together have we dared each deadliest form,
"The battle's thunder, and the ocean's storm;
"Like one proud tree we flourish'd, now uptorn
"By hate's fell blast, as once by friendship warm.
"Some cheering balm, by love's sweet influence borne
"Stole o'er my youthful thoughts, now ravish'd and forlorn.

XLV.

"High souls, that kindle ardent in the fight,
"Know most of bliss, drink deepest of delight:
"To weaker spirits even joys belong,
"Love's pangs are fiercest to the proud and strong.

" Enough ; thy course of full-earn'd fame is done ;
" My years have quickly waned, more bright than long.
" We sink ; we swim in darkness ; but the sun
" Of glory still shall light us, though our course be run.

XLVI.

" And thou, chaste partner of a life too brief,
" To taste of half thy charms, or share thy grief,
" Place in one tomb the husband and the sire !
" The stern avenger of our fond desire,
" And thine heart's lord, whose thoughts, though dying,
" With thine in bliss united to expire ; [strive
" In joy too rich, and yet too proud to live
" Reft of the double meed that love and honour give."

XLVII.

Dead, gory, stiff they lie ; and she who bless'd
Their sight, while living, breathes in transient rest.
Sleep on, thou fair one, for thy soul too soon
Must start to horror from that joyful swoon !
O to have seen the sire the husband spare !
To wake all glowing at the unlook'd-for boon !
With eyes that love and gratitude declare,
To smile, to seek, to view — the sire and husband — where ?

XLVIII.

There is a sense which words can ne'er express,
That blunts the sufferings of keen distress ;
A rapture e'en of wo, that drags the mind
Beyond the sphere of ills it leaves behind ;
Opes a new heaven with no dark clouds o'ercast,
Where the thought roams sublime and unconfined ;
A pride of grief, when earthly hopes are past,
That mounts above the storm, and soars upon the blast.

XLIX.

She did not rend with one wild shriek the air,
Nor gave her soul to frantic vain despair;
Nor did her bosom heave one piteous sigh.
Say, was she faithless to love's hallow'd tie?
Was her heart pangless? or her feelings light?
Could woman's cheek in such an hour be dry?
Or the keen anguish of that deadly sight
Pass like a troublous dream, and yield to new delight?

L.

O never yet was sire more fondly loved!
Nor ever heaven's all-judging eye approved
A pair more closely link'd by nuptial band,
Then he, whose cold grasp holds his comrade's hand
In death united, and that beauteous fair,
Whose placid calmness does her soul command,
Still as the lake unmoved by breath of air,
And stately as the swan that sails unruffled there.

LI.

On her cheek glow'd love's bloom and living fire;
But, not unworthy of her valiant sire,
There was a proud endurance in her eye,
And in her veins heroic blood throbb'd high.
Honour's pure beam adorn'd each gentler grace,
Patience to bear, and fortitude to die.
Had (7) the keen sabre smote her lovely face,
She ne'er had shrunk or wink'd unworthy of her race.

LII.

Her gallant spirit, fearless of the smart,
Had met the death-stroke with a warrior's heart,
In anguish smiling like a joyful bride.
But deem not ye the feelings lightly tried,

Though the tear swell not, or the bosom sigh!
In stillest calm the deepest thoughts abide;
The pang suppress'd may never reach the eye,
But the fond soul within feels all its agony.

LIII.

As the mild lustre of the glowing heaven,
When the calm hours draw on the silent even;
When shade is on the earth, but light on high,
Spread like a mantle o'er the cloudless sky:
So, though the heart is wrapp'd in deepest gloom,
Streams yet unchanged the lustre of the eye;
The patient soul obeys its heavy doom,
While glory shines above, and points beyond the tomb.

LIV.

Pass we the gorgeous rites that graced the slain,
Pass we the hoary minstrel's funeral strain!
O'er them fair glory's deathless flower shall bloom,
Nursed by sweet song, and breathe forth fresh perfume.
They shall not lack soft beauty's pitying tear,
Alike their valour, and alike their doom!
Long, long shall Denmark's sons their mound revere,
And scalds shall deck their grave with laurel never sere.

LV.

The night was calm and murky; the soft gale
Seem'd to diffuse fair peace o'er hill and vale;
But Hilda slept not, whom the strong desire
Of her lost Hedin gnaw'd with secret fire.
To the still grave she bent her fearless way,
While her dark thoughts with nature's gloom conspire;
Awhile she seem'd in anguish to survey
The monumental pile that wrapp'd his mouldering clay.

LVI.

But not to mourn she sought that mansion lone,
Or weep unseen upon the dreary stone,
And in her sorrow there was nothing meek;
Gloomy her eye, and lowering seem'd to speak
A soul by deep and struggling cares distraught;
And the bright hectic flush upon her cheek
Told the mind's fever, and the darkling thought
With haughty high designs and stedfast passion fraught.

LVII.

Strange signs upon the tomb her hands did trace;
Then to the witching North she turn'd her face,
And in slow measure breathed that fatal strain,
Whose awful harmony can wake the slain,
Rive the cold grave, and work the charmer's will.
Thrice, as she call'd on Hedin, rang the plain;
Thrice echo'd the dread name from hill to hill!
Thrice the dark wold sent back the sound, and all was still.

LVIII.

Then shook the ground as by an earthquake rent,
And the deep bowels of the tomb upsent
A voice, a shriek, a terror; sounds that seem'd
Like those wild fancies by a sinner dream'd;
A clang of deadly weapons, and a shout:
With living strength the heaving granite teem'd,
Inward convulsion, and a fearful rout,
As if fiends fought with fiends, and hell was bursting out.

LIX.

And then strange mirth broke frantic on her ear,
As if the evil one was lurking near;
While spectres wan, with visage pale and stark,
Peep'd ghastly through the curtain of the dark,

With such dire laugh as Phrenzy doth bewray.
It needs a gifted hand, with skill to mark
Hilda's proud features, which no dread betray,
Calm amid lonesome deeds and visions of dismay.

LX.

On her pale forehead stream'd an eyrie light
From that low mansion of infernal night,
Displaying her fair shape's majestic mould
In beauteous stillness: but an eye that told
More sense of inward rapture than of wo,
Thoughts of forbidden joy, and yearnings bold.
On the lone summits of eternal snow
So shines, in nature's calm, the pure sky's azure glow.

LXI.

Speechless she gazed, as from the yawning tomb
Rose Hedin, clad as when he met his doom.
Dark was his brow, his armour little bright,
And dim the lustre of his joyless sight;
His habergeon with blood all sprinkled o'er,
Portentous traces of that deadly fight.
His pallid cheek a mournful sadness wore,
And his long flowing locks were all defiled with gore.

LXII.

There have been those, who, longing for the dead,
Have gazed on vacancy till reason fled;
And some dark vision of the wandering mind
Had ta'en the airy shape of human kind,
Giving strange voice to echoes of the night,
And warning sounds by heaven's high will design'd:
But this was bodily which met her sight,
And palpable as once in days of young delight.

LXIII.

High throbb'd her heart; the pulse of youth swell'd high;
Love's ardent lightning kindled in her eye;
And she has sprung into the arms of death,
Clasp'd his cold limbs, in kisses drunk his breath;
In one wild trance of rapturous passion blest,
And reckless of the hell that yawn'd beneath.
On his dire corslet beats her heaving breast,
And by her burning mouth his icy lips are press'd.

LXIV.

Stop, fearless beauty! hope not that the grave
Will yield its wealth, which frantic passion gave!
Though spells accursed may rend the solid earth,
Hell's phantoms never wake for joy or mirth!
Hope not that love with death's cold hand can wed,
Or draw night's spirits to a second birth!
Mark the dire vision of the mound with dread,
Gaze on thy horrid work, and tremble for the dead!

LXV.

All arm'd, behold her vengeful father rise,
And loud, "forbear, dishonour'd bride!" he cries.
With starting sinews from her grasp has sprung
The cold wan form, round which her arms were flung;
Again in panoply of warlike steel
They wake those echoes to which Leyra rung;
Fierce and more fierce each blow they seem to deal,
And smite with ruthless blade the limbs that nothing feel.

LXVI.

Darkling she stands beside the silent grave,
And sees them wield the visionary glaive.
What charm has life for her that can compare
With the deep thrill of that renew'd despair?

To raise the fatal ban, and gaze unseen,
As once in hope, on all her fondest care!
In death's own field life's trembling joys to glean,
And draw love's keen delight from that abhorred scene!

LXVII.

The paths of bliss are joyous, and the breast
Of thoughtless youth is easy to be blest.
There is a charm in the loved maiden's sigh;
There is sweet pleasure in the calm blue sky.
When nature smiles around; the mild control
Of buoyant fancy bids the pulse throb high;
But when strong passion has engross'd the soul,
All other joys are dead; that passion is its whole.

LXVIII.

The beaming sun may wake the dewy spring,
The flowers may smile, and the blithe greenwood ring;
Soft music's touch may pour its sweetest lay,
And young hearts kindle in their hour of May:
But not for Hilda shall life's visions glow;
One dark deep thought must on her bosom prey.
Her joys lie buried in the tomb below,
And from night's phantoms pale her deadly bliss must flow.

LXIX.

There still each eve, (8) as northern stories tell,
By that lone mound her spirit wakes the spell;
Whereat those warriors, charmed by the lay,
Renew, as if in sport, the deadly fray:
Till, when as paler grows the gloom of night,
And faint begins to peer the morning's ray,
The spectre pageant fadeth from the sight,
And vanisheth each form before the eye of light.

NOTES.

1. *Stanza* IV.—Ledra, or Leiré, was the old capital of Denmark, situated on an inlet of the sea called Isseflord.

2. *Stanza* IV.—Frode the Third, son of Dan, king of Denmark, is said by the Danish historians to have reigned over many tributary princes in the fourth century; but I apprehend there is no just ground for believing the name of Dane or Denmark to have existed on the shores of the Baltic at that period.

3. *Stanza* VI.—It was not unusual amongst the northern nations for sworn feres or comrades to make a vow not to survive each other, the performance of which was religiously accomplished.

4. *Stanza* XII.—Those who took upon themselves the oaths of feres or companions in war, usually wounded themselves, and mingled their blood, in token of their indissoluble union.

5. *Stanza* XXVII.—It was a common practice in the duels that were prevalent amongst the northern warriors, having drawn lots for the first blow, to receive alternate strokes of the sword without attempting to ward them off.

6. *Stanza* XXXI.—The bravest warriors of the north took much pains to preserve the beauty of their long flowing ringlets. This may be well exemplified by a passage quoted from an old Saga, in Bartholinus's Danish Antiquities. "That young warrior was very beautiful to behold, and had long golden hair, which hung down far over his shoulders. Thorkill asked him, how he felt disposed for death. He answered, 'Well, because I have lived most honourably, and those are dead whom I think it better to perish with than to survive: but one thing I wish you to grant me, that no slave or person inferior to yourself shall lead me to execution, and that you will so hold up my hair, and strike my head so quickly from my neck, that my locks, concerning which I have long taken so much pains, may not be stained. And now the sooner my head is struck off the better.'"—*Bart.* p. 54.

7. *Stanza* LI.—It was the highest pride of the northern nations to show not only fortitude and indifference, but even an appearance of pleasure in death, however violent or attended with cruel circumstances. The lines in Saxo Grammaticus, on the death of Agner, smiling in his agony, are very spirited.

Semivigil subsedit enim, cubitoque reclinis
Ridendo accepit letum, mortemque cachinno
Sprevit, et Elysium gaudens successit in orbem.
Magna viri virtus, quæ risu calluit uno
Supremam celare necem, summumque dolorem
Corporis ac mentis læto compescere vultu.

Many instances are mentioned in the old northern writings of the extraordinary exertion by which a blow was received upon the eyes without winking, and indeed the same thing is mentioned by Pliny concerning two remarkable gladiators. The soldiers of Harald Hildetand's body-guard were invariably cashiered if observed to wink on receiving a blow upon the face in a conflict. In the old history of Jomsburg another prisoner of the same Thorkill who is above mentioned, being asked by him how he was prepared for death, is said to have answered, "Well, but I entreat you not to let me be led like a sheep to the slaughter. Now I will sit down before you, and do you smite me with your sword on the face, and observe whether I either wink with my eyes, or show any sign of uneasiness: for we inhabitants of Jomsburg have habituated ourselves not to shrink from such a blow." Thorkill consented, and stepped forward and smote him across the eyes; but no man could perceive him either wink or shrink from the blow.—*Bart.* p. 51.

8. *Stanza* LXIX.—The following account is given in Professor Suhm's Historie af Danmark. "Hogni or Hagen and Hedin were very celebrated in the reign of Frode the Third. Hedin, the son of Hiorvard, a Norwegian prince, came with 150 ships to King Frode. With 12 vessels he preceded the rest of his fleet, having placed a shield on his mast, as a token that his purpose was amicable: and friendly terms were speedily arranged. A tributary king in Jutland, named Hogni, had a daughter of exquisite beauty, called Hildar. She and Hedin, having been both prepossessed in favour of each other by previous report, met privately, and became exceedingly enamoured. Hedin and Hogni afterwards sailed together on maritime expeditions, the latter not being aware of Hedin's affection for his daughter. Hogni was a person of majestic

carriage, and very imperious disposition; Hedin of inferior stature, but remarkably well made. Hogni offered his daughter in marriage to Hedin, and they pledged themselves by joint oaths to revenge the death of each other; after which they sailed against the Orkneys, which they subdued. After their return home, Hogni received information that Hedin had seduced his daughter before her marriage to him, which was looked upon as an heinous offence; and giving credit to the report he attacked Hedin, who was at sea under the king's orders, but, having an inferior force, took refuge in Jutland. When Frode heard this he summoned them, and tried to bring about a reconciliation; but Hogni was inflexible, and demanded the restitution of his daughter; whereupon the king gave orders for a duel, in which Hedin received a severe wound; but Hogni took compassion on his youth and beauty, and spared him. But sometime after they met again on Hithin's island, near Rogaland, in Norway, and slew each other. It was rumoured in those superstitious times, (A. D. 360), that Hildur so deeply regretted them, that by means of incantations she waked up the dead, who thereupon renewed their conflict; and that they would continue to do so every night till the end of the world. This story was the original cause of battle being called by the old Scalds the sport of Hilda."—*Suhm*, tom. i. p. 168.

She has been called by modern writers the Goddess of War, or Bellona of the North, which was not exactly the case, though her name is found amongst the Valkyrier, or maids of slaughter. The Hilda of the Edda was the sister of Attila, and the occasion of his death, which is confirmed by the mention of her under the name Hildico by the Roman writers. I entertain no doubt that all the Scandian tales relating to her, are referable to the time of Attila or to a later period. It will be observed that in this as in all the Attilane tales, a slur thrown on the chastity of Hilda is the cause of the death of her husband. The name Hedin is nearly the same as Odin, who is sometimes almost identified with Attila, and Hagen or Hogni who kills him bears the same name as one of the Burgundian princes who were excited to attempt the life of Attila. I apprehend this tale to be a blending of the Attilane legend with some old story; and it is absurd to regard it as genuine history.

HELGA.

PREFACE.

1815.

THE following poem, which has remained for several years in an unfinished state, was commenced soon after the publication of the translations which I made from the relicks of ancient Icelandic or Scandinavian poetry. I was at that time forcibly struck with the poetical images which the manners and religion of the northern nations appeared to present; and, feeling that I was prevented from giving them full effect by the fidelity which I deemed necessary in the translation of writings which derived their principal interest from their antiquity and peculiarities, it occurred to me that, by undertaking an original poem of which the scene might be laid amongst the ancient Scandinavians, I should be able to illustrate their manners, and religion, and superstitions, in a form that would be more pleasing to the reader, and to avail myself of a wide field for poetical composition, which had been as yet untouched by any writer except in a few short and unconnected translations. My attention was afterwards withdrawn from the undertaking by other pursuits; and the poem, which had been long neglected, has been lately completed and revised. The foundation of the tale is historical; in what respects I have altered it will be stated in the notes. The poem will, I hope, be found to contain a faithful picture of the manners and superstitions of the period which it represents. I have attempted to give it the coloring of poetry, and to temper with chaster ornaments the rude wildness of Scaldic fiction.

HELGA.

CANTO I.

The board was spread in Ingva's hall;
Sat richly dight his courtiers all;
The shadow of great Ingva's name
Might give his vassals deathless fame.
With pomp he held the feast of Yule;
And all who own'd his princely rule,
All who for Sweden drew the sword,
Were gather'd round his glittering board;
Where ancient Sigtune's turrets famed
Frown'd proudly, from old Odin named.
Whilom had Ingva's honor'd form
Gleam'd foremost in the battle's storm,
And many a scald had sung his glory;
But now his locks with age were hoary.
Death's iron hand had quell'd the pride
Of those who conquer'd by his side:
But still he reign'd by all revered;
Still were his arms in battle fear'd:
To fill each lost companion's place
Rose scyons worthy of their race;
His men were stallwart, brave, and tall,
And one fair daughter graced his hall.
Fair Helga shone like vernal flower,
Nursed by the sun and dewy shower;

Her breast more pure than trackless snow,
With no fond passion seem'd to glow;
But haply love reign'd there conceal'd,
And scarcely to herself reveal'd.
For all in turn the virgin pour'd
The sparkling juice that deck'd the board;
Her cheek suffused with modest die
Shrunk from the gaze of warlike eye,
While all adored; but none might dare
To woo the hand of Helga fair.
Joyous they quaff'd the mantling bowl,
And the rich liquor fired the soul;
While the famed minstrel, blanch'd by time,
Pour'd the wild notes of Runic rhyme;
And sung of love, and war, and glory,
Of living worth and ancient story:
The King, delighted, heard the strains,
And younger throbb'd his swelling veins.
Why sudden cease the notes of pleasure?
Why, minstrel, stop thy flowing measure?
What sound along the pavement driven
Sweeps like an angry blast of heaven?
Back, back the rattling portals fly,
And every warrior's kindling eye
Glistens like flame, and every hand
Unconscious grasps the trusty brand.
But straight uncouth and strange surprise
Has quench'd the lightning of their eyes;
And every hand has loosed its hold,
And silent droops each warrior bold.
Twelve champions huge stalk'd proudly in;
Each wore a wolf's dark brindled skin;

But loftier, fiercer, statelier too,
Seem'd one, the leader of the crew;
Show'd strength of more gigantic mould,
And foremost strode, unask'd and bold.
On his vast limbs, of beauteous form,
Half bare, half shielded from the storm,
The shaggy wolfish skin he wore
Pinn'd by a polish'd bone before;
Nor other ornament he knew,
Save curling locks of raven hue,
Which like a glossy mantle hung
O'er his broad shoulders loosely flung.
No shield was held before his breast;
No burnish'd steel his bosom press'd;
No quaintly twisted iron shirt,
No coat of mail was round him girt:
With forehead bare the fight he tried,
On inborn force his heart relied.
Not stoutest kemp of modern days
His wonderous sword from earth might raise,
But swift as light the champion's arm
Could wield it to his foeman's harm.
His ponderous mace a knotty oak,
That ne'er had felt the woodman's stroke;
Himself had torn it from the side
Of Kiölen in its leafy pride.
Yet was the champion mild and kind,
Save when the fury vex'd his mind,
Or some ungratified desire
Lit in his breast unhallow'd fire;
For then with more than mortal force
He urged amain his headlong course,

By strange internal phrensy driven,
Like an avenging scourge of heaven;
Till all exhausted with the fray,
And sickening, on the earth he lay;
His swollen eyes bloodstain'd and dim,
Life quivering in each strained limb.
But often in his milder day
Might infants with his wild locks play;
Oft would he list the minstrel's measure,
Or quaff the social cup of pleasure;
Waste in delight the peaceful hour,
And carp of love in maiden's bower.
But now strange passion lit his eye;
It seem'd, who met its glance must die.
To the high dais with speed he pass'd;
His voice was like a killing blast.
" These are my brothers, Ingva, born
" Like me to meet proud men with scorn.
" Angantyr is the name I boast,
" Well famed in war, itself a host."
The King, though ruffled by his pride,
Rein'd his high wrath, and mild replied:
" What brings ye to King Ingva's lands?
" What boon require ye from his hands?"
" Ask you mine errand, while the board
" Has only fed this subject horde?
" Discourteous man, supply the best
" Thy board can yield to greet thy guest!
" Let thy fair daughter's snowy hand
" Pour the bright mead at thy command;
" And bid this proud unmanner'd crew
" Yield us fit space and honor due."

With food the table was o'erlaid;
Due space was given, due honor paid,
And sparkling mead by Helga pour'd
Adorn'd the hospitable board;
But, as she near'd the giant chief,
She trembled like an aspen leaf:
And first he quaff'd the beverage rare,
Then gazed upon the timid Fair.
He has ta'en her by the slender waist,
And to his rugged bosom press'd.
He has laid his hand upon her face,
And held her in his strict embrace,
While the maid blush'd all scarlet red,
And strove to hide her weeping head.
He has placed her on his knee, and kiss'd
Her coral lips e'en as he list.
Then rising from his seat he cried,
" King Ingva, this must be my bride!"
The monarch look'd around the board,
But not one warrior grasp'd his sword:
Then, frowning, thus in hasty mood—
" Not thus, brave Lord, are damsels woo'd."
But little reck'd that champion dire
Of maiden's blush, or monarch's ire;
He cast his goblet on the floor,
He stamp'd, and, with a fiendish roar—
" Sail'd I from Ledra's stately port
" To yield base homage at thy court?
" To praise the venison at thy board,
" Or mead, with which thy vaults are stored?
" King, I have vow'd to bear her hence;
" Nor leave I ask, nor shun offence.

" At solemn feast all Denmark heard
" My high sworn oath and plighted word,
" Never to comb my coal-black hair
" Till I have won this peerless fair.
" In Ledra reigns my royal sire
" O'er arms of might and hearts of fire;
" Ten thousand Danes, with sword and helm,
" Await my word to waste thy realm:
" I turn not to my native land
" Ere thy best blood has dyed my brand."
One moment was the King's cheek white,
The next was red as morning light.
I know not whether fear or wrath
Had chased the warm blood from its path:
But in that instant prouder far,
Than e'er his crest had gleam'd in war,
King Ingva started on his feet:
Behind him rang the gilded seat:
And,—" Lives not here one dauntless head,
" Of all my princely wealth has fed,
" To dare the combat?—Who shall free
" My daughter takes her hand from me!"
The long roof echo'd; as he spoke.
Mix'd feelings in his look awoke,
Of pride from ancient lineage flowing,
Of well-earn'd worth, and valour glowing,
Parental fondness stung with rage,
And conscious impotence of age.
O for a painter's hand to trace
The lineaments of every face
In the dread pause that follow'd!—Bright
Streaming from high the torches' light

Fell on Angantyr's savage brow,
Lent his stern cheek a fiercer glow,
And o'er his glossy raven hair
Glanced like a meteor in mid air.
And is it anger flashing high,
Or vengeful scorn that lights his eye?
That eye, which never rival found
Who dared to stand on listed ground!
That eye, which oft has shot dismay
Through legions in the battle-fray!
His left hand grasp'd the trembling maid,
His right upon his mace was laid;
As from King Ingva proudly turning,
(The while with unbless'd anger burning)
Scowl'd his fierce aspect on the ring
Of tongueless warriors and their king;
While all the honors, whilom gain'd
On fields with Finnish carnage stain'd,
Seem'd withering underneath the dread
Of that high-towering haughty head.
O Sweden! is thy glory low?
Must all thy well earn'd trophies bow?
Lives there not one of all thy sons,
Of all through whom thy life-blood runs,
Who dares to die for thy dear fame,
And dying gain a deathless name?
Lives there not one whose partial care
Turns to that jewel pure and rare?
That beauteous form with sorrow shrouded,
Those gentle eyes with tears o'erclouded!
To cheer with hope the troubled Fair,
That trembling, fainting, nigh despair,

Hangs like a pale and lifeless corse
In the rude grasp of ruthless force !
As some sweet floweret, born in spring
Beneath the sun and Zephyr's wing,
Shrinks weeping from the nightly frost,
And droops, and seems for ever lost,
Nor hopes that genial suns to-morrow
Will cheer its form and chase its sorrow.
Yes, there is one who pants for glory,
Whose name shall live in tuneful story !
Yes, there is one whose kindling eye
Beams with love-lighted sympathy !
It was a dreadful pause, I said,
But dreadful as the lightning sped.
The echo of King Ingva's call
Still linger'd through the vaulted hall,
When from the board a mailed man
Rose calm, collected, and began.
" Angantyr, I have known thy fame,
" Wide is the rumor of thy name.
" What warriors by thy prowess slain
" Have bow'd the head, and bit the plain,
" What bones lie whitening on the fell,
" The raven and the wolf can tell ;
" Nor ever was it known or said
" That thou hast from the combat fled,
" Or shunn'd the call, when adverse lords
" Have dared thee to the strife of swords.
" Proud champion, thou hast told thy vow,
" And I am firm, and proud as thou.
" My name Hialmar, known as wide
" As battle spreads its bloody tide.

" When the young leaves adorn the spray,
" When vernal birds first pour their lay,
" I challenge thee to mortal fight;
" Samsoe the field; this maid our right.
" Which shall embrace her as his bride,
" Odin and our good swords decide!"
To him the champion scornful said:—
" Seek thou a bride amongst the dead!
" Shall the low vassal cull the prize
" Destined to charm a hero's eyes?
" And dares a puny man withstand
" The stroke of high Angantyr's brand?
" True, thou hast spoken passing fair,
" And noble seem thy words and air;
" Pity thou lack'st both force and might,
" And limbs by nature nerved for fight!
" Crush'd like a worm, without a blow,
" My trampling foot might lay thee low.
" But though my strength, by thee defied,
" Swells like a torrent's gather'd pride,
" And at one swoop might clear the board,
" Ingva, of all thy vassal horde,
" Revered the laws of combat stand,
" The bold defiance stays my hand.
" Short respite gain'd, the vernal ray
" Shall see thee torn by beasts of prey.
" Then, Helga, shall thy dainty charms
" Be clasp'd in proud Angantyr's arms;
" And those high joys for thee design'd
" Shall stamp thee first of womankind.
" Who shares Angantyr's honour'd bed
" Above all brides must rear the head."

He ceased; old Ingva yields assent
To the dread fight's arbitrement.
" Whate'er," he cries, "the virgin's lot,
" Spared be the peasant's peaceful cot!
" Save we the flower of northern might
" For Celtic wars and Finnish fight,
" Nor let wild havoc's ruthless flood
" Defile these sister realms with blood!
" Where barren Samsoe breasts the tide,
" Shall solemn proof of arms be tried.
" On brave Hialmar's trusty brand
" We dare to venture life and land;
" And, stranger, thus we pledge our faith,
" Thine be fair Helga's hand, or death!"
E'en as he spoke, the champion's ire
Flash'd from his savage eye like fire;
Little wont he to quell the tide
Of swelling wrath and boisterous pride;
Yet ere the hour of solemn strife
He may not harm his foeman's life:
So wills imperious Honor's creed,
For which bold Northmen toil and bleed.
But,—whether, furious, to assuage
The agony of inward rage,
As the clench'd hands of writhing pain
Strive by strain'd pressure ease to gain,
Or whether, scornful, to alarm
By some dire proof,—his sinewy arm
Round a huge shaft he threw, whose height
Bore the strong ceiling's ample weight,
And shook it nodding to its fall,
Till the vast fabric of the hall

Quaked to its base; trembled the roof,
Trembled each casement tempest-proof;
Rang every stone and carved beam,
Gaped every massive timber's seam;
Another touch had whelm'd in dust
Buttress, and arch, and beam of trust.
He smiled, and leaving all aghast
With wrathful step the threshold pass'd.
Him follow'd all that wolfish crew,
Eleven brothers firm and true;
And when they reach'd the forest hoar,
Mountain and dale sent back their roar.
Fury constrain'd must have its vent,
And rage, till its dread force is spent;
E'en things inanimate must know
Their brutish strength and vengeful blow.
Each snow-clad rock must feel the dint,
Huge fragments fly of stone and flint;
And, as the frenzy nerves their strength,
Uprooted lies the forest's length:
Then sated with the bootless fray
Homeward they wend their weary way.
  In Ingva's hall the strife had ceased,
But mirth could not relume the feast;
She, who should deck the mantling bowl,
Clings to her sire with troubled soul,
And frequent turns her anxious eye,
While swells the tear and heaves the sigh.
The board with no blithe joyance rings;
The Harper strikes no tuneful strings;
Full four-score years have shed their snow
Upon the honor'd Minstrel's brow,

Yet on Yule's venerated night
His harp, each Swedish son's delight,
At monarch's board, or peasant's door,
Had never silent hung before.
A gloom, ere that dark hour unknown,
Broods sadly over Sweden's throne;
Asbiorn lies sick with nerveless hands,
And Orvarod fights on foreign lands:
In distant climes beneath the gleam
Of other suns his banners stream.
Hialmar's strength with theirs combined
In holiest league had long been join'd;
Sworn brothers in the fight they dared
Each foe, and every peril shared.
Their arms round Sweden's honor'd head
A never-fading shadow spread;
And beauteously they seem'd to stand,
Bulwarks and glory of the land.
As three proud trees, together bred,
O'er-canopy the crystal bed
Of some unruffled holy spring,
Where Zephyr dares not wave his wing,
Nor the bright Sun's intrusive glare
The charm of peaceful silence scare.
Now must Hialmar's single arm
From Sweden ward this deadly harm.
The cloud of fearful sadness hung
O'er each bold head, and seal'd each tongue:
His heart alone with transport glows;
His breast no anxious presage knows.
Though dark and strange the peril seem,
Love bids it glow with dazzling gleam.

His ardent thoughts flow high and fast,
Too strong the tide of joy to last.
Fix'd on the fair his gazing sight
Anticipates unknown delight,
And hopeful deems a coming day
Shall years of silent love repay;
For though he ne'er had dared a sigh,
Nor taught his hopes to soar so high,
Yet oft the sad mind's feverish fit,
The fond glance by pale passion lit,
The pang suppress'd, had half betray'd
His secret to the gentle maid;
And Helga coy, she knew not why,
Shrunk from Hialmar's beaming eye.
Not that its glance could yield offence,
Or scare the doves of innocence;
But that it touch'd some tremulous string
That thrill'd e'en to life's secret spring,
And waked each sympathetic chord
To vibrate there in sweet accord.
Day after day had quickly flown;
Love unresisted and unknown
Had gain'd the incautious heart, and wound
His unsuspected chains around;
Unknown, till danger's fearful dream
Show'd how the tyrant reign'd supreme.
  Nor less in Asbiorn's heart of fire
Stirr'd the high pulse of young desire;
Though now by chilling sickness staid
On lowly couch his strength was laid:
For he, with early passion warm,
Had boldly mark'd each growing charm

Of youthful Helga, and no less
His bosom wore the deep impress
Of all her virgin loveliness;
And sweetly oft his daring tongue
Soft notes of love to her had sung.
To Ingva's court a stripling sent,
There had his careless years been spent,
While sporting o'er the flowery green
He call'd the maid his elfin queen,
And wreathed with many a mystic flower
The garland for her summer bower.
There, with light foot and sparkling eye,
The sprightly maze of infancy,
Oft when the spring had deck'd the sod,
Together had they swiftly trod.
When first, as trumpets bray'd afar,
Young Asbiorn sought the distant war,
A sigh had heaved her infant heart,
That friends so passing dear must part;
A tear had dimm'd her glistening eye,
That oft in fight the bravest die.
But, though his form was fresh as May,
And his blithe words were ever gay,
On calm Hialmar's gentler mind
All her fond thoughts of bliss reclined;
By his her trembling heart was fired,
For him her secret vows aspired,
And all that she had own'd from heaven
Of love and faith to him were given.
  Deep night in stillness veils the pole,
And silent hours unheeded roll.
Alone, where watchful tapers shine,
Young Helga's beauteous limbs recline.

Her couch is of the eider down,
Her coverlet a bear-skin brown
Trimm'd with soft ermine, and below
The claws with burnish'd metal glow;
And many an herb of sweet perfume
Breathes incense round the odorous room.
But what avail that spicy breeze,
Those soft appliances of ease!
While bodeful fears and anxious love
The restless thoughts to wildness move,
And the strange workings of the mind
Are like the storm of raging wind;
That ploughs the bosom of the sea
With fierce impetuous mastery,
Wave driving after wave, while those
Which big with fate and highest rose
Bearing all down before them, now
Lie buried in the abyss below.
So o'er sad Helga's troubled soul
The swelling waves of passion roll;
Thoughts after thoughts successive rise,
And each fond scheme unfinish'd dies,
But, rather than one season live
In doubtful anguish, she would give
Long years of hoped-for bliss, to know
The issue of her present wo.

END OF CANTO I.

CANTO II.

HARD by the eastern gate of Hell
In ancient time great Vala fell;
And there she lies in massive tomb
Shrouded by night's eternal gloom.
Fairer than Gods, and wiser, she
Held the strange keys of destiny;
And not one dark mysterious hour
Was veil'd from her all-searching power.
She knew what chanced, ere time began,
Ere world there was, or Gods, or man;
And, had she list, she might have told
Of things that would appal the bold.
No mortal tongue has ever said
What hand unknown laid Vala dead;
But yet, if rumor rightly tells,
In her cold bones the spirit dwells;
And, if intruder bold presume,
Her voice unfolds his hidden doom:
And oft the rugged ear of Death
Is soothed by her melodious breath,
Slow-rising from the hollow stone
In witching notes and solemn tone;
Immortal strains, that tell of things,
When the young down was on the wings
Of hoary Time, and sometimes swell
With such a wild enchanting spell,
As heard above would fix the eye
Of nature in sweet ecstacy,

Steal every sense from mortal clay,
And drag the willing soul away.
  Dark is the path, and wild the road,
That leads unto that dread abode;
By shelving steeps, through brier and wood,
Through yawning cliff and cavern'd flood,
Where thousand treacherous spirits dwell,
Loose the huge stones, bid waters swell,
And guard the dire approach of Hell.
And none, since that high Lord of Heaven,
To whom the sword of death is given,
Stern Odin, for young Balder's sake,
Has dared the slumbering Vala wake.
But love can pass o'er brier and stone
Unharm'd, through floods and forests lone;
Love can defy the treacherous arm
Of spirits leagued to work its harm,
Pierce the dread silence of the tomb,
And smooth the way, and light the gloom.
  Whence art thou? essence of delight!
Pure as the heavens, or dark as night!
Feeding the soul with fitful dreams,
And ever blending the extremes
Of joys so fearful, cares so sweet,
That wo and bliss together meet!
Thy touch can make the lion mild,
And the sweet ringdove fierce and wild.
Thy breath can rouse the gentlest maid
That e'er on couch of down was laid,
Brace her soft limbs to meet the cold,
And make her in the danger bold;
The breast, that heaves so lily-white,
Defy the storms and brave the night,

While the rude gales that toss her hair,
Seem whispers of the tremulous air,
And heaviest toils seem passing light,
And every peril new delight.
O whose is that love-lighted eye?
What form is that, slow gliding by?
Sweet Helga, risen from the bed
Where sleepless lay thy virgin head,
Thou darest explore that dread abyss,
To learn what tides thee, wo or bliss!
Whether it stand by fate decreed
That stern Angantyr's breast shall bleed,
Or he to whom in secret turn'd
Thy heart with gentle passion burn'd,
He whom thy soul had learn'd to cherish,
For thy dear sake untimely perish.
The night was calm; a pallid glow
Stream'd o'er the wide extended snow,
Which like a silvery mantle spread
O'er copse, and dale, and mountain's head.
O who has witness'd near the pole
The full-orb'd moon in glory roll!
More splendid shines her lustrous robe,
And larger seems the radiant globe;
And that serene unnumber'd choir,
That pave the heaven's blue arch with fire,
Shoot through the night with brighter gleam,
Like distant suns, their twinkling beam.
While in the north its streamers play,
Like mimic shafts of orient day;
The wonderous splendor fiery red
Round half the welkin seems to spread,

And flashes on the summits bleak
Of snowy crag or ice-clad peak,
Lending a feeble blush, to cheer
The twilight of the waning year.
The thoughtful eye undazzled there
May pierce the liquid realms of air,
And the rapt soul delighted gaze
On countless worlds that round it blaze.
No floating vapor dims the sight
That dives through the blue vault of night,
While distance yields to fancy's power,
And rapture rules the silent hour.
A calm so holy seem'd to brood
O'er white-robed hill and frozen flood,
A charm so solemn and so still,
That sure, if e'er the sprites of ill
Shrink from the face of nature, this
Must be the hallow'd hour of bliss,
When no dark elves or goblins rude
Dare on the walks of man intrude.
Pure as the night, at that calm hour,
Young Helga left her virgin bower;
And trod unseen the lonely road
To gloomy Hela's dire abode.
The broken path and toilsome way
Adown a sloping valley lay,
Where solid rocks on either side
Might have the hand of Time defied;
But some convulsion of old Earth
Had given the narrow passage birth.
Onward with laboring steps and slow
The virgin pass'd, nor fear'd a foe.

The moon threw gloriously bright
On the grey stones her streaming light;
Till now the valley wider grew,
And the scene scowl'd with dreariest hue.
From the steep crag a torrent pouring
Dash'd headlong down, with fury roaring,
Through frozen heaps that midway hung;
And, where the beams their radiance flung,
Columns of ice and massive stone
Blending and undistinguish'd shone;
While each dark shade their forms between
Lent deeper horror to the scene;
And gloomy pines, that far above
Lean'd from the high and rocky cove,
With frozen spray their heads besprent
Under the hoary burthen bent.
Before her spread a forest drear
Of antique trees with foliage sere;
Wreathed and fantastic were their roots,
And one way stretch'd their stunted shoots:
Each hollow trunk some beast might hide,
Or fiends more wily there abide.
She seem'd in that strange wilderness
A spirit sent to cheer and bless,
A beauteous form of radiant light
Charming the fearful brow of night.
The wind with a low whisper'd sigh
Came rushing through the branches dry;
Heavy and mournful was the sound,
And seem'd to sweep along the ground.
The virgin's heart throbb'd high; the blood
Beat at its doors with hastier flood:

But, firm of purpose, on she pass'd,
Nor heeded the low rustling blast.
A mist hung o'er the barren ground,
And soon she was all mantled round
In a thick gloom, so dark and dread,
That hardly wist she where to tread.
Mute horror brooded o'er the heath,
And all was dark and still as death:
When sudden a loud gust of wind,
Shaking the forest, roar'd behind,
And wolves seem'd howling in the brake,
And in her path the hissing snake.
Then all was hush'd; till swift and sheen
A meteor flash'd upon the scene;
A hoarse laugh burst upon her ear,
And then a hideous shriek of fear.
Dire phantoms, in the gloom conceal'd,
Were instant by that light reveal'd;
For, lurking sly, behind each tree
Strange faces peep'd with spiteful glee,
And ghastly forms and shapes obscene
Glided the hoary rocks between.
O who shall save thee, Helga! mark
The ambush'd spirits of the dark!
Those are the powers accurst, that ride
The blasting whirlwind, and preside
O'er nature's wrecks; whose hands delight
To weave the tempest of the night,
Spread the red pestilence, and throw
A deeper gloom o'er human wo!
Those are the fiends, that prompt the mind
To deeds of darkness, and behind

Send their fell crew with sickening breath,
Despair, and infamy, and death!
  Nor yet unmoved the virgin gazed;
She trembled as that meteor blazed;
But high she spread her white arms sheen,
And thus she pray'd to beauty's Queen.
  " Immortal Freya! if e'er my mind
" Has to thy gentle rites inclined;
" If e'er my hand fresh garlands wove
" Of flowers, the symbols of chaste love,
" And cull'd from all its blooming hoards
" The sweets which opening spring affords;
" If I have knit the silken twine
" To deck thy pure and honor'd shrine;
" Immortal Freya, attend my prayer!
" To a lone virgin succour bear!
" Give me to reach great Vala's grave,
" And from the powers of darkness save!"
  Fair Helga spoke; and as she pray'd,
A charm descended on the maid,
Like the sweet fall of measured sound,
Or dew distill'd on holy ground;
And vanish'd seem'd the powers of ill,
And nature smiled serene and still.
The darksome mist was roll'd away,
And tranquil, as the fall of day,
A milder gloom imbrown'd the way;
While through that wild and barren scene
The lofty gates of Hell were seen.
A strain delightful pouring slowly
Breathed in soft cadence pure and holy:
And the strange voice she long'd to hear
Stole gently on her wondering ear

Hark! the wild notes are sweetly swelling,
Now upon things unearthly dwelling,
And now of Time's old secrets telling.
  To rapture charm'd, fair Helga long
Stood listening that immortal song;
But onward now she sprang with haste,
And thro' Hell's portals quickly paced.
Then, starting from his gory bed,
The whelp of Hela raised his head,
And, as he view'd the daring maid,
Gnash'd his keen fangs, and fiercely bay'd.
His glowing eyes with fury scowl'd,
And long and loud the monster howl'd:
For well he mark'd athwart the gloom
A living form by Vala's tomb.
But unappall'd the virgin stood,
And thus, in calm unalter'd mood:
  " By the force of Runic song,
" By the might of Odin strong,
" By the lance and glittering shield
" Which the Maids of slaughter wield,
" By the gems whose wonderous light
" Beams in Freya's necklace bright,
" By the tomb of Balder bold,
" I adjure thine ashes cold.
" Vala, list a virgin's prayer!
" Speak! Hialmar's doom declare!"
  She ceased; when, breathing sad and slow,
Like some unwilling sound of wo,
A sweetly solemn voice was sent
Forth from that gloomy monument.

" Deep-bosom'd in the northern fells
" A pigmy race immortal dwells,
" Whose hands can forge the falchion well
" With many a wonderous mutter'd spell.
" If bold Hialmar's might can gain
" A weapon from their lone domain,
" Nor stone, nor iron shall withstand
" The dint of such a gifted brand;
" Its edge shall drink Angantyr's blood,
" And life's tide issue with the flood.
" Victorious, at night's silent hour,
" The chief shall reach fair Helga's bower.
" But thou, who darest with living tread
" Invade these realms, where rest the dead;
" Breaking the slumbers of the tomb
" With charms that rend Hell's awful gloom;
" Who seek'st to scan, with prescience bold,
" What Gods from mortal man withhold,
" Soon shall thine heart despairing rue
" The hour that gave these shades to view,
" And Odin's wrath thy steps pursue."
It ceased; and straight a lurid flash
Burst through the gloom with thunder-crash.
It lighted all Death's dreary caves,
It glared on thousand thousand graves.
Hell's iron chambers rang withal,
And pale ghosts started at the call;
While, as the gather'd tempest spreads,
Rush'd the red terror o'er their heads.
And well I deem, those realms might show
Unnumber'd shapes of various wo;

Lamenting forms, a ghastly crew,
By the strange gleam were given to view;
And writhing Agony was there,
And sullen motionless Despair:
Sights, that might freeze life's swelling tide,
Blanch the warm cheek of throbbing pride,
And shake fair reason's frail defence,
Though strongly nerved by innocence.
Nor dared the breathless virgin gaze
On Hell's dread cells and devious ways;
Back rush'd unto her heart the blood,
And horror staid its curdling flood;
As fainting nigh the gates of Hell
In speechless trance young Helga fell.
Her glowing lips are pale and cold;
Her dainty limbs of heavenly mould,
Fashion'd for bliss and form'd to rest
On couch of down by love carest,
Lie by yon damp and mouldering tomb,
Faded, and stript of mortal bloom;
Like flowers on broken hawthorn bough,
Or snow-wreaths on the mountain's brow.
Shall e'er that bosom move again,
To know love's subtle bliss or pain?
Shall e'er those languid beauties stir?
Shall Heaven's pure light revisit her?
Or is she thus enveloped quite
By curtain of eternal night?
And ye, who in life's varied scene
Still its frail joys and sorrows glean,
Say, does her fate for pity cry,
Or were it best to sink and die,

While innocence is chaste and pure,
And flattering fancies yet allure
To leave the hopes of youth half tasted,
To fly, before its dreams are blasted,
Its charms foredone, its treasures wasted?
Ere guilty bliss with secret smart
Has touch'd the yet untainted heart,
To shun the pleasure and the crime,
Nor trust the wintery storms of time?
  True to the charge, some guardian power
Watch'd over Helga's deathlike hour;
Whether by pity moved and love
Bright Freya glided from above,
Spread round her limbs a viewless spell,
And snatch'd her from the jaws of Hell;
Or Odin's self reserved the fair
For other woes and worse despair;
For at the earliest dawn of day
In her still bower young Helga lay,
And waked, as from a feverish dream,
To hail the morning's orient beam.

END OF CANTO II

CANTO III.

Soft sleep, thou balm of every ill,
Thy touch the throbbing heart can still!
Thy downy wings of peace outspread
Can soothe the wretch's aching head,
Win from his brow grief's stern control,
And in sweet calmness lull the soul.
And thou hast stores, whose pure delight
Thrills through each sense and charms the sight;
Stirs the sad lover's pulse to joy,
Which waking truth will soon destroy;
Leads him through cloudless Chili's groves,
Or he in wild Guiana roves
Beneath thy shadow fancy-blest,
And, every thought of care at rest,
There lays him with his darling maid
Under the plantain's spreading shade,
Where wanton tendrils hung with bloom
Twining around distil perfume,
And thousand little warblers dwell
Sweeter than love-lorn Philomel.
But hast thou not thy terrors too?
Thy fearful shapes of ghastliest hue?
When the soul writhes beneath the load
That weighs upon its frail abode;
While horrors lurk behind thy shroud,
And visions on the fancy crowd
Of ills that falling still impend,
Of vain pursuits that never end,

Of woes that shake fair reason's seat,
Or at the door of conscience beat.
And hast thou ne'er to anxious mind,
Mid pictured scenes of wildest kind,
Dread warnings and things closely seal'd
In dark futurity reveal'd?
And sometimes e'en through visions strange
The wakeful thoughts distemper'd range,
While the mind's eye with troubled sight
Can scarcely read its path aright,
And memory but ill descry
The limits of reality?
Thus some have deem'd, that Helga lay
Brooding strange thoughts from eve till day,
Stretch'd on a feverish couch of down,
Nor saw in truth Hell's portals frown;
And that at morn her spirit vex'd
Was by wild fancies still perplex'd,
When full before her frighted eye
Stern Odin seem'd to stand, and cry—
" Adventurous maid, whose impious feet
" Have dared explore death's shadowy seat,
" Rifling the womb of hoary time,
" Hear the dark penance of thy crime!
" The vision of this night once told,
" Memory shall quit her sacred hold;
" And that fond love, which bade thee stray
" Down yawning Hell's forbidden way,
" That love, for which thou feign wouldst die,
" Shall in thy breast forgotten lie:
" Till anguish wake thy mind to know
" Joy's strange deceit, and hopeless wo."

He said, and instant vanish'd seem'd;
Whether in sooth she saw or dream'd,
I hold the tale devoutly true,
And deem those terrors met her view.
Appall'd and motionless she sate,
Till summon'd to the hall of state.

The King had will'd a joyous day
Should chase the thoughts of yestrene's fray.
He had bid his men be trimly dight
Ere the first dawn of morning light,
With torch and pike to rouse the bear
That slumber'd in his wintery lair.
" The chase is valor's school," he cried,
And gallant to the forest hied.
The golden horn rings blithe and loud;
The many round their monarch crowd;
Some skill'd to bend the Upland bow,
Some taught the whizzing lance to throw,
Some proud to wield the falchion's weight
And closer deal the stroke of fate:
And dames of worth, and virgins fair,
Are clad to face the wintery air.
In many-color'd furs array'd
Hastes to the field each Swedish maid;
While the harsh winds, that round them rush,
Lend each young cheek a brighter blush,
And emulous of mountain snows
The polish'd forehead's lustre glows.
No lovelier forms, no sprightlier trains
E'er trod Cythera's hill-crown'd plains,
Or shook fair Delos' rocky shore,
Or roused the wolf and brindled boar,

Making the mountain echoes wake
Thro' every deep Mænalian brake.
Nor does the perfumed southern gale
More blithely breathe o'er hill and vale,
Nor bid the heart more warmly glow,
Nor the gay spirits lighter flow,
Than where the breeze of northern sky
Braces each limb and lights each eye.
Joy leads them on, o'er comb and glen,
To stir the monster's hoary den;
Some trooping on hot coursers past,
Some with long snow-shoes skaiting fast,
Some boldly on the beaked sledge
Gliding o'er precipice and ledge.
See how they scatter o'er the plain!
How laboring now the steep they gain!
Now circled in some rocky nook!
Now gliding down the frozen brook,
O'erhung with stone, and icicle
That brighter gleams than hunter's steel!
Now on yon crag, that strains the sight,
I see them file along the height
On giddy causeway, one by one;
Their weapons sparkle to the sun.
How many dreadful fathom deep
Shot from that high and rugged steep,
The foaming torrent roars beneath!
One slippery step were instant death!
But swift they press along the verge,
And soon mid broader wilds emerge.
The troop had reach'd a narrow pass
Half choked with thorns and wither'd grass.

Huge pines and pensile birch o'erhung
Its banks, round which the ivy clung;
And the rude clay-stone there peep'd through,
Like some old castle, to the view.
A spot so desolate and wild
Might charm sad fancy's mournful child:
On rush'd the rout, the deep glen rang
With sylvan shouts and martial clang;
But Helga, heartless for the chase,
Gazed long in that romantic place:
When from a rock which shades ingulf
Sprung sudden forth a brindled wolf.
The ruffian beast had mark'd his prey
Lingering defenceless on her way,
And his keen fangs already tore
Her dainty limbs distain'd with gore;
But instant as the bolt of Heaven
Through his dark sides a pike was driven,
And the blush glow'd on Helga's face,
Clasp'd in Hialmar's fond embrace.
Alone his eye had mark'd the Fair;
In hour of need his arm was there.
Slight was the hurt to life and limb,
But the pain'd bosom yearn'd to him,
And the full tide of love and grief
Burst forth to give the heart relief.
Her weeping thus the youth address'd,
As her soft palm he gently press'd.
" O sole on whom my fancy dwells,
" With whose chaste love my bosom swells!
" My life, my joy, in hours of peace!
" My hope when battle-storms increase!

" If ever I have raised my hand
" In fight to guard my native land,
" Thy gentle image, deep impress'd,
" Waked the bold phrensy of my breast,
" Lured me to tread the paths of fame,
" And win for thee a worthy name.
" Yet were my lips in silence closed;
" In trembling hope each wish reposed;
" And visionary joys alone
" To this deep-stricken heart were known.
" Now fortune smiles; a brighter day
" Beams on the warrior's blissful way;
" But dark as night his path, if thou
" Chase not the gloom that dims thy brow.
" By Helga's smile love's hopes were rear'd,
" By that must valor's arm be cheer'd.
" O give the willing heart to joy,
" Nor in the bud fond thoughts destroy!
" That smile from love new charms shall borrow,
" And light the languid gloom of sorrow."
Smiled through her tears the virgin meek,
And all her soul blush'd on her cheek.
" The life, thou hast preserved, is thine;
" Thy joys or griefs must blend with mine.
" If my tears speak not, if the voice
" Faltering betray not love's fond choice,
" O read the guileless heart, and see
" Its anguish only wake for thee!
" Nor deem, if Heaven thy fall foredoom,
" That Helga will not share thy tomb!
" E'en like day's fleeting flower, that, born
" At the blithe call of orient morn,

" Weeps for the sun's departed gleam,
" Nor e'er shall see the morrow beam,
" To thy dear smiles my heart expands,
" Chain'd to thy lot my being stands.
" On thee, beloved, its hopes repose,
" Thy Helga's life, her joys, her woes."
O now what bliss Hialmar shares!
Warrior, what fate with thine compares!
Say, who would change the melting mood
Of tender virgin fondly woo'd,
The beamy smile of weeping love
Whose gentle rays each doubt remove,
The timid blush, the bashful eye,
The sighs that half-exhaled die,
For those best raptures, which enjoy'd
Leave half the fancied charm destroy'd!
Fix'd on her hand a burning kiss
Glows, promise and sweet pledge of bliss;
And now he cheers her drooping form,
Bids her weak heart with joy be warm,
And points the hour, in glory's pride,
When love shall bloom by valor's side:
But sadness o'er her bosom stole,
And thus she pour'd her troubled soul.
" Speak not of bliss or joyous love,
" While the red vengeance wakes above!
" While o'er thine Helga's fated head
" The curse of angry Heaven is spread!
" Last night on restless couch I lay
" Praying for dawn of morning's ray,
" Though not the day could bring relief
" To anxious thoughts and trembling grief.

" If sleep I woo'd, upon mine ear
" Burst the wild shrieks of frantic fear,
" And all the joyous forms of light
" Seem'd vanishing in misty night;
" I woke, by inward power impell'd;
" I thought of thee, my fond heart swell'd:
" To learn thy doom my bosom yearn'd,
" And (chance what may!) that doom I learn'd.
" O best beloved, I may not say
" What terrors frown'd upon my way,
" Nor living tongue such sights reveal
" As I have met, to learn thy weal.
" Suffice, that death's dread bounds I pass'd,
" And reach'd great Vala's tomb at last.
" I pray'd her by each living thing,
" By Hell's abyss, by Heaven's high King,
" To speak thy fate; when sad and slow
" Breathed from her tomb the notes of wo.
" Thy hand shall conquer, if it gain
" A falchion from the drear domain
" Of that fell Pigmy race, that dwells
" Deep-bosom'd in the rugged fells.
" Go boldly forth, thy fortune try!
" Seek the dread caves that northward lie!
" But me, alas! what ills await,
" Pursued and struck by Odin's hate!
" What I have dared, did love inspire,
" Nor Heaven itself shall quench its fire.
" Thrice blest, if I might lay my head,
" Where the lone wild's deep shadows spread,
" And, clinging to my heart's desire,
" Mid fancy's brightest dreams expire!"

E'en as she spoke, her wandering eye
Seem'd sadly bent on vacancy;
O'er her pale cheek expiring play'd
A languid smile, and reason stray'd.
She saw the man her bosom loved,
But knew him not, and wildly moved.
She thought Hialmar was her foe,
And, nimbler than the mountain roe,
Burst from his grasp, and swift to fly
Was lost to his admiring eye.
As one amazed the warrior stood,
Wondering her mien and alter'd mood:
But she had breathed love's tenderest voice,
Which bade his inmost soul rejoice;
And bliss, prevailing o'er surprise,
Lit the young chief's exulting eyes.
But, not one look or word forgot,
He strove to scan his future lot.
Long o'er her speech the mind's eye pored,
Seeking to win the mystic sword.
His purpose fix'd, he busk'd him straight
For journey perilous and great:
For, ere the wintery snows decay,
He must tread back the dangerous way,
And sail for that dark Samian shore
'Gainst which the Baltic billows roar.
To none the strange intention told,
Alone goes forth Hialmar bold;
O'er hills and rocks he takes his road
To the fell Pigmies' far abode.
But O what tongue the griefs shall tell
Which, mournful Helga, thee befel!

Thy wandering thoughts and timid breast
By thousand shapeless fears possest!
Who now the blithesome dance shall speed
In Ingva's hall, or pour the mead?
Who now with many a tender smile
The tedious hours of age beguile,
And bid the brow obscured by wo
Beam gladly through his locks of snow?
Joy of his heart, his bosom's pride,
Fond Helga stands not by his side;
Her hands no more shall crown the bowl,
Her voice no longer cheer his soul:
No more she dons her robe with care
The sports of festive Yule to share,
Where gallants breathe their secret flame
To willing maid or widow'd dame,
While glowing hearts and nimble feet
To the light strain responsive beat,
And youth with fresh delight inspires
Gay thoughts of bliss and new desires.
In her lone bower obscure she sits,
Mournful, despairing, strange by fits;
And thinks she views the vengeful form
Of Odin in each passing storm.
All to pale melancholy given
The pensive eye she lifts to heaven,
And sometimes warbles with sweet wail
Her wandering and imperfect tale,
And trills so sad the plaintive ditty,
Moving each listening ear with pity,
That e'en the sternest warrior's eye
Glistens with heartfelt sympathy.

END OF CANTO III.

CANTO IV.

O'ER hill and vale, and woody dell,
From Thylemark to Dovre-fell,
From Kiölen's ridge to either sea,
To Bothnian Gulf and Helsingé,
Like one vast robe of glittering white
The deep snow strikes the dazzled sight.
The reindeer fleet as rushing wind
Scuds by, and leaves no trace behind;
The gorgeous elk so tall and strong
Prints it not, as he bounds along:
And he, who journeying o'er the brow
Of those huge mountains looks below,
(Like some keen falcon towering high)
Beneath him sees wild regions lie,
Strange waste of thicket, comb, and dell,
Bound by the frost's prevailing spell;
Save that, where woods on woods arise,
The gloomy pine its power defies,
And seems to stretch a rival reign
O'er the dread forest's drear domain.
There thousand famish'd wolves repair;
There slumbering lies the shaggy bear,
Who oft, when summer's dewy night
Smiles with the moon's reflected light,
Sly issues from his secret den
To cultured close in narrow glen,
To crop unseen the verdant ear,
Rifling the promise of the year.

Him shall the lurking boor await,
And wing the midnight shaft of fate:
But now he sleeps in hollow tree
Amid that gloomy scenery;
Where wood-crown'd rocks that frown around
Some huge expanse of waters bound,
Inlet of sea, or mountain lake
Whose ice-bound waves strange music make,
As through some rude defile they pour,
And, thundering, down the passage roar.
Through such rude scenes Hialmar went,
Upon his trackless journey bent.
On toil'd he northward many a day,
And wilder wastes before him lay.
For need reserved the scanty store
Which in his leathern scrip he bore,
His only drink was mountain snow,
His food the berries hid below.
And now nor gloomy pines appear,
Nor vestige aught of foliage sere;
But, every sign of life effaced,
Stern frost usurps the barren waste;
Interminable winter's reign
Has bound it with an icy chain,
And rocks on rocks high-towering rear
Their foreheads, frozen all the year;
Nor frozen rocks alone; behold,
In regions of eternal cold,
Of mingled snow and dust and sand
The mimic architecture stand!
Above the crags that darkest lower,
Above the rocks that highest tower,

Points inaccessible arise,
And mock with varied hue the eyes.
Now like grey minarets they seem,
Now sparkling with the changeful gleam,
Now redder than a shaft of fire,
Ere the last beams of day expire.
  Through the rough fell's romantic pile
Hialmar spied a deep defile.
It was a desert glen to view,
As fancy's pencil ever drew.
No bush was nigh; no shady trees
Spread their green honors to the breeze;
No flower, no verdant grass might hope
To spring upon the barren slope;
Not e'en the hardy ling might dare
To peep mid rocks so wild and bare:
Scarce the dank moss and lichen grey
Could spread around their dismal sway.
Abruptly on the eastern side
Frown'd the huge steep in awful pride,
Like one vast wall; the summit hoar
With threatening fragments beetled o'er:
And many a hideous mass beneath
Time-sever'd from that crumbling wreath,
In the deep bosom of the dell
Might yet of ancient ruin tell.
High was the crag, and yet the land
Swell'd loftier on the other hand.
The ridge, that hid the western day,
Rose gradual, strewn with fragments grey;
And he, who look'd along the glen
Untrodden by the foot of men,

Might think he view'd a countless flock
Feeding beneath the barren rock.
But all is still; not e'en the deer
Have ever sought to harbour here.
The hollow mountain's hoary side
By mortal step was never tried;
Those are but scatter'd stones, that lie
Whitening beneath the inclement sky.
Above the hollow the proud fell
Rises more steeply from the dell;
Larger and ruder frowns each stone,
Its sides with lichen less o'ergrown;
And, where the highest summit towers,
Naked the rocky castle lowers.
The ridge's bold uneven sweep
Here sinking gives a vista deep
Of the blue heaven; now shooting high
Its giddy beacon strains the eye;
And, though in ruin, seems to stand
As if uprear'd by skilfulh and,
Stone upon stone piled wonderously,
With buttress, arch, and turrets high:
Self-poised the top-stone seems to rock;
But ages still have seen it mock
The winter's storm, the thunder's shock.
A broken path the steep behind
Midway seem'd indistinct to wind,
If path that be, which never knew
The tread of aught but the Elfish crew.
The track, I deem, if mortal wight
Could climb unto the dizzy height,

Would lead him where the slippery brow
Shelves o'er the sea, that far below
Dashes unheard its sullen waves
Beneath the cliff's o'erhanging caves.
The warrior gazed with growing wonder,
He deem'd some fiendish Power from under
Had push'd the solid heights asunder;
For well he mark'd the layers grey
Rise on each side in like array.
When sudden as from under ground
Stole on his ear a dulcet sound;
It seem'd a strain of sweetest tone
Warbled by female voice unknown.
The wondering chieftain gazed, and spied
A fissure in the mountain's side:
And listening close he seem'd to hear
Hammer and anvil sounding near;
And long and loud each heavy stroke
Resounded of that Pigmy folk,
That ever in the darksome cave
Forge the bright metal for the brave.
Of stature small, but mighty force,
Of cunning skill and deep resource,
They know each metal's secret birth,
And delve the bowels of the earth,
Tearing from every hidden cell
The treasures in its womb that dwell.
A spiteful race on mischief bent,
To whom man's wo is merriment;
Deaf to his prayer, and only made
By strong control to lend their aid.

The sounding forge Hialmar knew,
And forth his flaming falchion drew;
Then, sinking on his knee, raised high
To heaven his bright adoring eye;
And, as he pour'd the heartfelt vow,
Proud rapture lit his beauteous brow,
Triumphant love, unshaken truth,
And joy, and hope, and glowing youth.
" Bend, Odin, bend from heaven thine ear!
" And, God of war, a warrior hear!
" Beneath a humble cottage born
" I learn'd ignoble ease to scorn;
" To wield the sword, the dart to throw;
" To bend the Dalecarlian bow,
" And where the snow-clad uplands rise,
" By prowess win each sylvan prize.
" An infant by my sire enured
" To early toils, by toils matured,
" I learn'd beneath his lone abode
" Thy lofty song, the warrior's code.
" When forth he sent me to the strife,
" He ask'd not for me length of life;
" ' Renown and glory be his share,'
" He said.—Great Odin grant his prayer!
" Give me to win Angantyr's bane,
" To triumph o'er that haughty Dane!
" And let my limbs victorious rest
" On Helga's bosom fondly prest!
" Grant this, and Fate ordain the rest!"
He spoke; and from the mountain's rent
A sudden gleam was upwards sent,
As if in token of assent;

And a loud clang was heard to sound
In the deep bowels of the ground.
" Praise to the Gods !" Hialmar cried,
And rush'd into the mountain side
Through that deep fissure; darkness dread
Closed on the warrior's dauntless head.
Silent he trod the winding cave,
Dark as the cloisters of the grave,
While, round, the dank imprison'd air
Sigh'd piteous, breathing chill despair;
Till, full display'd, a glorious light
Burst sudden on his wondering sight.
A vault immense before him lay,
Yet was the dungeon bright as day.
There high uprear'd on either hand
Compact basaltic columns stand,
Shaft above shaft, a monstrous pile,
Like that which girds fair Staffa's isle,
Or the huge mass whose giant pride
Breasts the full strength of Erin's tide.
Nor lacks there radiance to disclose
Their various shapes and magic rows.
Myriads of lights their lustre shed,
By secret exhalations fed;
And, as each alabaster lamp
Dispels the gloom and joyless damp,
The vaulted roof sends back their rays,
And stalactites and crystals blaze.
Around unnumber'd treasures lie,
Of every hue and changeful die;
The ore that gives each metal birth,
Torn from the fruitful womb of earth;

And countless gems, a brilliant heap,
And pearls and corals from the deep.
Next lie huge bars of metal sheen,
Then piles of weapons bright and keen;
And many an engine form'd for ill
By cunning workmanship and skill.
Beyond, through that long vista seen
The double row of steel between,
In a dread nook obscure and low
The distant furnace seem'd to glow.
A loathsome, wan, and meagre race,
With shaggy chin and sallow face,
Treading with steps demure and slow,
The Pigmy folk moved to and fro.
Some on their sturdy shoulders bore
The weight of rude unsmelted ore;
Some from huge stores of various hue
The ponderous bars of metal drew;
Near the hot furnace others staid,
And laboring smote the glowing blade;
Or, tempering the sharp steel, unheard
Mutter'd the powerful magic word.
In the full centre of the hall
Stood a dark statue, huge and tall;
Its form colossal, seen from far,
Show'd like the thunderous God of war,
The sinews strain'd for deadly strife,
The strong limbs starting into life.
Its left hand grasp'd an iron shield,
Its right was raised a sword to wield;
On the pure blade were written plain
These fatal words, "Angantyr's bane."

Hialmar's eyes shone bright as fire,
Their keen glance spoke his soul's desire.
" Art thou," he cried, " the thundering Thor,
" First of the Gods in strife and war?
" Or does thy marrowless strength in vain
" Those iron muscles seem to strain
" In threatening mockery, form'd to scare
" The coward from the Pigmies' lair?
" Whate'er thou art, Hialmar's hand
" Must tear from thine that flaming brand."
Him answer'd straight with visage wan,
Smiling in spite, a dwarfish man.
" Go, boaster, seize the shining prize!
" But know, who wins that falchion, dies!
" Sage Dualin wrought the precious blade,
" Its edge on charmed anvil laid;
" And, as each stroke portentous rung,
" The magic strain old Durin sung,
" And Thorin and Nyrader wise
" Swell'd the fell chorus to the skies.
" They placed it in yon iron hand,
" And whisper'd low their dread command:
" No arm that ever shook with fear
" Shall wrest it from that grasp severe;
" And if by valor's dauntless son
" The fatal sword should e'er be won,
" For him the tomb will early yawn,
" And grief obscure hope's flattering dawn."
The Pigmy ceased, and on his brow
Triumphant malice seem'd to glow;
But prouder wax'd the youth's desire,
And thus he wing'd his words of fire.

" To others preach of death and sorrow!
" I heed not what may fall to-morrow!
" Glory and bright renown be mine,
" And let my deeds, while living, shine!
" O! why should man, whose hours must tend
" To death, their necessary end,
" Unknown in torpid ease remain,
" And feel life's feeble flame in vain!
" Nor rather strive by worth to share
" High valor's guerdon great and rare!
" To gleam, like some famed meteor's blaze,
" The theme of wonder and of praise,
" Long chronicled in after times,
" And sung by bards in distant climes!"
He said, and with undaunted breast
To the high trial swiftly press'd:
And for he knew that Pigmy spite
Forged many a snare with cunning sleight,
And wisely deem'd that iron hand
Might wield with power the charmed brand)
He raised his buckler for defence,
And, as 'gainst living strength and sense,
Strode to the combat: closing then,
That falchion, bane of stoutest men,
By its rich-studded hilt he seized,
And the cold iron fingers squeezed.
He pull'd, and stoop'd, and writhing strove
By strength that sturdy grasp to move:
And every nerve and sinew strain'd,
Till force at length the weapon gain'd.
Then back the hand of iron sprang,
And through the vault loud echoes rang:

For it had struck with might the shield
Which in its left that statue held:
And, sudden as the blow, were all
The lights extinguish'd in the hall;
And through the gloom no twinkling show'd,
Save where the distant furnace glow'd.
To gain the narrow winding cave,
The path which ready entrance gave,
Recover'd from his first surprise,
His treasure won, the warrior tries.
Easy the way for mortal wight
To plunge into those vaults of night,
But hard again from such abyss
To reach the realms of light and bliss.
The youth long labor'd to explore
In each dark nook the hidden door,
And every crevice vainly tried
In the huge cavern's massive side.
When sudden on his listening ear
Swell'd the sweet notes of music near.
He knew the same soft-warbled sound,
Which he had heard from under ground.
He spoke, but no response was given,
Save echoes through the long vault driven.
The voice melodious seem'd to fly,
And each soft note in distance die.
But, hoping thus with eager mind
Some issue from the gloom to find,
Through many a winding cavern he
Follow'd the floating symphony,
Till beams of sparkling light appear'd,
And plain the warbling voice was heard.

" Proud warrior, thou shalt dwell to-night
" With the fair queen of the Elves of light;
" My voice shall guide thee to the bower
" Where thou shalt spend the pleasant hour.
" A thousand Elves of swarthy hue
" In vain the wonderous virgin woo.
" O she is fair as diamond's ray,
" Pure as the hallow'd fount of day,
" Untouch'd as brilliant gems that lie
" Deep hid in earth from human eye!
" Then hie thee, hie thee, youth, to share
" Joy's best delights, love's daintiest fare!
" Think of fierce wars and strife hereafter,
" Here is sweet bliss, and mirth, and laughter!"
Well might the warrior marvel, while
The melting notes his ears beguile;
For issuing from that darksome place
As now he stood, an ample space
Show'd like a garden passing fair,
Though nurtured in that nether air.
The vaulted roof, all smooth and even,
Seem'd like a blue and cloudless heaven,
With that pure gem's translucence framed,
Which from the ocean's wave is named.
There, quaintly work'd of jewels rare
By nicest art and subtle care,
Thousand odorous shrubs disclose
Their mimic charms in varied rows;
Their branches deck'd with foliage sheen,
Their opening buds of glossy green,
And flowers of every brilliant hue
Sparkling as with the morning dew.

There hanging from the wanton vine
The amethystine bunches shine;
The plum with bloom untouch'd and new
There counterfeits the living hue;
And many a fruit of southern clime,
The orange bright, the yellow lime;
The citron weeping from its weight,
The shaddock huge, and golden date.
Beneath a wanton emerald bower,
Cluster'd with pendant fruit and flower,
A gorgeous couch was seen; the bed
With furs and silken tissue spread.
There in soft luxury reclined
The fairest of the elfin kind.
Stretch'd on the precious mantle warm
Unconscious lay her beauteous form
In gentlest slumber, and the eye
Might all her loveliness descry.
The moist red lips, on which the smile
Ready to kindle slept, the while
Soft beaming; and the polish'd brow
Hiding its pure and living snow
Beneath the parting locks, that stray'd
Down her smooth neck, or curling play'd
O'er the white shoulder, and below,
Where the soft bosom's beauties glow;
The tiny hands, the graceful arms,
That loosely rest on snowy charms,
Half seen, half veil'd by flowing vest;
The feet, by no bright sandal press'd;
Her beaming eyes alone conceal'd
Seem'd in deep slumber sweetly seal'd.

Say, gallants, ye who warm in youth
To your loved mistress boast of truth,
Did e'er such peril prove your faith,
And scaped ye without harm or scath?
Say, did Hialmar's wondering thought
Swell high with inward rapture fraught?
Did the blood mantle o'er his cheek?
Did to his soul strong passion speak?
Or stray'd his thoughts from that strange scene
To Sigtune's fir-trees evergreen,
Where deck'd with every tendril sweet
That dares the northern blast to meet,
With every freshest bud that blows,
His Helga's virgin bower arose?
He shrunk with half-averted eye;
He moved, he turn'd as if to fly;
(But the dank passage black as night
Frown'd dismal on his aching sight.)
Then cast his hurried glance around,
While the nymph started at the sound.
As the shy cushat on her nest
Beneath the embowering shade at rest,
If truant steps intrusive shake
The umbrageous boughs or rustling brake,
Spreads her swift pinion to the breeze,
And starts from the soft lap of ease:
So, beaming loveliness, the fair
Springs from her sleep with timid air,
And blushing like the new-blown rose
A silken mantle round her throws.
Then with a voice so sweet and clear,
It came like music on the ear:

" Fool that I was, to trust the charm
" That saved me long from fear and harm!
" While yon portentous sword remain'd
" In the firm iron grasp constrain'd,
" To this my chaste and secret bower,
" Where safe I spent the careless hour,
" Nor man nor gods could entrance gain,
" And force and cunning still were vain;
" And I had vow'd to be the bride
" Of him alone, whose daring pride
" Should wrest the spell-defended brand
" From that huge statue's charmed hand.
" Art thou the bravest of the brave?
" Or, say, did guile obtain the glaive?"
To her the warrior with a smile:
" Hialmar nothing wins by guile,
" Nor came I, led by brutish sense,
" To spurn the rights of innocence,
" Rifling with rude unhallow'd arms
" Defenceless beauty's secret charms
" O, thou art more than heavenly fair!
" No mortal can with thee compare!
" The whole of man's short life would be
" Ill worth one rapturous hour with thee!
" But me, constrain'd by holiest bands,
" High vows recall to distant lands;
" Glory, the deathless crown of worth,
" And love, the warrior's meed on earth."
He said; on one white arm reclined
The loveliest, fairest of her kind.
Her pensive look, demure and coy,
Seem'd to suppress the beam of joy,

While o'er her face a languid smile
Play'd gently, fraught with subtle guile;
And something like reproach was seen
In her mild look and glance serene:
Fond amorous fears, love's melting ray,
And sweet assent, and faint delay.
The while soft perfumes seem'd to breathe
From every [illegible] and flowery wreath;
[illegible] sound
With tenderest warblings floated round;
And seem'd [illegible] to conspire
Weaving the [illegible] of sweet desire
By viewless forms the youth was led
Towards that fair nymph's voluptuous bed.
[illegible]
That left the [illegible] resource!
His mail was [illegible]
[illegible]
And some light finger [illegible]
From [illegible]
That instant [illegible] of shame
Spring [illegible] of flame.
Starting [illegible] spell
Which [illegible] senses fell.
And swift [illegible]
Pour'd the [illegible] weapons [illegible]
Sudden strange [illegible] ear.
And shrieks of [illegible] of fear;
Vanish'd the [illegible]
Each precious wreath and sparkling flower;
And [illegible]
He [illegible]

But skulking at the cavern's door
That spiteful dwarf who spoke before.
There, scaped from ill, the joyful youth
At the cave's dark and narrow mouth,
Stands in the wild and deep ravine
Those high romantic hills between.
Full well he knew the visage wan,
And at the treacherous dwarfish man,
Wing'd with swift vengeance, aim'd a blow
That might have laid a giant low;
But ne'er by vengeance overta'en
Through mortal force was Pigmy slain.
The trenchant metal cleaves the stone,
And the proud warrior stands alone.

END OF CANTO IV.

CANTO V.

'TWERE sweet to lie on desert land,
Or where some lone and barren strand
Hears the Pacific waters roll,
And views the stars of Southern pole!
'Twere best to live where forests spread
Beyond fell man's deceitful tread,
Where hills on hills proud rising tower,
And native groves each wild embower,
Whose rocks but echo to the howl
Of wandering beast or clang of fowl!
The eagle there may strike and slay;
The tiger spring upon his prey;
The kayman watch in sedgy pool
The tribes that glide through waters cool:
The tender nestlings of the brake
May feed the slily coiling snake:
And the small worm or insect weak
May quiver in the warbler's beak:
All there at least their foes discern,
And each his prey may seize in turn.
But man, when passions fire the soul,
And reason stoops to love's control,
Deceitful deals the murderous blow
Alike on trustiest friend or foe:
And oft the venom'd hand of hate
Points not the bitterest shaft of fate:

But faithless friendship's secret fang
Tears the fond heart with keener pang,
And love demented weaves a spell
More dreadful than the pains of Hell.
From the red fields of distant fray
Fierce Orvarod homeward bent his way;
Fierce Orvarod, flush'd with glory's tide,
Sweden's strong bulwark and her pride.
E'en as he reach'd the frontier bound,
And set his foot to Swedish ground,
His ear had caught the rumor rife
Of outrage past and coming strife.
His men some smoother path might read;
He through the forest prick'd his steed,
Resolved with speedy arm to lend
Meet succour to his fere and friend.
Behind his brawny shoulders flung
The rattling bow and quiver hung;
Sure marksman he; the whizzing breath
Of every shaft was wing'd with death.
His face was gallant, open, free;
His heart was blithe, and bold his glee,
But nothing courteous: his delight
Death's iron field and bloodiest fight;
His was the soul of martial fire,
And thirst of fame his sole desire:
In honor firm, in friendship true,
His generous heart no hatred knew;
Though proud to strike, as proud to show
Fair mercy to the vanquish'd foe.
Women he scorn'd, and deem'd them toys
To charm the sense with transient joys,

To valor's worth a paltry boon,
Easy to win, forsaken soon;
And faithful love he call'd the dream
Of tender fools, an idle theme:
Shortlived he held the lover's pain,
And every fair one light and vain.
With gallant bearing now in haste
He trod the rough and trackless waste.
His cheek was flush'd with ruddy hue,
His crest was wet with morning dew,
As deck'd with foreign spoils he hied
To Sweden's court in warlike pride.
Sudden the loud applauding cries,
"Orvarod! Orvarod!" shook the skies;
And grateful to king Ingva's ear
Came the glad murmurs rising near:
For heaviest cares his heart oppress'd,
And deep the troubles of his breast.
Foremost in strength and beauty's pride
Stands Asbiorn by his comrade's side,
Hails his return to Swedish land,
And greets him with a brother's hand.
To balmy health at length restored,
Again the youth had girt his sword;
But, O! too late in Helga's cause
The flaming weapon now he draws.
Hialmar claims the high emprise,
And his by right the promised prize.
What conflict tears young Asbiorn's heart!
How act the friend's and lover's part!
Bound to Hialmar's warlike fate
By all that makes man good and great,

By generous friendship's holiest ties,
By that pure bond which never dies!
Say, shall the tyrant Love prevail,
And honor's voice and virtue fail?
Or sober reason's just control
Calm the hot passion of the soul?
By turns to either part inclined
Swells the strong tide of Asbiorn's mind:
Restless, at length the court he seeks,
And thus the fiery warrior speaks.
" Say, Prince, are Helga's matchless charms
" A boon too bright for Asbiorn's arms?
" Or does proud Sweden's haughty throne
" The service of those arms disown?
" Have not my banners floated wide
" To guard her coasts on either tide?
" Have I not roused from eyrie high
" The watchful eagle's ravening cry,
" And hewn in fight the gory food
" For Finnish wolves, a famish'd brood?
" Whatever deeds Hialmar dared,
" Asbiorn's firm breast the peril shared.
" He gains alone reward on earth,
" He reaps the harvest of his worth;
" While I, thus wedded to despair,
" The barren yoke of glory bear.
" Where bends he now his heedless way?
" Where does the loitering wanderer stray?
" Already fierce Angantyr's hand
" Wields the stout mace and waves the brand:
" O grant that Asbiorn may sustain
" The shock of that insulting Dane!

" Return'd, by deeds of prowess tried,
" Which best deserves let worth decide !
" Whether in feats of strength and skill
" Mid peaceful vales and sylvan hill,
" Or whether thou shalt bid to meet
" Midst cavern'd rocks the giant Gete,
" Or fiery-tressed Celts that brave
" On beaked prow the northern wave.
" Then, if my faltering bosom quail,
" Let bold Hialmar's claim prevail !"
To him King Ingva firm replied :
" Thy worth, high chief, has long been tried ;
" Nor lives there in the rolls of fame
" A fairer or a brighter name.
" But, though approved in hour of need
" Thy might deserves our richest meed,
" The word of Kings once duly given
" Is sacred as the voice of heaven.
" In him, whate'er his steps detain,
" We trust ; nor shall that trust be vain.
" We charge thee by our high command
" Here to abide and ward our land,
" 'Gainst foreign inroad, and the blow
" Of sudden unsuspected foe.
" With him shall Orvarod hoist his sail,
" And Heaven forefend their arms should fail !"
He ceased ; proud Asbiorn knit his brow,
Nor deign'd before his prince to bow :
But Orvarod laugh'd and mock'd his pain,
And bade him to the waves complain,
Sing some lone ditty on the strand,
Or woo a bride from foreign land :

Told him of many a melting fair
In soft Sicilia's southern air,
And many a nymph with sparkling eyes
Where Gardariké's mountains rise,
And amorous dames and willing maids
In distant Asia's spicy shades.
In vain; he turns with lowering eye;
He hears not, deigns not to reply:
But forth with folded arms he goes
A man of wrath and sullen woes;
His heart, no longer light and gay,
Owns a dread Power's imperious sway;
Wild jealous thoughts and fierce desires
Prevail, and love's resistless fires.
His was a wayward soul, design'd
Extremes of mirth and grief to find.
When flattering pleasure buoy'd his mind,
And beauty smiled, and love was kind,
No lark so blithe that sings in air
While suns are bright and skies are fair;
But, cross'd by fate in luckless hour,
More dark than blackest storms that lower.
In love impetuous and hot,
High swell'd the pang, but soon forgot.
Ardent in friendship, but too light
To hold the reins of honor tight.
Whate'er of vice obscured his mind,
Was passion's gust, not guilt design'd;
But, as he moved in honor's ray,
High pride, not virtue, led the way.
Still he had trod the paths of fame,
Panting to earn a deathless name;

While keen ambition fired his soul,
Romantic thoughts without control,
The flame of unrestrain'd desire,
Quick-kindled wrath and baleful ire.
His shape was symmetry and grace,
And finely form'd his manly face.
His eye was fire itself, so glowing,
So on each feature life bestowing;
There was a frankness in its beam,
Which, ere it ask'd, had gain'd esteem;
And in his lip's love-lighted smile
All charms that can a maid beguile.
Alas! that passion's cloud should e'er
Obscure a form so nobly fair!
His limbs were nimbler than the fawn,
That bounds o'er brake and level lawn;
And even from his childish days
Mid rural sports he won the praise.
His strength had oft in fight been tried,
His valor with the bravest vied;
In field of strife or peaceful dell,
Might youthful Asbiorn all excel;
Boldest to stem the battle's tide;
Swiftest through perilous pass to ride;
Blithest with maiden fair to carp;
And, when it list him strike the harp,
There was a wildness in his lay
That almost witch'd the sense away;
For he had learnt each peaceful art,
That charms the ear or sways the heart,
And often, stretch'd beneath the bower
Of shadowy woods in sultry hour,

He sweetly waked the mellow horn,
Or caroll'd like a bird of morn.
And bold his song; though Helga's form
Alike must every bosom warm,
He, only he, had pour'd the strain
Of rapturous love, and dared complain:
His fancy roved through dreams of bliss,
And boldly call'd that treasure his.
And oft his youth's unruly tide
Had ruffled Ingva's stately pride;
But still he bore a witching charm
That saved him from disgrace and harm.
Now o'er his proud desponding soul
Stern anger reign'd, and hopeless dole.
How shall he calm the pang of love,
Whose turbid thoughts resistless move?
How shall impetuous passion's child
Now check the stream of wishes wild?
With downcast brow, and face of wo
Sullen and fierce behold him go!
O how unlike that sprightly boy,
Whose eyes were mirth, whose looks were joy!
To that deep woodland lies his road,
Of mournful thoughts the dark abode,
Where oft he whiled the hours away,
Warbling some strange romantic lay,
Of castles storm'd by torches' light,
Of maidens rapt on bridal night,
Of frantic tears and wild delight.
O shall you forest's silent gloom
Calm his harsh mind and soothe his doom?
Or is its lonely still retreat
Fitting dread thoughts and dark deceit?

Hear'st thou a voice cry, " Asbiorn, stay !
" Danger besets thy moody way !"
Stay, Asbiorn, stay ! nor tread the path
To you thick shades, while big with wrath !
Where in deep nook or rocky cell
Foul powers and tempting spirits dwell :
For innocence is bliss below,
Fair virtue's shield, the balm of wo.
Who wanders there with gentle mind
Will nought but soothing fancies find,
Sweet dales by peaceful shades imbrown'd,
And glens with tangled coppice crown'd ;
But seek not thou the shadowy bower
While anger reigns and fiends have power !
Sell not for pleasure's transient joy
Pure sweets which Guilt's foul hands destroy,
The gem of youth, the untouch'd bloom
Of life, exhaling fresh perfume !
Ah me ! he wists not where to turn ;
Haughty and high his passions burn.
Unseen he seeks yon hoary tower ;
He roams by Helga's mournful bower ;
Mid the deep forest's lonely gloom
Where sad she sits and plies the loom,
Weaving with many a golden thread
The stories of the honor'd dead.
And now she lifts her pallid cheek,
Gazing with visage mild and meek.
She speaks not, but her languid eye
Seems wrapt in thoughtful ecstacy,
While in her heart love still supreme
Reigns like a visionary dream.

Its shadowy colors deep impress'd
Tinge each wild fancy of her breast;
She thinks her faith was pledged in heaven,
She deems her hand in marriage given;
But pledged to whom, or how, or where,
Weak reason may not well declare.
The images of past delight
Have fleeted from her troubled sight,
And left no perfect form behind
On the dim mirror of the mind:
But anguish for her absent lord
Breathes in each desultory word.
She thinks the spirits of the wold
Him in fell durance fiercely hold,
His beauteous limbs by torture strain'd
On cold obdurate granite chain'd,
Or scorch'd by subterraneous fire
That gleams through caverns dark and dire.
Her fancy hears his spirit wail,
His moan upon the dying gale;
But still she deems some friendly power
Will loose his chains in happier hour,
And lead the warrior's manly charms
To his lone bride's expecting arms:
On future bliss her hopes rely,
And a smile lights the mourner's eye.
The maid her father's court had left
To linger here of joy bereft,
Lonely and strange, and feed her mind
With phantasies of saddest kind.
The king, in pity for her grief
To give her secret wo relief,

Had warn'd that no intrusive eye
Should steal upon her privacy.
Here oft the lovely mourner staid
Till the deep close of evening shade;
Here oft in solitary bower
Wasted the tedious nightly hour.
And now her parting lips unclose,
Warbling the tale of fancied woes;
While the dark frowning rocks around
Pour the wild echo's plaintive sound.
The sweet and melancholy strain
Steals slowly over hill and plain;
It mourns upon the passing gale,
It winds along the narrow vale,
And now it strikes the listening ear
Of Asbiorn rashly stealing near.
" Beturn, my love, return and see
" The bridal couch is spread for thee!
" For thee reserved the tender kiss,
" The melting pledge of promised bliss!
" For thee my willing hands entwine
" The blushing rose and chaste woodbine,
" The violet and primrose pale,
" The modest lily of the vale!
" Wild flowers around my bower are growing,
" And strains of sweetest music flowing;
" Return, my love, return and see
" The bridal couch is spread for thee!
" O place me by some rippling stream,
" Where I may softly sleep and dream!
" And let my airy harp be laid
" Under the willow's mournful shade;

" That every breeze which summer brings,
" Sweeping its sweet accordant strings,
" May some wild strain of music borrow,
" And waft the tenderest notes of sorrow:
" Return, my love, return and see
" The bridal couch is spread for thee!
" Cold is the bed where Helga lies,
" And chaste and true thine Helga dies.
" On her pale cheek the dews descend,
" And cypress boughs around her bend;
" The weeping Elves shall strew her grave
" Beside the slowly gliding wave.
" Then, ere beneath the mournful willow
" The damp earth be thine Helga's pillow,
" Return, my love, return and see
" The bridal couch is spread for thee!"
Young Asbiorn paused; and, as his ear
Drank the sweet strain that floated clear
On Eve's calm wing, his pensive eye
Seem'd lit by sudden witchery:
While love, imperious, unrestrain'd,
In his hot pulse and sinews reign'd,
And something fiercer than despair
To hear his friend her only care,
And that joy-kindling voice, that bade
His rival to her lonely shade.
The warrior from his steed has bounded;
Beneath his tread the steps have sounded;
And he has reach'd the virgin bower
Of that sad maid in luckless hour;
And soon he placed him by her side,
And named her as his wedded bride,

And whisper'd much of faith and truth,
Of promised joys and meeting youth.
To momentary bliss betray'd,
She smiled, and wept, and doubtful pray'd,
Then glanced her wild enquiring eye,
And her breast heaved a piteous sigh;
A mist before her sight was spread,
And the faint sparks of reason fled.
The gazing look could not discern,
Nor the bewilder'd memory learn,
Whether in truth her honor'd lord
Return'd to claim her plighted word,
Or whether warrior strange and rude,
Breathing deceit, had dared intrude.
Her mantling blushes kindled bright,
And straight her cheek was wan and white.
She stirr'd not, but her hurried glance
Show'd life was in the speechless trance;
Then with a shriek, that seem'd to break
Life's tenement so frail and weak,
She, starting wildly from her seat,
Fell senseless at the warrior's feet.
  If there are kindred spirits sent
By Heaven upon man's welfare bent,
With him his mortal race to run,
Their web of fate together spun;
If there are guardian powers on earth
That tend the helpless infant's birth,
And close beside him tread unseen
Through life's dark ways and varied scene,
To guide aright his erring will,
And wrestle with the powers of ill;

O, some pure form its arm extend,
And o'er the form of Helga bend!
The chaste disorder'd robe compose,
Whose ruffled folds her charms disclose!
Nor let unhallow'd thoughts assail
The beauties hid by modest veil!
  Fame saith not whether Helga lay
In speechless trance till morning's ray;
For twilight's gloom was gathering fast,
The day's last beam was quickly past,
And the dark mantle of the night
Closed on the warrior's rapturous sight:
But the sun lit the forest tall
Long ere he reach'd King Ingva's hall.

END OF CANTO V.

CANTO VI.

YESTRENE the mountain's rugged brow
Was mantled o'er with dreary snow;
The sun sat red behind the hill,
And every breath of wind was still:
But, ere he rose, the southern blast
A veil o'er heaven's blue arch had cast;
Thick roll'd the clouds, and genial rain
Pour'd the wide deluge o'er the plain.
Fair glens and verdant vales appear,
And warmth awakes the budding year.
O 'tis the touch of fairy hand
That wakes the spring of northern land!
It warms not there by slow degrees,
With changeful pulse, the uncertain breeze;
But sudden on the wondering sight
Bursts forth the beam of living light,
And instant verdure springs around,
And magic flowers bedeck the ground.
Return'd from regions far away
The red-wing'd throstle pours his lay;
The soaring snipe salutes the spring,
While the breeze whistles through his wing;
And, as he hails the melting snows,
The heathcock claps his wings and crows.
Bright shines the sun on Sigtune's towers,
And Spring leads on the fragrant hours.
The ice is loosed, and prosperous gales
Already fill the strutting sails.

Young Asbiorn looks to East and West,
His heart with anxious cares opprest:
He looks to spy if far or near
Hialmar's towering crest appear;
But still, as day succeeds to day,
He lingers on his distant way,
While Rumor shapes a thousand tales,
And each vague fame in turn prevails.
Wearied and vex'd, old Ingva brooks
Impatient Asbiorn's ireful looks,
The bold reproach, the fitful fire
Of young and passionate desire,
The proud request repeated still,
The challenge, and the threat of ill.
Nor Orvarod likes his friend's delay;
He pants to join the arduous fray;
And tow'rds the neighbouring port he hies,
Where moor'd the well-rigg'd vessel lies.
Advancing straight with hasty stride
He views a gallant warrior's pride;
Hialmar's princely port he knows,
And crest, the dread of Sweden's foes.
High towers his helm, and from his hand
Gleams far the wonderous elfish brand,
As swift he speeds tow'rds Sigtune's tower;
One sweet farewell in Helga's bower
He seeks, nor heeds the fleeting hour.
But Orvarod sternly chides his friend:
" Love must," he cries, " to honor bend.
" Long has the zephyr fill'd our sails,
" The mariner greets the favoring gales.
" E'en now on Samsoe's dreary coast
" Angantyr and his savage host

" Insulting mock our long delay,
" And wanton in the eye of day.
" Thou strive a love-sick maid to please !
" Waste thy soft hours in silken ease!
" Go, change for pleasure's rosy crown
" Life's worth, the palm of fair renown !
" I stem the seas; where honor calls
" Undaunted Orvarod wins or falls.
" Fair deeds be mine, and deathless praise,
" And victory's never-fading bays!"
Most scornfully the hero spoke
Rough words, which painful thoughts awoke.
On young Hialmar's haughty brow
A frown like anger seem'd to grow,
Or pride, that struggled high with shame,
And conscious thoughts not free from blame.
'Tis passing hard for lovers true
To part without one sweet adieu!
To part, perchance to meet no more,
And distant lands and seas explore,
Nor bless again the longing sight
With the heart's fancy and delight!
One instant glance, one lingering kiss
Seems then worth years of future bliss;
One tender pledge mid fond tears given
Dearer than all the hopes of heaven.
High conflict rent the chieftain's heart,
From all he prized unseen to part:
But Honor calls, imperious name,
The crown of life, the warrior's fame.
One thought he murmur'd, and no more,
" Orvarod, thou wrong'st me!" to the shore

Then turn'd his dark expressive eye,
And onward moved right mournfully.
They came to where the surges beat
O'er the rude rocks of Agnafit,
And soon the ready keel unlash,
'Gainst which the swelling waters dash;
The sails are full; they cleave the spray,
And o'er the billows win their way;
Nor long their course: where Samsoe's isle
Rears its dark form, a dreary pile,
Their anchor bites the yellow sand;
The heroes spring upon the strand.
They gaze around; within the bay
A Danish bark at moorings lay,
Behind a jutting rock half hid
Which loud the frothy waters chid;
And boldly swelling from the shore
Stretch'd wide around a barren moor.
They climb the toilsome height, to view
The vessel and her gallant crew.
I ween they had not paced a rood,
When close beside Hialmar stood,
On steeds that seem'd as fleet as light,
Six maids in complete armour dight.
Their chargers of ethereal birth
Paw'd with impatient hoof the earth,
And snorting fiercely 'gan to neigh,
As if they heard the battle bray,
And burn'd to join the bloody fray.
But they unmoved and silent sate,
With pensive brow and look sedate;

Proudly each couch'd her glittering spear,
And seem'd to know nor hope, nor fear:
So mildly firm their placid air,
So resolute, yet heavenly fair.
But not one ray of pity's beam
From their dark eyelids seem'd to gleam;
Nor gentle mercy's melting tear,
Nor love might ever harbour here:
Was never beauteous woman's face
So stern and yet so passionless!
They spake not, but in proud array
Moved onward, and a glorious ray
From their dark lashes as they pass'd
Full on Hialmar's face they cast.
Then wheeling round in gorgeous pride
They paused, and thus the foremost cried.
" Praise to the slain on battle plain!
" Glory to Odin's deathless train!
" They shall not sink in worthless ease
" Wasted by age or fell disease.
" In the bright chambers of the brave
" Gladly they wield the conquering glaive,
" Quaff the rich draught of gods, and hear
" The applauding thunders rolling near.
" Haste, Odin, haste! the bowl prepare!
" Man shall the glittering beverage share!
" Thy messengers of fate prevail!
" Hail to thy guest, high Odin, hail!"
She said; and spurring each her steed
O'er the dark moor they quickly speed.
Hialmar heard the fatal call,
Foredoom'd, alas! in youth to fall;

And mark'd with sad presaging eye
The visionary warriors fly.
They seem'd not as they pass'd to fling
The dewdrop from the humble ling;
The heathcock sprang not from his seat,
Nor bow'd the grass beneath their feet.
Bold Orvarod heard, though fast behind,
No voice save of the sighing wind;
Nor living form could he discern,
Save the deer bounding from the fern.
Him with slow voice and grief repress'd
His mournful comrade thus address'd:
" Yestrene as on the poop we lay,
" I watch'd the sun's declining ray.
" In splendid form his glories shone,
" And all the welkin seem'd his own.
" Most radiant was the course he ran,
" Dimm'd by no cloud since morn began;
" And the smooth lap of ocean's tide
" Blushing received him, as a bride
" All-beauteous and serenely fair,
" With glowing cheek and golden hair.
" I saw, and hoped like him to rest
" With glory crown'd on beauty's breast;
" I hail'd the omen bright and dear,
" And thought the hour of rapture near.
" But heaven forbids; these longing eyes
" Must never more behold the prize,
" Which my heart pants for! on the shore,
" Where the wild Baltic billows roar,
" Hopeless of love's delightful meed,
" Orvarod, thy friend must fall and bleed!

" Yet not Angantyr's force I fear,
" But Gondula's immortal spear.
" I see the stern Valkyriur nigh
" All arm'd, and pointing to the sky:
" Virgins of fate, that choose the slain,
" They bid me hence to Odin's train."
Fierce Orvarod smiled with scornful mind,
To his friend's feelings little kind;
Deem'd him unnerved by woman's love,
And roughly 'gan his words reprove.
" Curse on the dimpled cheek," he cried,
" That half unmans my comrade's pride!
" Not Odin's maid shall bow thy crest,
" But the soft woman in thy breast.
" Behold yon orb, whose setting beam
" Soothed thy fond bosom's wayward dream!
" See his bright steeds with equal pace
" Pursue their never-tiring race!
" They waste not in the morning's bower
" Mid dewy wreaths the fragrant hour;
" But ever at the call of day
" Spring forth and win their glittering way:
" Though storms assail their radiant heads,
" Eternal splendour round them spreads;
" Onward the wheels of glory roll;
" They pant, and struggle to the goal.
" And thou, like them, my fere, pursue
" Thy course to fame and honor true.
" All hopes beside are little worth,
" Man walks in sorrow from his birth;
" The fleeting charms that round him move
" Are vain, and chief frail woman's love.

" Fate comes at last, and then the brave
" To glory spring beyond the grave;
" With Odin quaff the godlike bowl,
" While round their feet the thunders roll,
" And in bright fields of azure light
" Each day renew the blissful fight,
" And joyous with immortal hand
" Thrust the strong lance and wave the brand."
Scarce had he spoke, when on the shore
They heard the Danish champions roar,
Wielding their clubs, and with fierce glee
Already brawling victory.
Resistless, rushing fierce, they came,
Like those huge elks of mighty frame,
That oft by Ifa's echoing flood,
Or hill-crown'd Bergen's tangled wood,
Wake the wild echoes with their cry,
And through the crashing forest hie:
Foremost Angantyr rush'd, to view
More dire than all that savage crew.
He seem'd some angel of dismay
Scattering dread terror on his way,
Some flaming minister of wrath
With vengeful power the world to scath.
Bare was his breast, his forehead bare;
Nor habergeon of tissue rare,
Vantbrass, nor gauntlet there did shine,
Nor helm, nor trusty brigandine.
What need that wonderous son of might
His limbs with iron harness dight,
Whom native strength, gigantic power,
Might match with gods in deadly stour!

With placid eye and tranquil mien
Hialmar views the fearful scene,
Firm fix'd and dauntless to abide
The arm of strength, the brow of pride.
As one with self-devotion bent
Upon the fight's arbitrement
To peril fame, and, dearer far,
Love's joy that crowns fame earn'd in war,
And life, but valued for the meed
To glory and to love decreed;
Nor scornful, nor appall'd, his form
Radiant and fearless fronts the storm.
" Odin," he cries, " I hear thy call!
" Hialmar's strength foreknows its fall;
" And each dear vision of delight
" Is fading from my hopeless sight;
" But yet, stern God, uphold my might!
" If I must draw my latest breath,
" Grant me but victory in death,
" And spare the virgin's gentle charms
" From the rude force of foreign arms!"
He spoke, and from its scabbard drew
His fairy brand of changeful hue.
Was never trenchant blade so bright:
It glitter'd like a beam of light.
There was calm valor in his air,
And high resolve and proud despair;
The thought that looks beyond the tomb,
The firmness that provokes its doom.
Then kindled Orvarod's dark eye,
As it was wont when strife was nigh;
Like the gaunt eagle that surveys
With dauntless joy the lightning's blaze,

And, while the pitiless tempests beat
With wild uproar his rocky seat,
Flaps his strong wings with fierce delight,
And screaming hails the storms of night.
O, 'twas a gallant sight to see
Those proud twin stars of chivalry,
As down the steep they boldly move
'Gainst fearful odds their might to prove!
" My single arm in fight be tried
" With that fell chief!" (bold Orvarod cried)
" Thy falchion in this deadly strife
" May reave his brothers of their life."
To him Hialmar proud replied,
" Angantyr was by me defied.
" He shall not bend to other hand,
" Nor bow his head to other brand.
" O where, or when in battle's hour,
" Orvarod, hast thou shown loftier power?
" Hast thou more firm in peril stood,
" Or died thy sword with nobler blood?
" Come the fierce champion, like the blast
" Of heaven with lowering storm o'ercast!
" Mine is the trial, mine the prize!
" Hialmar wins that hope, or dies!"
He cried, and with his valiant hand
Waved high in air his flaming brand,
Breathing defiance; at his look
The ruffian Dane with fury shook,
E'en as he mark'd the boastful word
Deep graven on the magic sword.
He paused not with bold speech to throw
A brave defiance at the foe,

But waxing fierce with scorn and hate
Strove by one blow to close his fate,
And headlong at Hialmar's face
Wielded amain his ponderous mace.
The rock that breasts the thundering main
Might ill such furious shock sustain,
But swift as thought yon crest of pride
Shuns the dire blow and springs aside,
While the slant falchion deftly cleaves
The fearful weight its edge receives.
Hissing in air the fragment flies,
On earth the headlong champion lies:
His furious unresisted hand,
By weight o'erborne, has struck the sand.
O, say, did brave Hialmar's brand
Glitter like lightning o'er his head?
Is the swift stroke of vengeance sped?
That arm ne'er smote a fallen foe!
Ne'er hath it dealt a coward blow!
Collected, mild, with radiant eyes,
He bids the impetuous champion rise,
Fix his firm foot to earth, and wait
With strength entire the stroke of fate.
Fiercer, thus foil'd, the giant straight
Bright Tirfing grasp'd, of mighty weight
Portentous weapon, which of yore
His sire from Odin's offspring tore;
What time, her valiant father slain,
He joy'd Eyvora's charms to gain,
Sad mother of that giant brood
Mid shrieks of slaughter fiercely woo'd.
  Dark is the tempest of his brow,
His flashing eyes their hate avow,

While conscious fury nerves his might,
To madness roused with vengeful spite.
High o'er each head the falchions gleam,
From each keen blade the lightnings stream;
And dreadful was the strife which then
Began between the first of men!
But, as the brothers huge came nigh,
Sudden has Orvarod turn'd to fly.
To fly! O never in the field
Before that hour did Orvarod yield,
Nor ever did his heart appear
To know the withering breath of fear;
He has stood foremost in the blast
Of battle, when all hope seem'd past,
And turn'd the bloody tide of war
Wielding his dauntless scimitar:
But now he flies! the savage crew,
Shouting with hideous joy pursue;
While striving singly on the strand
Angantyr and Hialmar stand.
Headlong they follow; but the Swede,
Nimbler, outstrips them all in speed;
And they with vague unequal pace,
Like baffled hounds, toil in the chase.
Sudden he turns, as if to view
With various speed the foe pursue.
His bow is bent, and from the string
Behold the unerring arrow spring!
Long twangs the cord! again! again!
Proud Semingar has bit the plain,
Barri and Hervardur are slain!
Another whizzing shaft is sped!
Reitner, it strikes thy towering head!

Ah! what avails thy peerless strength,
Thy matchless weapon's weight and length;
For, ere thy hand can deal the blow,
Thou fall'st before a flying foe:
Again it sounds; the feathered dart
Quivers in Brani's fearless heart.
Short is the race those warriors run;
They fall unpitied, one by one;
Writhing upon the barren moor
They lie in blood to rise no more,
Nor one of all that kindred train
Shall ever see their native plain.
But he, the conqueror, firm and slow
Treads backward mid the dying foe,
To view beside the surgy main
His fere the arduous strife maintain.
He seats him there in silent pride
By the blue ocean's swelling tide,
And sees each fierce alternate blow
Dealt furiously by either foe.
The champion strives, but wastes his might,
While maddening fury blinds his sight;
He smites, and dire the weapon's weight;
But his lithe foeman shuns his fate,
Watches that ponderous arm, and still
Scapes the death-stroke by nimbler skill;
And swift, where'er the giant turns,
In his gall'd flesh the falchion burns.
The champion bleeds apace, but still
Hialmar seems to fare as ill.
His casque is riven; o'er his brow,
Clotted with blood, the ringlets flow;

And on his breast a gory star
Bewrays the stroke of ruthless war.
Foredone with strife and faint, the twain
Weakly and ill the fight sustain.
But on the breathless verge of fate
Angantyr glow'd with shame and hate,
And, gathering all his strength and pride,
One last but fatal effort tried.
Both arms upraised, his ponderous brand
He wielded high with either hand;
The keen point smote Hialmar's crest,
Glanced from his helm, and gored his breast.
But, as Angantyr struck, the blood
Gush'd from his side with hastier flood,
And that proud effort seem'd to force
Life's current from its inmost source.
He reels, he staggers; on the shore
His length distended lies in gore,
Gigantic; like a stately mast
On the bleak coast by tempest cast,
Shatter'd in battle from the deck
Of some huge ship, a blood-stain'd wreck.
In Ledra's court the serfs shall hear
With joy the fate of him they fear,
Whose violent and wayward arm
To friend or foe work'd equal harm;
No tender maid shall mourn his fall
In secret bower or lordly hall,
Nor e'en Eyvora drop a tear
To grace her son's abhorred bier:
He lies unpitied, unrevered,
And cursed by whom who once was fear'd.

But that proud youth, in battle bless'd,
Who bow'd to dust the giant crest,
Say, does he lift the swelling sail,
And love's rich prize with rapture hail?
Does his high port and haughty eye
Proclaim the tale of victory?
Dim, dim the lights whence joy has flow'd,
Where Love has beam'd and valor glow'd!
How faintly throbs the pulse of pride!
How sinks yon arm with life's-blood died!
Those limbs his frame but ill sustain,
And all his flattering dreams are vain.
Behold him sink upon the strand,
His sword's point buried in the sand!
O'er his wan cheek a ghastly hue
Steals slowly, wet with death's cold dew.
Fix'd on his friend his glassy eye
Seeks one fond beam of sympathy;
And thus despairing, fraught with love,
His last sad accents feebly move.
" Orvarod, the arm of fate prevails;
" Hialmar's hope and glory fails.
" The day shall dawn on Sweden's hills,
" And gild with joy her sparkling rills;
" The wild flowers in her forests green
" Shall laugh amidst the genial scene;
" And blithe to hail the morning ray
" The birds ring out their vernal lay:
" But cold and stark thy friend shall lie,
" Nor hear their music warbling nigh,
" Nor raise to light the sparkling eye.
" Thou bear me to my native land,
" From dreary Samsoe's fatal strand;

" Place my cold limbs by Helga's side,
" My hope in life, in death my bride!
" For, O! that perfect form, mature
" With every grace that can allure,
" Shall wither in its prime, and fall
" When hapless love and duty call;
" And scarce shall live to shed a tear
" O'er young Hialmar's honor'd bier.
" Thou, Orvarod, bid our ashes rest
" In one cold mound, together blest;
" And let the Scalds their music raise
" To thy friend's peace and Helga's praise."
He ceased; nor ceased the voice alone;
The pulse is still, the feeling gone.
From the frail trunk of mortal clay
His spirit soars to brighter day;
And those resplendent Maids of war
Through misty regions stretching far,
Where the swift meteors gleam and die,
And through yon pure ethereal sky,
Mid thousand orbs of radiant light
And suns with ceaseless splendor bright,
Guide him, to where, with fixed eye,
Amid the blaze of majesty,
Ecstatic Wonder sits alone,
Near the immortal thunderous throne.
There, shrined in glory, he descries
Odin, high ruler of the skies;
Near him two ravens black as night,
Memory and Observation hight.
On never-tiring pinion borne
The wonderous pair go forth at morn;

Through boundless space each day they sail,
At eve return to tell their tale,
And whisper soft in Odin's ear
The secrets of each rolling sphere.
Beneath the proud pavilion's shade
On the high dais the feast is laid;
And there alike in pomp divine
Heroes and blissful Powers recline.
There sits Heimdaller, God of light,
Robed in pure garb of lustrous white.
He, from nine wonderous virgins born,
Blows loud his bright celestial horn;
The golden horn, whose magic sound
Is heard by every world around,
Waking to life each thing that grows,
Each form that breathes, each rill that flows.
He hears each floweret burst the bud,
Each vapor rising from the flood:
His ear can mark the springing grass,
The silent waters slowly pass;
The curls that grace the neck of snow,
And on the cheek the soft down grow.
And there Iduna, Queen of youth,
With blushing face and rosy mouth,
Breathing sweet health: behold her bear,
In a rich casket pure and fair,
That fragrant fruit of loveliest hue,
Sprinkled with heaven's immortal dew.
Which tasted makes the wrinkled brow
Again like polish'd ivory glow!
And, near, her spouse, to whom belong
The warblings of each liquid song,

Braga, by bards adored; and he,
The blood-stain'd lord of victory,
All-glorious Tyr, in battle crown'd;
And Thor, for courage high renown'd,
With that huge hammer in his grasp,
Which made the bruised Jotuns gasp.
There sits Niorder, at whose voice
The unfetter'd waves and winds rejoice;
There Skada chaste, his mountain bride,
And Freyr, by whose all-bounteous side
Stands smiling peace to wealth allied:
And, near, his sister's blooming form,
With kindling love and beauty warm,
Freyia, from whom flows every bliss,
The willing smile, the melting kiss.
Voluptuous fragrance round her breathes,
Her brows are twined with perfumed wreaths;
And round her neck, with sumptuous show,
Rich gems in magic order glow.
There silent Vidar, whose delight
Is the still gloom of peaceful night;
Who loves to haunt the margin green
Of some calm lake the rocks between,
And mark the lingering beam of day
Yield slowly to the twilight grey:
Beneath the willow's shadowy bower
Alone he spends the pensive hour.
There wise Forseti, judge of right;
And he, whose wonderous infant might
Slew hateful Hauder reft of sight,
Vali, to Odin whom of yore
The ruddy Sun's bright daughter bore,

Chaste Rinda: and the self-same night
Saw his proud deeds, the baleful light
Of pyre funereal, and the slain
Borne in slow pomp along the plain,
The curse of Gods, loved Balder's bane.
And he, at heaven's extremest verge,
Who broods o'er Ocean's swelling surge,
With giant form, and frequent flings
The tempest from his eagle wings:
And more benign, that mighty Power,
Who, in the hot meridian hour,
Spreads his broad shield thro' ample space
Before the Sun's refulgent face,
Screening from flame the liquid main,
Each shadowy hill and grassy plain.
Nor these alone, but all who boast
Of might in heaven's ambrosial host,
And they whoe'er in battle slain
Did once on earth high honor gain.
The radiant Maids, whom oft the Lord
Of war sends forth with lance and sword,
There pour the mead and deck the board.
Glitters like fire the shining hall:
Helmets and banners deck the wall;
Of lances huge the dome is made,
And thousand shields above are laid:
The benches bright as burnish'd gold,
Are strewn with mail of warriors bold.
There shall they quaff the fragrant bowl,
Till round the flames of Surtur roll.
Then shall each banner be displaced,
Each helm and falchion seized in haste;

The golden horn shall sound afar,
Arousing all the gods to war;
In vain, for two alone shall live
To tell how fiends with Odin strive,
Vidar and Vali; for the day
Will come, when gods shall lose their sway,
When heaven itself shall melt away,
And, her dread banners wide unfurl'd,
Confusion stalk around the world.
Three long continuous winters past
Without one beam of radiance cast,
Around shall roar the fiery blast,
And gods shall fall; the flaming storm
Shall wither every living form;
But Might and Majesty shall stand
Stilling the strife with armed hand,
And, when old Odin's glories fail,
Silence and Strength alone prevail.
  Now firm in war, to honor true,
Hialmar joins the blisful crew.
To meet him heaven's all-mighty Sire
And all that bright celestial choir
Rise from their thrones of light; but he,
Drawn back by mournful sympathy,
Looks piteous down on Helga's bower,
Heedless of each immortal Power,
And casts one glance on Samsoe's shore,
Where lie his cold remains in gore.

END OF CANTO VI.

CANTO VII.

Say, when the spirit fleets away
From its frail house of mortal clay,
When the cold limbs to earth return,
Or rest in proudly sculptured urn,
Does still oblivion quench the fire
That warm'd the heart with chaste desire?
Do all our fond affections lie
Buried in dark eternity?
Or may the souls of those we love
In darkness oft around us move,
Drawn back by faithful thoughts to earth,
Haunt the dear scenes that gave them birth,
And still of former ties aware,
Float on the gently sighing air?
It may not be, a flame so bright
Should ever sink in endless night;
And if, when fails the transient breath,
The soul can spurn the bonds of death,
Love's gentle spirit ne'er shall die,
But dove-like with it mount the sky!
O 'tis not sure the poet's dream,
Sweet fancy's visionary theme,
Where'er the fleeting soul shall go,
Still will our pure affections glow!
Though life's frail thoughts are past and vain,
The sense of good must still remain,
And Death, that conquers all, shall ne'er
From the delighted spirit tear
The memory of a mother's care!

That fond remembrance still shall cling
In heaven to life's immortal spring!
And thou, whose bright and cherish'd form,
Clasp'd to his heart with rapture warm,
Oft wakes the humble poet's eye
To more than mortal ecstacy,
Whose blooming cherubs, fresh as May,
In harmless sport around him play,
Say, does he dream! shall joy like this
Pass as a shadowy scene of bliss?
Or, when that beauteous shape shall fade,
And his cold tongue in dust be laid,
Shall the fond spirits ever glow
With love together link'd as now?
  It is not false! Love's subtle fire
Shall live, though mortal limbs expire!
E'en now from heaven's etherial height
Hialmar turns his wistful sight,
To Sigtune's towers, where, bathed in tears,
Mid anxious hopes and throbbing fears,
He sees the lovely mourner lie
With pallid cheek and languid eye.
Ne'er shall her bold victorious lord
Return to breathe the blissful word;
By Samsoe's rocks his body lies,
To love a bleeding sacrifice:
And pensive there, though aid is vain,
And past the poignant throb of pain,
Friendship bends sadly to survey
The unconscious form and lifeless clay.
  In the wild centre of the isle
Sad Orvarod heap'd a gloomy pile.

The vast and dreary mound look'd o'er
The foaming sea and desert moor.
Of huge rough stones in order rear'd,
Within, a hideous vault appear'd;
Above he piled the barren mould
Dug in that region bleak and cold,
And on the summit placed alone
A strangely graven Runic stone.
He did not give, so runs the fame,
The hostile bodies to the flame,
But ranged, in that dark tomb below,
Their ghastly forms in frightful row!
Placed magic Tirfing in its sheath
Angantyr's giant head beneath,
And by each livid brother's side
His weapon oft in battle tried.
The shepherd in night's fearful gloom
Shuns to approach that baleful tomb,
Where oft, if story tells aright,
Streams forth the glare of wonderous light,
And round the stony summit grey
The tremulous flame is seen to play.
The mariner spies the dreadful mark,
And silent steers aloof his bark.
Hialmar's limbs he did not lay
Where Samsoe breasts the Baltic spray;
But him, embalm'd with precious care,
Slow to the ship his vassals bear.
On a rich pall the chief is laid,
In panoply of steel array'd,
The iron gauntlet on his hand,
And in its grasp the elfish brand.

He seems like living there to lie,
Save the wan cheek and rayless eye.
Slow moving with the glassy tide
Behold the stately vessel glide!
The air is calm; the sky serene,
Reflected on the waters sheen,
Throws its blue mantle o'er the deep,
And the scarce-heaving billows sleep.
Beauteous she wins her noiseless way,
Nor dashes from her poop the spray,
Nor lets in air her streamers play.
Around, the sun's last splendors fade,
And gently falls mild evening's shade.
Then, as she nears the Swedish shore,
Steals softly o'er the waters hoar,
Borne with sweet breath on dewy wing,
The fragrance of the blooming spring.
Young Asbiorn treads the yellow sand,
Where rippling surges bathe the land.
Long had he mark'd the silvery sail
Gliding beneath the moonbeam pale.
His heart by various passions rent
Throbs high to learn the strife's event,
And panting almost dreads to see
The youth return with victory.
How shall that tongue that breathed deceit
His fere with generous welcome greet?
How shall he dare his glance to meet?
Who, sworn to guard his comrade's right
In peace, in peril, and in fight;
Before him like a shield to stand,
And save him with a brother's hand;

Yet, touch'd by passion, basely strove
To rob him of his treasured love;
To blast his soul's delight, and spoil
The beauteous guerdon of his toil.
Short is the bliss of sinful mind,
Its raptures leave their sting behind;
The rankling wound, the conscious thought,
And shame with secret misery fraught.
Restless he treads the frothy sand,
While the light shallop gains the land;
Nor long before his anxious eye
Wo's gloomy banners may descry.
The gorgeous signs of death appear,
The funeral pall, the pompous bier.
He sees, he listens, and hears all,
His comrade's glory, and his fall;
Views his pale shape and nerveless hands,
And fix'd with conscious horror stands.
Awe-struck he seems, like one distraught
By dark remorse and torturing thought,
Grasps Orvarod's hand with speechless pain,
And downcast joins the solemn train.
  Onward with silent steps and slow
Behold the sad procession go!
O'er yellow sands whose level edge
Is stretch'd beside the rocky ledge,
Through wilds with vernal fragrance breathing,
Through flowery shades their sweet boughs wreathing,
And many a dew-bespangled brake
Where lone the plaintive night-birds wake,
Lit by the moon's serenest ray
To Helga's bower they bend their way;

And by the willow-bounded stream,
Where beauteous plays the silvery beam,
As now with solemn pace they go,
Soft rising swells her voice of wo,
And seems to charm the dying breeze,
Like the sweet calm of summer seas.
" Hard is the hopeless damsel's lot,
" At eve adored, at morn forgot!
" Man reaps with pride the blissful hour,
" Then leaves in wo the wither'd flower.
" Nay tell me nought of faithful loves,
" Of joys that Heaven itself approves;
" Nay, feign not tales of fond despair;
" Man's faith is light as summer air.
" O if you climb the mountain's height,
" The quarry slain shall yield delight,
" And, as ye rouse each lair with glee,
" Blithe pleasure chase each thought of me!
" O if you seek the greenwood gay,
" Each lingering care shall melt away!
" Where quivers ring and archers vie,
" Frail passion's charm will quickly die.
" The nymph forlorn shall mourn the hour
" That gave to grief her short-lived flower;
" In silent sorrow waste the day,
" And pour by night her plaintive lay."
The strain was hush'd; and now they stood
Silent beneath the embowering wood,
Where the wild rose and woodbine sweet
Cluster'd round Helga's lone retreat.
Stern Orvarod listening waited near
His pale and breathless comrade's bier;

Then with stout arm he raised upright
The corse in shining armour dight.
Short space he paused in thoughtful mood;
The wan form face to face he view'd;
While those, who wondering stood nigh,
Thought a tear swell'd his glistening eye;
But never pity's dewdrop weak
Stole down that proud and martial cheek.
Then without sign, or word exprest,
To make his meaning manifest,
He bore it, sheathed in warlike steel,
As if alive to breathe and feel,
Though ghastly was the hue, and dread
The visage, of the speechless dead.
Thus burthen'd, to the lone abode
Of that despairing nymph he strode,
And entering, sudden as the shock
Of heaven that rives the senseless rock,
To the distracted mourner's side
With unrelenting purpose hied;
And, clinging to the firm belief,
That woman's love is frail and brief,
Death's ghastly features he display'd
Unveil'd before the astonied maid;
Against her bosom throbbing warm
Placed the loved champion's lifeless form,
And, with appalling silence, press'd
The icy gauntlet to her breast.
It came upon her, like a blast
Withering life's blossom as it pass'd,
A frightful overwhelming flood,
Nor seen, nor felt, nor understood;

Then hot and sear'd the heart's blood burn'd,
As memory and sense return'd.
And like a horrid dream the past
Came rushing o'er her soul at last.
The dead stood there without his shroud
Surrounded by the mourning crowd;
But she did not with one embrace
Her lord's beloved relics grace,
Nor dare to lay her cheek on his,
Nor print on his cold lips a kiss,
But slowly sunk unto the ground
Unconscious of the forms around,
And horror-struck without a sigh
Gazed upon Asbiorn dreadfully.
It was a look that chill'd his blood,
And seem'd to freeze life's secret flood.
Her spirit pass'd without a groan,
And she was dead and cold as stone;
But her strange look and glazed eye
Still fix'd him as in agony;
Nor evermore was voice or word
Thenceforth from wretched Asbiorn heard.
With many a sigh and many a tear
They placed her on Hialmar's bier,
And to one melancholy grave
They bore the beauteous and the brave.
Sad Asbiorn follow'd, and behind
Stepp'd slow with self-corroded mind;
He saw them render'd to the earth
That gave their pride and beauty birth;
He mark'd the monumental heap
Piled o'er the limbs that silent sleep;

He saw without a tear or groan
Fix'd on its top the Runic stone:
Then on the gloomy mound he placed
The sword that long his side had graced,
And, falling on the edge, he press'd
Its death-point through his manly breast.
  Well may old Ingva wail, and tear
The honors of his hoary hair;
While Sweden's loveliest virgins spread
Fresh flowers to deck the honor'd dead,
And warlike Scalds bid gently flow
From golden harps their notes of wo:
Not that such duties sadly paid
May hope to soothe the silent shade;
Not that the plaint or pious wreath
Can charm the dull cold power of death;
But that such tribute duly given
Lifts the weak mourner's thoughts to heaven,
And round the venerated tomb
Bids infant virtues rise and bloom.
Well may the serfs o'er them that sleep
Uprear the monumental heap,
Gigantic mound, which there shall raise
Its structure to Earth's latest days,
A huge memorial! not to tell
How bled the brave, how beauty fell;
But that, as cold Oblivion's hand
Blots their frail glories from the land,
The great, the fair, whate'er their lot,
Sleep undistinguish'd and forgot.
The mound, the massive stones remain
To frown on the surrounding plain;

The peasant oft shall check the plough
To gaze upon its lofty brow,
To think of wars and beacon fires,
Strange tales transmitted by his sires;
But none shall live, in sooth to tell
Who sleeps within that gloomy cell.

THE END.

NOTES.

CANTO I.

Line 5. IULE or iöl was the principal festival amongst the northern nations and was held at Christmas.

Lines 9 & 10. Sigtun was an ancient town which stood nearly in the situation of Stockholm. It is said to have been founded by Odin, who was also called Sige, a name connected with *Sigr* victory, while that of Odin may have been assumed when he first attempted to usurp the character of a Deity, and to persuade the people of the north that he was the very god whom they had been accustomed to worship.

Line 53. The champions of the north were called Berserker in the old tongue, from *ber*, bare, and *serkr*, a garment; because they wore no armour in battle. I have given some account of them in the notes to the song of Thrym, in my volume of Icelandic translations. They are described by almost all the northern writers as men of extraordinary stature and force, subject to sudden and violent attacks of passion, under the influence of which their fury was ungovernable, and as formidable to their natural friends as to their enemies. At such times their bodily strength was almost super-natural, and they would vent their rage even upon inanimate objects, till they sunk down sick and weak with exhaustion after the most prodigious exertions. They were supposed by the first christians in the north to be possessed by devils, and baptism was esteemed to be a cure for this species of ferocious madness. Certain it is, that after the introduction of christianity the manners of the north began to assume a milder character, and the same tone of mind which could incline a heathen warrior to receive baptism, would at the same time enable him to repress such ungovernable paroxysms of temper.

Line 54. The aboriginal inhabitants of the north, before the irruption of Odin and his followers from the banks of the Tanais, appear to have clothed themselves with the skins of wolves, and they are frequently mentioned with abhorrence in the ancient writings under the name of Ulfhedner, as persons of very wolfish habits and disposition as well as appearance. Thus, in the old poet Hornklof, we read,

Einjado Ulfhedner, oc isarn glumdo,

I. e. The wolfish men howled, and the iron resounded.

The wolf's skin appears to have been looked upon as a badge of ferocity.

Line 80. Kiölen, a high mountainous ridge so called.

Line 101. The dais was the upper part of the hall where the high table was placed, and it was more elevated than the rest of the room. It was called in the old tongue Aundveige.

Line 121. It seems to have been the universal custom of the north for the daughters of princes and illustrious men to pour out the liquor, and hand the goblet round to all the warriors, who partook of the hospitality of their fathers. In heaven this was supposed to be one of the principal functions of the Valkyriur, or maids of slaughter, who returned every evening from the fields of warfare to administer the beverage of the gods to the souls of heroes; and therefore, with reference to the superstitions of their religious creed, it was looked upon as the natural and honorable employment of distinguished young females. It is mentioned in Volsunga Saga, as a particular mark of the masculine mind and disposition of the warlike Brynhilda, that she would never pour out beer or mead for any person in the hall of her father.

Line 144. Ledra, called in the old tongue Hledru, in Danish Leire, and by the Latin historians and commentators Lethra, was the ancient royal residence in Zeeland before the foundation of Copenhagen. It was situated on a river that flowed into the great inlet of sea called Isseflord. In consequence of the navigation having been obstructed by increasing sand-banks, the royal residence, which was not established at Copenhagen till the middle of the fifteenth century, was removed in the first instance to Roeskilde, a place at no great distance from Ledra, which was so called from a spring of water which had been used by the old Danish king Roe, who reigned at the beginning of the sixth century. Saxo Grammaticus states that Ledra was built by Rolf Krake, the successor of Roe. Others call Roe the twenty-third king that reigned in Ledra, saying that it was founded a few years before the birth of Christ by Skiold, the son of Odin, and the seat of a long line of Danish kings, from that time until the ninth or the tenth century. King Harald Hildetand was buried there in the eighth century, and a mound is still pointed out as his grave. The name of Ledra is supposed to be derived from *Leir*, in English *lair*, meaning an abode or safe place, and probably the royal residence, in the days of king Skiold,

was not very preferable to the lair of a wild beast. Rolf Krake embellished and made considerable additions to Ledra, on which account Saxo Grammaticus has called him its founder. The exact time when the royal residence was removed from Ledra to Roeskilde is not accurately known, but it was probably about the time of the introduction of christianity. Harald Blaatand, the first christian monarch in Denmark, built a wooden church at Roeskilde, and was buried there in the tenth century, and soon after, in the reign of Canute the Great, it became a place of more considerable importance: but Ledra was still a place of strength in the reign of Valdemar the first, in the twelfth century. Nothing now remains of the ancient capital of Denmark, but the vestiges which the eye of an antiquarian may still discover on the surface of the soil. The river on which the fleet of Denmark used to ride in safety has long been dried up and choked; and the name of Ledra can only be traced in a few miserable cottages within a mile of Roeskilde, and in the splendid mansion of an individual. Lethreborg, the house of Count Holstein, stands near the site of the once famous Ledra, and is celebrated for the beauty of its modern gardens. An engraving of it is given in the Atlas of Pontoppidan.

Lines 150 & 151. It was usual amongst the old northern warriors, for one who was about to undertake an arduous enterprise, at some festival, in the presence of the whole court, to lift up high the cup that was presented to him, and make a solemn vow, from the performance of which no considerations would afterwards deter him. This was called *at strenga heit, to vow high*, and nothing could release a warrior from the obligation which he had thus solemnly taken upon himself. After this manner Brynhilda made a solemn vow to marry no man who had ever been afraid; and Harald Haarfager, the founder of the Norwegian monarchy, never to cut or comb his hair till he should have reduced all the provinces of Norway under his dominion.

Line 249. Samsöe is an island in the Baltic, called by Latin writers Samos Baltica. It was a singular custom amongst the northern nations to fight their duels on the islands which abound upon their coasts, and on this account a duel was called Holm-gangr, i. e. *an island-meeting*. Perhaps this practice was adopted with an idea of fighting upon neutral ground, and in a place where no persons would interfere. The challenge thus given to fight in Samsöe is an historical fact.

Lines 354 & 355. Nothing could exceed the romantic attachment of

those northern warriors, who had associated themselves by a solemn compact of friendship, which was sanctified by the superstitious ceremony of drawing blood from their bodies, and mingling it in token of their inviolable union. "Icturi fœdus veteres," says Saxo Grammaticus, "vestigia sua mutui sanguinis aspersione perfundere con-"sueverant, amicitiarum pignus alterni cruoris commercio firmaturi." They were called Stallbrodre. It was not unusual upon those occasions to pledge themselves mutually not to survive each other, and the obligation of suicide which had been so contracted was invariably fulfilled. A singular circumstance of this nature is said to have happened in the reign of Frode the Third. Asuit and Asmund, two warriors of distinction, had bound themselves by such an engagement. Asuit died of an accidental illness, and his body, together with those of his horse and dog, were let down by a rope into a deep cavern; and Asmund, who had sworn not to live after him, descended also into the abyss with a considerable store of provisions. A long time after, Eric, the son of Regner, passing with his army, determined to ransack the tomb of Asuit in search of the treasures which were supposed to be concealed in it, and a strong young man was let down into the cave in a basket suspended by a rope. Asmund, who was still living, easily overpowered the man, who was terrified at his appearance, and jumping into the basket, was drawn up from the bottom of the dungeon, and the men of Eric, seeing his long hair and nails and squalid appearance, and thinking that he was the spirit of the dead whose tomb they were violating, fled with the utmost horror and consternation. Asmund probably considered himself to be released from the obligation of his vow by this unexpected resurrection, especially as he had left a substitute in the cavern.

CANTO II.

Lines 462 & 463. VALA or Volva, *a prophetess*; in the genitive singular, Vaulu or Völu, and in the nominative plural Vaulur. In Hyndlu-liod it is said that all the Vaulur were the children of Vidolfi.

Eru Vaulur allar frá Vidolfi.

There is in the unpublished Edda a curious ancient mythological poem, called Völospá hin skemre, or the ancient prophecy of Vala, from which several stanzas are quoted in Bartolinus. The whole may

be found in manuscript in the British Museum. The beginning of Volospá is particularly poetical:

Hliodz bidium allar helgar kindur,
Meirre oc minne, maugu Heimdallar!
Vil ec Valfaudur vel umtelia,
Fornspioll fyra tha ec fyrst ofnam!

i. e. I bid silence to all the holy beings, greater and smaller, children of the God of light! I will tell of the weal of the father of the slain (Odin), ancient prophecies, which I first learnt! The Vaulur, or prophetic spirits, are often mentioned in the plural, but there appears to have been one principal Vala, who is supposed to speak in Völospá, and whom Odin descended into hell to consult in her tomb concerning the fate of Balder.

Tha ræid Yggr fyri austan dyrr,
Thar ær han vissi Volu læidi.

i. e. Then rode Odin before the eastern door,
Where he knew Vala's tomb.

The English reader has long been acquainted with this passage in the northern mythology, through the means of Gray's beautiful translation of one of the most interesting relics of Scandinavian poetry, Vegtam's Quida, the song of the Traveller, or the descent of Odin. The descent into the lower regions, for the purpose of consulting the tomb of Vala, offered me some imagery, which I was unwilling to forego; and the few verses concerning the whelp of Hela are imitated from the fine lines in Vegtam's Quida.

Ræid han nidr thadan Niflheliar til;
Mætti han hvælpi theim ær or Hælio kom.
Sea var blodugr um briost framan,
Kiapt vigfrekan ok kialka nedan:
Go han a moti ok gein storum
Gaildrs fodr; gol um længi.
Framm ræid Odinn, folldvægr dundi;
Han kom at hafa Hæliar ranni,
Thar ær han vissi Volu læidi.

i. e. He rode down thence to the lowest abyss of hell;
He met the whelp which came out from hell.
He was bloody on his breast before,
His chops eager for strife, and his nether jaw;
He bayed against (and opened his mouth wide)
The father of the spell; he howled long after.

On rode Odin, the foundation of the earth shook;
He rode to the lofty abode of Hela,
Where he knew was the tomb of Vala.

I am aware that, after Gray's beautiful translation, it was rather dangerous to meddle with this passage; but the dog of the infernal regions could not have been properly passed over in silence, and I trust that I have sufficiently diversified the expression.

Line 578. Hela was the goddess of hell. She is said to have appeared in a vision to Balder on the eve of his death, to inform him that he would have the satisfaction of sleeping with her the next night.

Line 679. Hafa Hæliar ranni, the lofty abode of Hela. *Vegtam's Quida.* The words "Portals *nine* of Hell," which Gray has inserted in the descent of Odin, and the note saying that the hell of the gothic nations consisted of nine worlds, are erroneous. They reckoned that there were nine worlds or heavens, and that hell was below them.

Lines 714 & 715. The inhabitants of the north believed that the rocky regions were inhabited by dwarfs, who had secret forges in the caverns, and were most skilful artificers of all sorts of weapons, which by the force of magic they could endow with the most extraordinary powers. A long list of their names is given in Völospá. They were called in the old tongue Dvergar.—In almost all countries the superstition of the ruder natives has peopled the stones quarries, and caverns, and rocky solitudes, with supernatural inhabitants; and indeed it seems natural to have imagined, that those places which could afford shelter, and were yet from their desolation unfit for the abode of men, might be occupied by malicious spirits. I recollect having somewhere met with a tradition, that the Emperor Maximilian the First had been decoyed by an evil spirit amongst the rocks in the neighbourhood of Inspruck, though I forget from whence I derived the story. Maximilian goes out from Inspruck to the chase with a splendid retinue, and is led by the pursuit into the rocky mountains. A holy man meets them, and warns the Emperor to beware of the mountain spirits. He is scoffed at by the Emperor; but urges his admonitions, assuring him that nothing but the vigilance of the good spirits (who also dwell there, but assist only the faithful) can save those who entangle themselves amongst the haunted precipices. The Emperor pursues the chase, and at the foot of a stupendous rock he starts a beautiful chamois, at which he fires, but misses his aim, which he had not done for ten years before. He pursues the chamois, which frequently stops and looks at him. He fires at it repeatedly, but in vain. At evening the beast suddenly

vanishes, and the Emperor finds himself alone and lost amongst the cavities of the rocks. He wanders two days there, living with difficulty upon wild berries. On the second night he bethinks himself of praying to the Holy Virgin for her protection, after which he falls into a sweet sleep, and in the morning is awakened by a beautiful youth dressed like a peasant, who brings him fruit and milk, and offers to conduct him out of the mountains. Maximilian joyfully follows him, till he arrives at the foot of the same stupendous rock where he had first seen the chamois; and there his conductor vanishes, and he immediately hears the horn of his huntsman. I believe that such superstitions are common to almost all rocky countries.

CANTO III.

Lines 854 & 855. It was common among the northern nations to imagine that the recollection of love could for a time be entirely suspended by the force of incantations. This effect is said to have been frequently produced by Runic charms, that is, by incantations wrought by the means of letters, or by administering a love potion, which produced a transfer of affection and a total oblivion of the former attachment. In the history of Brynhilda, it is said that in consequence of her having offended Odin, he touched her with a wand which produced a supernatural slumber and oblivion. In the Appendix I have subjoined a short poem founded upon her history.

Line 874. Thar alma Uplendingar bendu: where the Uplanders bend the bow. *Knytlinga Saga.*

Line 900. An engraving is given by Stephanius, in his notes on Saxo Grammaticus, of a pair of the snow-shoes used by the ancient Swedes and Norwegians, which he says that he preserved in his Museum. They were three yards long, pointed and turned up at both ends, but not much wider than the foot, to which they were fixed in the middle by strong thongs. They were made of wood, covered underneath with seal skin. With the assistance of such shoes, the natives traversed the snow with great rapidity. They are thus described by Olaus Magnus: "*Skydi* sive *Ondrur* asseres sunt oblongi, et antrorsum sublevati, quinque vel ad summam sex ulnarum longitudine, latitudine verò transversam plantam non excedentes. His etiamnum pedibus inductis nostrates per superficiem profundissimam niviurn et infirmæ glacici, si aliàs corporis humani pondus non sustineat, ingrediuntur. Usi etiam veteres Norvagi

in terrâ planâ et nudâ ejusmodi Xylosoleis, subjectis rotulis, et sic plus itineris unâ die, quàm, absque illis, tribus confici potuit; habitusque est hic modus proficiscendi inter præcipuas agilitatis artes." In the song of Harald the Hardy, amongst the arts which he has acquired, he boasts that he can glide dexterously on show-shoes.

Line 1075. Samsöe, called by Latin writers the Baltic Samos.

CANTO IV.

Line 1160. A berry, which I believe is either the fruit of the Arbutus thymifolia, or of the Abutus uva ursi, is found in perfection under the snow in Norway towards the approach of spring, and is much sought by the rein-deer.

Lines 1196 & 1197. Since Helga was sent to the press, I have seen my friend Mr. Walter Scott's Lord of the Isles, which has been lately published; and I have observed some similarity of expression in his description of the wild rocks in the isle of Skye, which is entirely accidental. The description of the rocky scenery in the fourth Canto of Helga was written five years ago, and not a single word has been altered in it since that time.

Line 1285. A very old Scandinavian poem, called Hamavál, or the High Song of Odin. It forms a part of the unprinted Edda, of which there is a manuscript in the British Museum. It is supposed to be spoken by Odin, and many persons have believed that it was actually written by him. It begins in this manner:

1.

Before thou goest forth, thou shalt look round every way;
Thou shalt examine:
For no man should be careless, while his foes
Lie in ambush for him.

2.

Hail to those who give! A guest is come in!
Where shall he find a seat?
Greatly he hastens, who wishes by the fire
To recruit his strength again.

And further on it proceeds thus:

Silent and highminded shall a king's son
And valiant be:
Gracious and gentle shall an honourable man
Continue until his death.

An unwise man thinks to live for ever,
If he keeps himself from warfare:
But old age to him grants not peace,
Although the spear may spare him.

And in a later part:

In the blast shall man fell trees;
In a calm on ocean row;
In the darkness talk with maids,
Many are the eyes of day.

With boats are fish taken; shields are for defence;
Swords to strike with, maids to kiss.
Fair shall he speak, and fair shall he give,
Who seeks a maiden's love to gain;
Praise the beautiful girl's white form;
Rich in words is he who woos.

No one shall grant love to another,
For beauty's sake alone.
Oft on fools is seen that which the wise lack,
A lovely delicate complexion.

I found a pure maid on her bed reclining,
Bright as the beaming sun;
And nothing better then seem'd to me
Than to dwell near such a form.

Late in the evening shalt thou come in,
If thou wilt speak with a maiden;
It is evil and unlucky if more than two know
What ye have together.

I went forth and thought
That I had all her consent;
I truly believed that I entirely possessed
All her taste and fondness.

I came again, and immediately all
As if prepared for strife were awakened:
With shining torches and burning lights
My wild way was beset.

And in the morning when I came in
There lay all asleep;
I found there a hound instead of a beautiful maid
Tucked up in the bed

This curious poem, which consists of a great many stanzas, is certainly of great antiquity; but it was probably attributed to Odin himself, merely because the words are supposed to be spoken by him.

Line 1364. Thor is frequently called the thunderer. There is a curious figure of Thor engraved in Stephanius's Saxo Grammaticus, in which he is represented as sitting with a long beard, holding in one hand a sceptre, and in the other a thunderbolt, and having a large circle of stars round his head. His long beard is mentioned in the old poem of the recovery of the Hammer.

Line 1402. There were two descriptions of Elves or Alfar in the northern mythology: the radiant Elves, who were secondary divinities, and dwelt upon the earth, in Alfheim; and the dark Elves who dwelt under ground.

CANTO V.

Line 1759. I have used the name of Gete for the aboriginal inhabitants of the North before the irruption of Odin and his followers. They were men of larger stature than the Asiatic tribes which accompanied him, and were called Jotner and Jæter. Without entering into the question whether the Getæ were of the same race with the northern Jotuns or Jæts, the similarity of the name appears to warrant its application.

Line 1787. The inhabitants of the North had much communication with the South of Europe. Gardarike, or Garda kingdom, was a part of Russia which is very frequently mentioned in the northern writings. Austurvega is the old Scandinavian name for another portion of Russia It appears that Odin and his successors kept up a communication with the Asi, from whom they were descended, on the banks of the Tanais. Harald the Hardy, who was king of Norway, at a later period, after dwelling some time at the court of Jarisleif, king of Gardarike, proceeded to Constantinople, where he served with reputation in the imperial army, and carried his victorious arms into Sicily. But at a much earlier period the northern nations had much intercourse with Italy. Gudruna, the beautiful widow of Sigurd Sigmundson, who is so celebrated in the ancient northern writings and was murdered at the instigation of Brynhilda, was afterwards married to Attila, king of the Huns; and Thidrek or Theodoric, duke of Verona or Bern, Rodingeir, margrave of Bakalar, probably Basle, on the Rhine, and Rodgeir, earl

of Salernum, are very much celebrated in Niflunga Saga, which relates the history of Sigurd and Brynhilda, the subsequent marriage of Gudruna with Attila, and the slaughter of her brothers who were killed by her perfidy at the court of Attila to gratify her revenge for the part they had borne in the murder of Sigurd. Concerning the identity of Sigurd and Attila, and the connexion between old Danish history and that of the Huns, the reader is referred to "Attila and his predecessors."

Line 1989. The word Elf has been generally applied in the English language to malicious spirits; but the Elves or Alfar of the North were of two sorts, the dark Elves, who dwelt under ground, and the Liosalfar, or radiant Elves, who were benevolent beings, and looked upon as secondary divinities, in amity with Odin and his followers.

CANTO VI.

Lines 2077 & 2078. The note of the snipe in the spring, when the breeding season approaches, is very different from his call in other seasons of the year. As soon as the mild weather of spring appears, he begins to rise high on the wing, crying, *peet, peet, peet*, and continues to sport in the air for many hours at a time, letting himself fall obliquely, or dive through the air from a great height as if he were about to alight; but suddenly stops his descent, and rises again to the same elevation. During the descent he makes no motion of the pinions, but by a singular contraction of the muscles, each individual quill of the wing is turned sideways, so as to meet the air and obstruct his descent, and the wind whistles in a most remarkable manner through the feathers, making a noise like the prolonged repetition of the letters *dr*. This noise has been called the snipe's drumming, with reference to the letters *dr*, though the noise has not the least resemblance to that of a drum.

Line 2153. Agnafit the present site of Stockholm.

Line 2173. Thirteen of the Valkyriur or Maids of slaughter are enumerated in Grimnismál; but others are named in the Edda and in Haconarmál. I have never seen their exact number stated. In Volospá only six are named, and those appear to have been the most distinguished.

Sa hun Valkyriur vytt um kommar,
Giorvar at ryda til Godthiodar;

Skuld hielt Skylldi, enn Skögul onnur,
Gunnr, Hilldr, Göndul, or Geirskögul.
Nu ero taldar nönnor Herians,
Giörvar at ryda grund Valkyriur.

i e. "She saw the Valkyriur come from afar,
Appointed to ride to the chosen people of Odin:
Skuld held her shield, and Skogul second,
Gunnr, Hilldr, Gondul, and Geirskogul:
Now are enumerated the maids of the God of war,
The Valkyriur appointed to ride over the field of battle."

It was their province to choose out those who were to fall in battle, to bear the invitation of Odin to the most distinguished, and to pour out the beverage of the gods, ale or mead, for the souls of the heroes in Valhall.

Line 2246. Gondul was one of the Valkyriur. She is mentioned in Haconarmál, where she warns king Haco of his approaching death. Valkyriur or Valkyrior is the plural. Valkyrie is the singular, derived from Valr, the slain, and ec kiöri, I choose or select.

Lines 2281 & 2282. The occupation of the souls of heroes in the hall of Odin is set forth in the old poem Vafthrudnismál.

Allir einheriar	Oc rída vígi frá;
Odins tunom	Aul med A'som drecka,
Hauggvas hveriann dug;	Oc sediaz Særhimni;
Val their kiósa,	Sitia meirr um sáttir saman.

i. e. "All the heroes at the court of Odin fight every day. They choose the slain, and ride from the battle; drink ale with the gods, and eat the flesh of the boar. They sit most amicably together." In the Edda, it is said, that every morning as soon as they are apparelled, they go out into the court and fight with each other till the close of the day, when they return to Valhall to drink beer or mead.

Line 2342. The delight which an eagle shows in a storm of wind and rain is very remarkable, even when it is chained to a perch.

Lines 2397 & 2398. Angrim was the father of Angantyr. He killed in single combat Svafurlami, the grandson of Odin, and took from him his famous sword Tirfing, which had been made by the dwarfs; and he carried off his daughter Eyfur or Eyvora, who became the mother of Angantyr and his brothers. The particulars are related in Hervarar Saga.

Lines 2431 & 2432. The name Orvarodd signifies the point of an

arrow, which suggested the probability of his making use of that weapon in the combat. In Hervarar Saga, he is said to have killed all the brothers of Angantyr successively, but not with the bow and arrow.

Lines 2564 & 2565. Huginn ok Muninn.—Observation and Memory. —They are mentioned in the twentieth stanza of Grimnismál, as flying every day round the world.

Huginn ok Muninn	Omc ec of Huginn,
Fliuga hverian dag	At han aptr ne comith,
Iörmun grund yfir.	Thó siámc meirr um Muninn.

i. e. "Observation and Memory fly every day over the ground of the earth. I fear, concerning Observation, that he may not come back, but I look round more anxiously for Memory." In the prose Edda they are described as ravens. Hrafnar sitia tveir a auxlum hans, ok segia honum oll tidindi i eyro hans thau er their sia ethr heyra. Their heita sva, Hugin ac Munin. Tha sendir Odin i daga at fliuga um heima alla ok koma aptr um dagverth. Thvi heitr han Hrafna Gud. i. e. "Two ravens sit on his shoulders and tell in his ear all the tidings of what they see or hear. They are called thus, Hugin and Munin. Odin sends them every day to fly round the whole universe, and return at the decline of day. Hence he has been called the god of the ravens."

Line 2576. Heimdallar, the god of light, is stated in the Edda to have the gift of hearing even the grass grow in the fields, and the wool on the flocks. By the nine sister virgins, who are said to have given him birth, are probably meant the nine heavens from which light proceeds. In the old poem Vafthrudnismál, Vafthrudnir says, that he has visited all the upper worlds, and that they are nine in number.

Frá Jotna runom	Heim um komit:
Oc allra Goda	Nió kom ec heima
Ec kann segia satt;	Fyr Niflhel nedan;
Thviat hvern hefi ec	Hinig deyia or Helio halir.

i. e. "I can speak truly of the incantations of the Jotuns and all the Gods; because I have travelled round every world. I have visited nine worlds above the abyss of hell. There men die by the power of Hela." And in Völospá hin skemre, the prophetess says: Nyo nam ec heima, nyo i vide, Miötvid mæran fyr molld nedan. i. e. "I have found nine worlds, and nine beams (or poles) in them. The largest pole through the earth beneath." He is called in Grimnismál Vörda Godom, the wardour of the gods. He is possessed of a horn, called

Giallarhorn, which may be heard throughout the whole universe. This is the trumpet which will be heard at the end of the world, to apprize the gods of the approach of their enemies and the destruction which will envelope them.

Line 2590. Kona Braga heitr Idun. Hon vardveitr i eski sino epli thau er Gudin skulo a bita tha er thau elldaz. Ok verda tha allir ungir, ok sva mun verda til Ragnaraucks. i. e. "The wife of Braga is called Idun. She preserves in her box those apples which the gods bite when they grow old, and they all become young again: and so it must be till the end of the world."

Line 2600. Braga was the god of poetry.

Line 2602. Tyr was the god of victory.

Line 2603. Thor was the son of Jord, the earth. He is celebrated for his military prowess and his voracity. He was held in great veneration as one of the most powerful deities, and he is supposed to have been considered by some of the northern tribes as superior even to Odin. His hammer, which was shaped like a cross, was the symbol used to summon the chiefs to council, and the dependants to arms: and after the introduction of christianity the same cross continued to be used for that purpose.

Lines 2604 & 2605. Niorder was of the nation of the Vanir, a Grecian colony, who are always called in the old northern writings the wise Vanir. He is said to have been educated in Vanaheim, and to have been given up by the Vanir to the Gods or Goths in exchange for one of their number, as a hostage on the re-establishment of peace between them.

I Vanaheimi	I aldar rauc
Scopo hann vís Regin,	Hann mun aptr coma
Oc seldu at gislingo Godum;	Heim med vísom Vaunom.

i. e. "In Vanaheim, the wise deities created him, and gave him as a hostage to the gods. At the end of ages he must return home to the wise Vanir."—*Vafthrudnismal*, 39.

The Edda says that he rules over the motion of the winds, can tranquillize the sea, winds, and fire; and that he is to be invoked by all seafaring men and hunters. He appears to have made a very uncomfortable marriage in Norway, where he espoused a mountain nymph, called Skada, the daughter of the giant Thiassa, at Drontheim. Niorder dwelt at Noatun by the sea-side; but Skada was an expert and active huntress, and could not be prevailed upon to dwell with her husband on the sea-coast; and it was at last agreed

between them, that they should pass nine nights in the mountains of Drontheim, and three by the sea-side at Noatun. The dissatisfaction of both parties is whimsically expressed in the Edda, where Niorder, on his return after passing nine disagreeable nights in the mountains, says:

Heid ermz fioll: Ulfa thytr,
Varkada ek længi Er af vidi kemr
Hia nætr einar nio. Morgin hvern mer.

"The mountains are hateful, I have been sleepless these nine long nights. The wolves howl that come to me from the wood every morning." To this Skada answers,

Safa ek maki Sa mik vekr;
Sœvar bedium, Mer thotti illr vera
A fugls jarmi fyrir, Hia saungvi svana.

"Can I sleep easy on the bed of the seagod, amidst the wail of the sea-fowl that wakes me? To me it seems disagreeable to be near the song of the swans." Niorder had two children, Freyr, the god of peace and plenty, and Freya, the goddess of beauty, by a former wife, while he dwelt amongst the Vanir.

Line 2611. Freya was the goddess of beauty, and has been generally called the northern Venus. She wears a necklace of the most brilliant stones, which is frequently mentioned as her peculiar ornament. The goddess of love in the northern mythology is properly Siofna, who is in fact a female Cupid: but she is not often mentioned, nor with any particular attributes or description.

Lines 2617 & 2618. Vidar is the god of silence and retirement. It is said in the Edda, that he affords great consolation to the gods in all difficulties and dangers. At the end of the world, after the destruction of Odin and the other gods, Vidar, the god of silence, and Vali, the god of strength, will alone survive. Vidar is said in Grimnismál to dwell in a bower covered with willows and high grass.

Hrisi vex Enn thar maugr af læzc
Oc há grasi Af mars baki
Vidars land vidi; Fröen ok hefna faudor.

i. e. "The habitation of Vidar grows with twigs, high grass, and willows. Yet from thence shall the youth spring from the horse's back valiant, and revenge his father."

Line 2625. The Edda says, Forseti was the son of Balder, and Nauna Nef's daughter. "All who come before him with disputes, depart

reconciled; he is the best judge amongst gods and men." In Grimnismál, stanza 15.

Glitnir er inn tiundi;	Enn thar Forseti byggir
Han er gulli studdr,	Flestan dag,
Ok silfri thactr id sama.	Ok svæfer allar sakir.

i. e. "Glitnir is the tenth dwelling of the gods. It is propped with gold, and the same is covered with silver. And there Forseti dwells most days, and puts to rest all disputes."

Lines 2626 & 2627, Vali the god of strength, son of Odin and Rinda. Hauder the blind god had slain Balder. Vali, on the very night of his birth, revenged the death of Balder, by killing Hauder. This wonderful feat, which has some analogy to the fable of Hercules strangling the serpents in his cradle, is foretold by the prophetess in the descent of Odin, which has been translated by Gray. Rinda came from the east of Russia. The lines,

"In the caverns of the west,
"A wonderous son shall Rinda bear,"

in Gray's translation, mean that she had come from the east to dwell with Odin in the more western parts of Europe. In the original, the lines are:

Rindr berr son	Sá man Odins son
I Væstr sölum;	Æin-nættr vega.

i. e. "In the western halls, Rinda shall bear a son. He shall kill Odin's son (Hauder) when only one night old." The same account is given in Völospá. I have called Rinda the daughter of the Sun on the authority of a passage in Vafthrudnismál, Eina dóttur berr Alfrödull, i. e. "The Sun shall bear one daughter," and of another passage in Hrafna-galldr Odins, where the sun is called Rindar módur, the mother of Rinda, as well as Alfraudul. It is remarkable that in the northern mythology the sun is a female, and the moon a male deity.

Lines 2635 & 2636. His name was Hræsvelger. He is thus described in the thirty-seventh stanza of Vafthrudnismál.

Hræsvelger heiter,	Af hans vengiom
Er sitr á himins enda,	Qveda vind koma
Jotun i arnar ham;	Alla menn yfir,

i. e. "He is called Hræsvelger, who sits at the extremity of the heavens, a giant in the clothing of an eagle. From his wings it is said that the winds proceed over all mankind."

Lines 2639 & 2640. There is an account of this shield in the thirty-eighth stanza of Grimnismál.

Svalin heitir, han stendr — Biörg ok brim ec veit
Solo fyri, — At brenna scolo,
Sciöldr scinanda gudi, — Ef han fellr i frá.

i. e. "Svalin is his name, he stands a shield before the sun, the shining deity. I know that the hills and the sea would burn, if it were to fall from its place."

Lines 2643 & 2644. There are many other divinities enumerated in the northern mythology. Uller, the son of Sifia, who is said to have introduced the use of fire, and Frigga, the wife of Odin, who is called the first of the goddesses. Saga is mentioned in the Edda as the second goddess; but her attributes are not mentioned. In Grimnismál it is said, that her habitation is amongst waterfalls, and that she and Odin drink together out of golden vessels. Gefion was attended upon by females, who died in their virginity. Fulla, with long flowing hair and a gold band round her forehead, was the handmaid of Frigga. Vara presided over oaths, Lofen over friendships, Syn over closed doors and refusals, Hlin over childbirth. There were many others of less importance. I have only mentioned in the poem those whose attributes appeared to furnish the most poetical images.

Lines 2647—2649. The Valkyriur are mentioned in Grimnismál as bearing the horn in their hands, and offering the liquor to the heroes in Valhalla. The description of the hall of Odin is taken from Grimnismál.

Gladsheimir heitir enn fimti, — Miöc er audkent
Thars hin gullbiarta — Theim er til Odins koma
Valhaull víd of thrumir. — Sal-kynni at sia.
Enn thar Hroptr kyss — Skauptom er rann rept,
Hverian dag — Scioldom er salr thakidr,
Vapn-dauda vera. — Bryniom um becki strád.

i. e. "Gladsheimr is the name of the fifth habitation. There bright with gold the wide Valhall (or hall of the slain) is firmly fixed; and there Odin chooses each day the men slain by weapons. It is easily distinguished by those who come to see the palace inhabited by Odin. The building is roofed with shafts of spears, the hall is covered (*or thatched*) with shields. Coats of mail are spread on the benches."

Lines 2657—2659. According to the northern mythology, the destruction of the world will be preceded by three winters of intense

severity, without the intervention of any summer, the sun having lost its power; after which Surtur riding at the head of the sons of Muspell, will attack the gods (Muspellheim being, as it seems, the region or abode of fire, from whence it is said in the Edda, that the gods obtained the chariot of the sun), fire will blaze before and after the footsteps of Surtur, and his sword will glitter like the sun. Heimdaller will blow a loud blast with his horn to alarm the gods, who will go forth to the combat accompanied by all the souls of heroes. The gods, after slaying many of their opponents, will fall in the contest: after which Surtur will destroy the whole universe by fire. Vidar will avenge the death of Odin, and after the destruction of the world by fire, Vidar and Vali, the powers of silence and strength, will alone survive; and Majesty and Might, the sons of Thor (that is, of Fortitude) will put an end to the confusion.

Vidar oc Vali	Modi oc Magni
Byggia ve goda,	Scolo Miöllni hafa,
Thá er slocnar Surta logi.	Ok vinna at vigthroti.

i. e. "Silence and Strength shall inhabit the mansions of the gods, after the fire of Surtur shall have been extinguished. Majesty and Might will obtain the hammer of Thor, and put an end to the warfare by perseverance."—*Vafthrudnismál*, 51.

CANTO VII.

Lines 2772 & 2773. The history of the combat of Hialmar and Orvarodd with Angantyr and his eleven brothers, is related in Hervarar Saga and Orvarodds Saga, but with some variation. I have never been able to procure a copy of Orvarodds Saga, and am only acquainted with its contents through the medium of Danish writers, and especially a free translation, or at least a tale founded upon it, in the works of Professor Suhm. I have used the history where it suited my purpose, without considering myself bound to adhere to it; but I have been careful not to introduce any thing which would be at variance with the manners and superstitions of the northern nations at the period which I have chosen. It is said to be doubtful whether the history of Hialmar is referrible to the reign of Ingva, stated to have been king in Sweden sixty years before the birth of Christ, at Upsal or Sigtun, which was the site of Stockholm, or to a later king Ingva, in the latter part of the third century. Schöning reckons that Angantyr, the son of Eyfur

or Eyvora, lived in the reign of the first Ingva, and that he has been confounded with Angantyr who fought with Hialmar in the reign of the second Ingva; and the mother of the second Angantyr seems to have been Gudruna, daughter of a Danish king who reigned at Ledra, the old royal residence in Zeeland. The exact date is of very little importance; for the manners of the two periods were, as far as we know, precisely similar. Angrim, the father of the first Angantyr, dwelt in Helgeland; but I have represented the father of Angantyr as king at Ledra in Zeeland, where his grandfather is reported to have reigned. Orvarodd, whose name signifies the point of an arrow, was an expert archer. He was a Norwegian, and Asbiorn is stated by Suhm to have been a Dane, brought by accidental circumstances to the court of king Ingva, but I have represented them all as Swedes. All that is related concerning Asbiorn in Suhm is, that he was the companion in arms of Hialmar and Orvarodd; that he was sick at the time of the challenge, and that, unwilling to survive his friend Hialmar, he killed himself upon his grave. The part which I have made him bear in the poem is fictitious, as indeed are the whole of the second, third, fourth, and fifth cantos. The real name of king Ingva's daughter was Ingebiorg, a name much too uncouth for English poetry; and as the main part of my story is fictitious, I did not think it desireable to retain it. The history, as it is given in Hervarar Saga, will be found in the first part of my Icelandic translations: it is there said that Orvarodd bore the dead body of Hialmar to Sigtun, and that Ingebiorg would not survive him, and destroyed herself. The two Angantyrs in the reigns of two Ingvas afford an instance of the reduplication of facts which serve to eke out the history of early periods concerning which there is no true record. It will be observed that the name Gudruna, belonging to the Attilane legends, occurs even here.

THE SONG OF VALA.

Silence all ye sons of glory!
Silence all ye powers of light!
While I sing of ancient story,
Wonders wrapt in mystic night!

I was rock'd in giant's cradle,
Giant's lore my wisdom gave;
I have known both good and evil,
Now I lie in lowly grave.

Long before the birth of Odin,
Mute was thunderous ocean's roar;
Stillness o'er the huge earth brooding,
Strand was none or rocky shore.

Neither grass, nor green tree growing,
Vernal shower, nor wintery storm;
Nor those horses bright and glowing
Dragg'd the sun's refulgent form.

He who rules by night the heaven
Wist not where his beams to throw;
All to barren darkness given,
There confusion, hell below.

Imir sat with lonely sadness
Watching o'er the fruitless globe;
Never morning beam'd with gladness,
Never eve with dewy robe.

Who are those* in pride advancing
Through the barren tract of night?
Mark their steel divinely glancing!
Imir falls in holy fight!

Of his bones the rocks high swelling,
Of his flesh the glebe is made,
From his veins the tide is welling,
And his locks are verdant shade.

See the gods on lofty Ida,
All convened in council bright!
There dark Sleipner's warlike rider,
There each blissful son of light!

Hark! his crest with gold adorning,
Chanticleer on Odin calls!
Hark! another bird of morning
Claps his wings in Hela's halls!

Nature shines in glory beaming,
Elves are born, and man is form'd;
Every hill with gladness teeming,
Every shape with life is warm'd.

Mark yon tree by Urdra's fountain!
From its spreading boughs distil
Mists that clothe each verdant mountain,
Dews that feed each gurgling rill.

Who is he by heaven's high portal,
Beaming like the light of morn?
'Tis Heimdallar's form immortal;
Shrill resounds his golden horn.

* Odin, Vili, and Ve, the sons of Bör, who slew Imir, and of his body created the world.

Say, proud wardour robed in glory,
Are the foes of nature nigh?
Have they climb'd the mountains hoary?
Have they storm'd the vaulted sky?

On the wings of tempest riding,
Surtur spreads his fiery spell;
Elves in secret caves are hiding;
Odin meets the wolf of hell.

She* must taste a second sorrow,
She who wept when Balder bled;
Fate demands a nobler quarry;
Death must light on Odin's head.

See ye not yon silent stranger?
Proud he moves with lowering eyes.
Odin, mark thy stern avenger!
Slain the shaggy monster lies!

See the serpent weakly crawling!
Thor has bruised its loathsome head!
Lo! the stars from heaven are falling!
Earth has sunk in Ocean's bed!

Glorious sun, thy beams are shrouded,
Vapours dank around thee sail;
Nature's eye with mists is clouded;
Shall the powers of ill prevail?

Say, shall Earth, with freshness beaming,
Once again from Ocean rise?
Shall the dawn of glory streaming
Wake us to immortal joys?

* Frigga, the wife of Odin.—The avenger of Odin, mentioned in the next stanza, is Vidar the god of silence.

Once again, where Ida towering
Proudly crowns the verdant plain,
Sacred shades their walks imbowering,
Gods shall meet, a blissful train.

Fields untill'd shall wave with treasure,
Wo and war and strife shall cease;
Wide shall flow the stream of pleasure,
Endless joy and holy peace.

He shall come in might eternal,
He whom eye hath never seen!
Earth, and Heaven, and Powers infernal,
Mark his port and awful mien!

He shall judge, and he shall sever
Shame from glory, ill from good!
These shall live in light for ever,
Those shall wade the chilling flood;

Dark to dwell, in grief reclining,
Far beyond the path of day;
In that bower, where serpents twining,
Loathsome spit their venom'd spray!

NOTES.

THIS song was written with an idea of inserting it in the second Canto of Helga, but it is more properly thrown into the Appendix. Many parts of it are freely imitated from a curious old poem called Völospá hin skemre, or the ancient Prophecy of Vala, which forms a part of the unpublished Edda. The name of its author is unknown.

Lines 17 & 18. The Moon, a male deity in the northern mythology.

Line 21. In Völospá the prophetess says,

Ar var allda tha Imir bygde,
Varat sandr, ne sær, ne svaler unnir;
Jord faunz eva, ne upp himin;
Gab var Gynunga, enn grass hverge.

i. e. "First of all things was the age when Imir lived, there was no sand, nor sea, nor swelling waves; earth was found nowhere, nor heaven above; there was a deep abyss, but grass nowhere."

Line 33. Hittust Æser a Idavelli. The Gods or Asiatics were convened on mount Ida.—*Völospá*, stanza 7. This line is very singular, when we recollect Jupiter sitting on mount Ida, and consider that Völospá is perhaps the most ancient relic of northern poetry, and that Odin and his followers are supposed to have been driven from Asia by Mithridates. I do not think that Ida is mentioned in any other of the northern writings, and I have nothing to produce in illustration of this remarkable line, excepting another line at the end of Völospá, where it is said, that when the world shall be renovated again after its destruction by fire, the Gods or Asi shall again meet on mount Ida.

Line 35. Sleipner was the horse of Odin.

Line 38. Gol um Asom gullinkambe, | Enn annar gielur fyrer jord nedan
Sá vekur hölda at heria föduns; | Sotraudur hane at saulom heliar,

i. e. "The golden-combed bird has sung amongst the Gods, which wakes men in the abode of the father of battle; but another sings underneath the earth, a ruddy fowl in the halls of Hela."—*Völospá*.

Line 45. Ask veit ec standa, heitr Ygdrasil,
Thadan koma dögvar thærs i dale falla.

i. e. "I know where an ash stands: it is called Ygdrasil; from it come the dews, that fall in the valleys."—*Völospá.*

Line 60. Before Surtur destroys the world by fire, Odin is to be devoured by the wolf Fenris, which will break loose from hell.

Line 67. Vidar will avenge the death of Odin by slaying the wolf.

Line 69. Thor will slay the serpent of Midgard, but die immediately in consequence of its venomous bite.

Line 71. Sol tor sortna, sigr folld i mar, | Geisar eimi vid alldar nara,
Hverfa af himni heidar stiornor, | Leikr har hiti vid himin sialfan.

i. e. "The sun shall grow dark; the earth sinks in the sea; the serene stars fall from the heaven; the fire rages at the end of ages; the high heat licks the heaven itself."—*Völospá.*

Lines 77 & 78. Ser hun uppkoma odro sinni Jord or ægi idia grœna.

i. e. "She sees the earth all green rise again from the sea."

Line 85. Muno osatir akrar vaxa; Bauls man allz batna.

i. e. "The fields unsown shall yield increase, And contention all shall cease."

After the renovation of the earth, the gods will again assemble on mount Ida. Then (as is said in Völospá) shall come from above the powerful one who rules over every thing, to give divine judgment. The good shall inhabit a dwelling brighter than the sun, and live in joy throughout all eternity; but the wicked shall wade through rapid rivers to an abode dropping with poison and surrounded by serpents, where they shall never behold the sun.

There is something very remarkable in this conclusion of the creed of the old Scandinavian nations, which acknowledges the mortality and looks for the resurrection of those whom they had dignified with the title of gods, and holds out the expectation of a time when some greater unknown power would come in majesty to judge the world.

BRYNHILDA.

O STRANGE is the bower where Brynhilda reclines,
Around it the watchfire high bickering shines!
Her couch is of iron, her pillow a shield,
And the maiden's chaste eyes are in deep slumber seal'd.
Thy charm, dreadful Odin, around her is spread,
From thy wand the dread slumber was pour'd on her head.
The bridegroom must pass thro' the furnace and flame,
The boldest in fight, without fear, without blame.
O whilom, in battle so bold and so free,
Like a pirate victorious she roved o'er the sea.
The helmet has oft bound the ringlets, that now
Adown her smooth shoulder so carelessly flow;
And that snowy bosom, thus lovely reveal'd,
Has been oft by the breastplate's tough iron conceal'd.
The love-lighting eyes, which are fetter'd by sleep,
Have seen the sea-fight raging fierce o'er the deep,
And mid the dread wounds of the dying and slain
The tide of destruction pour'd wide o'er the plain.
Those soft-rounded arms now defenceless and bare,
Those rosy-tipp'd fingers so graceful and fair,
Have rein'd the hot courser, and oft bathed in gore
The merciless edge of the dreaded claymore.
  Who is it that spurs his dark steed at the fire?
Who is it, whose wishes thus boldly aspire
To the chamber of shields, where the beautiful maid
By the spell of the mighty defenceless is laid?

Is it Sigurd the valiant, the slayer of kings,
With the spoils of the Dragon, his gold and his rings?
Or is it bold Gunnar, who vainly assays
On the horse of good Sigurd to rush thro' the blaze?
The steed knows his rider in field and in stall;
No other hands rein him, no other spurs gall.
He brooks not the warrior that pricks his dark side,
Be he prince, be he chieftain of might and of pride.
How he neighs! how he plunges, and tosses his mane!
How he foams! how he lashes his flank with disdain!
O crest-fallen Gunnar, thou liest on the plain!
Through the furnace no warrior, save Sigurd, may ride;
Let his valor for thee win the spell-guarded bride!
He has mounted his war-horse, the beauteous and bold;
His buckler and harness are studded with gold.
A dragon all writhing in gore is his crest;
A dragon is burnish'd in gold on his breast.
The furnace glows redder, the flames crackle round,
But the horse and the rider plunge thro' at one bound.
He has reach'd the dark canopy's shield-cover'd shade,
Where spell-bound the beautiful damsel is laid;
He has kiss'd her closed eyelids, and call'd her his bride;
He has stretch'd his bold limbs in the gloom by her side.
"My name is bold Gunnar, and Grana my steed;
"Through the bickering furnace I prick'd him with speed."
The maiden all languidly lifts up her head,
She seems in her trance half awaked from the dead;
Like a swan on the salt-lake she mournfully cries,
"Does the bravest of warriors claim me as his prize?"
O know'st thou, young Sigurd, who lies by thy side?
O kenn'st thou, Brynhilda, who calls thee his bride?

On the gay hills of France dwells thy proud foster-sire,
And there thy chaste bower was guarded by fire.
It was mantled with ivy and luscious woodbine,
It was shrouded with jasmine and sweet eglantine.
O mind'st thou, when darkling thou sat'st in thy bower,
What courser came fleet by thy charm-circled tower?
Whose hawk on thy casement perch'd saucy and free?
What warrior pursued it? Whose crest didst thou see?
Did the gold-burnish'd dragon gleam bright to thy view?
Did thy spells hold him back, or did Sigurd break through?
For whom the bright mead did thy snowy hands pour,
Which never for man crown'd the goblet before?
On the wonders of nature, the stories of eld,
On the secrets of magic high converse ye held:
He sat by thy side, and he gazed on thy face,
He hail'd thee most worthy of Sigurd's embrace;
The wisest of women, the loveliest maid,
The bravest that ever in battle outrade:
And there, in the gloom of that mystic alcove,
Ye pledged to each other the firm oath of love.
Now spell-bound thou canst not his features descry,
Thy charms in the gloom do not meet his keen eye.
For Sigurd had hied to defend Giuka's crown,
He dwelt there with glory, he fought with renown;
At the court of good Giuka his warriors among
None bore him so gallant, so brave, and so strong.
Gudruna beheld him with eyes of desire,
The noblest of knights at the court of her sire.
She mix'd the love-potion with charm and with spell,
And all his frail oaths from his memory fell.
She conquer'd his faith by the treacherous snare;
He led to the altar Gudruna the fair:

And now with her brother unconscious he came,
Who dared the chaste hand of Brynhilda to claim.
But Gunnar the bold could not break through the spell;
The flame bicker'd high, on the ground as he fell:
And Sigurd the glorious, the mighty, must lend
His valor to gain the fair prize for his friend.
All night there he tarried, but ever between
The maid and the knight lay his sword bright and sheen.
The morrow he rode to the battle afar,
And changed the maid's couch for the turmoil of war.
His friend reaps the harvest his valor has won,
And claims the fair guerdon ere fall of the sun.
With pomp to the altar he leads the young bride,
She deems him the knight who had lain by her side;
Forgotten the vows she had made in gay France,
Ere Odin cast o'er her the magical trance.
With gorgeous carousal, with dance and with song,
With wassail his liegemen the nuptials prolong;
He revels in rapture and bliss through the night,
And the swift hours are pass'd in the arms of delight:
But when the bright morning first dawn'd on their bed,
The bride raised with anguish her grief-stricken head;
For the thoughts of the past rose with force, and too late
She remember'd young Sigurd, and cursed her sad fate.
Three days and three nights there in silence she lay,
To sullen despair and dark horror a prey.
She tasted no food, and to none she replied,
But spurn'd the sad bridegroom with hate from her side.
Shall the words of young Sigurd now bid her rejoice?
Does she hear his known accents, and start at his voice?
"Awake, fair Brynhilda, behold the bright ray!
"The flowers in the forest are laughing and gay.

" Full long hast thou slept on the bosom of wo;
" Awake, fair Brynhilda, and see the sun glow!"
She heard him with anguish, and raising her head
She gazed on his features, then proudly she said:
" I choose not two husbands, and marvel that rude
" In my chamber of wo thou shouldst dare thus intrude.
" Heaven witness, proud Sigurd, how firmly I loved!
" My fancy adored thee, my reason approved.
" Thou saw'st me in bloom of my glory and youth,
" And our hearts interchanged the chaste promise of truth.
" Of the damsels of Hlyndale I then was the flower,
" So dreaded in battle, so courted in bower;
" Like a Virgin of slaughter I roved o'er the sea,
" My arm was victorious, my valor was free.
" By prowess, by Runic enchantment and song,
" I raised up the weak, and I beat down the strong.
" I held the young prince mid the hurly of war,
" My arm waved around him the charm'd scimitar;
" I saved him in battle, I crown'd him in hall,
" Though Odin and fate had foredoom'd him to fall.
" Hence Odin's dread curses were pour'd on my head;
" He doom'd the undaunted Brynhilda to wed.
" But I vow'd the high-vow which gods dare not gainsay,
" That the bravest in warfare should bear me away:
" And full well I knew, that thou, Sigurd, alone
" Of mortals the boldest in battle hast shone.
" I knew that none other the furnace could stem,
" (So wrought was the spell, and so fierce was the flame)
" Save Sigurd the glorious, the slayer of kings,
" With the spoils of the Dragon, his gold and his rings,
" Now thy treason has marr'd me, to Gunnar resign'd
" By the force of the spell, when my reason was blind.

" At my nuptials I loathed the embrace of his lust,
" But I smother'd my hate and conceal'd my disgust;
" And sooner than forfeit the faith which I gave
" At the altar to him, will I sink in my grave.
" Like a brother thou slept'st in the gloom by my side,
" And pure as the day-star was Gunnar's young bride.
" Yet hence did Gudruna revile me, and say
" In the arms of proud Sigurd despoiled I lay.
" Now, Prince, shalt thou perish, if vengeance be due
" To love disappointed, though faithful and true!
" Though gallant thou ridest to the battle afar,
" Though foremost thy steed in the red fields of war,
" Like the death-breathing blast of the pestilent night
" My hate shall o'ertake thee, my fury shall smite!"
He left her despairing: then sadly she rose,
Like a lily all pale, from the couch of her woes:
Stream'd loosely the ringlets of jet o'er her breast,
And her eyes' ray was languid, with sorrow opprest;
Yet lovely she moved, like the silvery beam
Of the moon-light that kisses the slow-gliding stream.
She sought Gunnar's chamber, awhile by his side
Stood mournfully pensive, then sternly she cried:
" To thee have I pledged my firm oath as thy bride,
" And, Gunnar, I hate thee! Yet be it not said
" That Budla's proud daughter her faith has betray'd.
" To thee (wo the hour!) by the vengeance of heaven
" The flower of my youth and my fealty was given.
" Nor mortal shall dare with the breath of frail love
" The heart of ill-fated Brynhilda to move.
" But never again shall I rest on thy bed,
" And ne'er on my breast shalt thou pillow thy head,
" Till slain by thy steel in the silence of night
" The treacherous Sigurd lies stiff in my sight;

" Till by treason he falls, who by treason has left
" Brynhilda of joy and of honour bereft."
Sad Gunnar, what strife thy fond bosom must rend!
First gaze on her beauty, then think of thy friend!
The slumber of midnight has sealed his bold eyes,
In the arms of Gudruna defenceless he lies.
'Tis done; in his blood the cold warrior is found,
But breathless his murderer lies on the ground.
Though gored and expiring, ere lifeless he fell,
Stout Sigurd's arm sent his assassin to hell.
Mid the night's baneful gloom, see the torches that glare!
The mourners that give their wild locks to the air!
She has mounted the funeral pile with the slain,
With her slaves, with her women, a loud shrieking train.
Most fair and most famed for her honour and truth,
In the prime of her glory, the bloom of her youth.
The fire shall consume both the living and dead,
And a mound be heap'd high where their ashes are shed.

NOTE.

The particulars of the history of Sigurd and Brynhilda are related at length in the notes to my Icelandic Translations.

I have just had an opportunity of reading an interesting work, called Illustrations of Northern Antiquities, produced by the joint labors of Mr. Weber and Mr Jamieson. It contains, amongst other curious articles, an epitome of an ancient Teutonic lay, called Der Nibelungen Lied, answering to the Niflunga Saga of the Scandinavians, which professes to have been in part digested from ancient German songs. The Teutonic lay contains an account of part of the history of Sigurd and Brynhilda, the marriage of the widow of Sigurd with king Attila, and the events that followed, with some variations from the Icelandic Saga, but with a general resemblance as to the leading circumstances.

Mr. Weber mentions (p. 27) that "in Volsunga and Norna Gests Sagas, Brynhildr is a mythological personage, one of the Valkyriur, and not a mere mortal virgin as in the Teutonic romances." With all deference to his usual accuracy, I can by no means concur in this observation. It is undoubtedly founded upon a single expression in one of the above mentioned Sagas (in Volsunga Saga, if I recollect rightly) "Hun var Valkyrie, she was a Valkyrie," to which it is added that she had the power of transporting herself through the air. All the Scandinavian accounts of Brynhildr concur in representing her as a mortal, the daughter of king Buddla, who in her youth being of a very masculine disposition had sailed upon piratical expeditions, and become very renowned in war. She was skilled in incantations (a faculty which, I imagine, was attributed to all who were adepts in writing and reading the Rune characters) and she is said to have incurred the resentment of Odin, or consequence of her having given victory to Audbroder in opposition to the intentions of the deity, on which account she is figuratively called a Valkyrie in that single passage: but she is nowhere mentioned as being one of the immortal Valkyriur who were deities acting under the directions of Odin, or as having performed any one of the usual acts of their ministry. After revenging herself by the murder of Sigurd, whom she still loved above all mankind, she ascended his funeral pile together with her slaves, and was burnt to death for the purpose of honoring his obsequies. Her tragic history is that of a proud and distinguished woman, endowed, according to the ideas of the period at which she lived, with every accomplishment, and punished by the deity for the excess of her presumption. I see no reason to doubt her having really existed, although her history is blended with the fabulous and supernatural: and at least there is no more reason for calling her a mythological personage than Medea, with whose character that of Brynhildr bears some analogy. *Mortal* she is certainly represented to have been, for her death is particularly detailed.

Postscript.—For the identification of Attila and Sigurd, and the opinion I hold concerning Hilda, here called Bryn-hilda, the Hildico of Jornandes, see Attila king of the Huns, p. 518, &c.

SIR EBBA.

Translated from the old Danish.

1803.

Sir Ebba let* bigg a bower so tall,
The site each native knows,
The nightbird sings there and the mavis small,
Two damsels within it repose.

Sir Ebba he must to Iceland sail,
And bear his lord's behest:
His daughters within shall have cause to wail,
They will find it no place of rest.

Leagued with their evil mother, there
Sir Bonda and Sir Schinnild came,
To harm Sir Ebba's daughters fair,
And work them scath and shame.

The younger brother trembled sore
To work the damsel's shame.
"Comes Sir Ebba in peace to his native shore,
"He venges his daughters' fame."

Then pale and wan grew his mother's face,
And savage wax'd her heart:
"Thou bear'st not the soul of thy father's race,
"But play'st a coward's part.

* *Let bigg*, caused to be built.

" There's none within to check your might
" Beside two varlets small;
" And, were they both in iron dight,
" They must before ye fall."

Early in the morning they
Whet each his shining spear;
Darkling at the close of day
Before that bower appear.

Beneath the lofty chamber's tier
In rush'd the knights amain;
They ask no leave, they know no fear,
But straight the chamber gain.

Up then awoke those ladies fair
To guard their maiden pride;
Sir Bonda and Sir Schinnild there
Lay that night by their side.

The damsels wept full bitterly
With many a maiden tear;
And pray'd them for their modesty
To dread their father dear.

Up rose the knights, and went forth, ere
Day lit the mountain's side;
They thank'd for what they gain'd by fear,
But dared not longer bide.

The younger sister wailed free,
For she fell first to shame;
" Let us sink with a stone in the billowy sea,
" And bury our blighted fame."

The elder sister answered straight;
" Nay, gentle sister, nay,
" Our sire from Iceland we'll await;
" He'll venge us, if he may."

It was the good Sir Ebba there,
From Iceland home he came:
To meet him both his daughters fair
All weeping went with shame.

" Now welcome, welcome, father dear;
" So sore for you we cried;
" Sir Bonda and Sir Schinnild here
" Have stain'd our maiden pride."

Sir Ebba's heart wax'd sore with wo,
To hear their mournful plight;
And, " Ill to Iceland did I go;
" Now come the deadly fight!"

" You must not for our ravish'd fame
" Bear helm and weapon keen;
" We will by craft avenge our shame,
" Since reft of honor sheen."*

It falls upon a Christmas night,
To mass the people hies;
Betimes to whet their daggers bright
Sir Ebba's daughters rise.

Now shall Sir Ebba's daughters do
A deed of scath, I ween:
But they must not to the altar go
Without their weapons keen.

* *Sheen*, bright.

Lady Metelill smiled, and a glowing hue
Gleam'd under her rosy skin;
And, "Stand ye up, like ladies true!
"Let the brides of my children in!"

Sir Bonda and Sir Schinnild there
To join the mass have sped;
And Trunda young, and Zenild fair,
Behind them closely tread.

North within the armory bright
Young Trunda drew her blade;
South before the altar's light
Sir Bonda's fallen dead.

South beside the altar's ledge
Fair Zenild drew her knife;
North upon the grunsel* edge
Sir Schinnild lost his life.

"Here stand we both as widows true,
"For neither is now a maid;
"And, lady, take your children two
"To eat with salt and bread!"

Seven winters o'er that church's door,
Sad interdiction hung;
Nor priest, nor chorister trod the floor,
Nor holy mass was sung.

A chapel on Helen's hill was built,
And there went woman and man;
Till the Pope absolved the church from guil
And loosed the mournful ban.

* *Grunsel*, threshold.

NOTES.

The ballad of Sir Ebba is translated from an old Danish song printed in *Suhms Nye Samlinger til de Danske Historie* from a manuscript of Dr. Deichman's, who lived at the close of the seventeenth century, and travelled through Germany, Holland, and England; during which excursions he kept a literary journal, and continued it after his return to Denmark. The ballad is extracted from this journal with the following account. "Mr. Peter Wiskinge communicated to me the following old song, which has never been printed, and is founded upon a story still preserved in the traditions of the old people of Höybye; where the hill is shewn, upon which divine service was performed during seven years, while the church was under the Pope's ban." It is in metre and expression, as well as in the conduct of the story, exactly similar to our old ballads; and on that account I have been desirous of translating it closely. After every stanza in the original a short verse is repeated, of which the English would be "So merrily they went." It has no meaning in its place, but was used as a burthen, like "Bonny St. Johnson stands upon Tay," and other lines of that sort. This ballad is named "An old song about Sir Ebba, who dwelt upon an island called Buuröe in the parish of Höybye in the lordship of Aad." The lordship of Aad is in Seeland, not very distant from Copenhagen. The names Ebba, Bonda, and Trunda, are spelt in the Danish with a final *e*, which is pronounced almost like a short *a* in English.

V. 1. "*Let bigg a bower so tall.*" In the original it stands, "Lod bygge saa höje en buure." The similarity of expression in the old Danish and old English is here remarkable. The verb *let* is frequently used as an auxiliary by the old English writers, as in the mort d'Arthur, c. 127, "Sir Galahalt the haute prince let cry, what knight somever he was, that smote down Sir Palomides, should have his damosel to himself," c. 128, "Sir Launcelot let blow unto lodging," and c. 131, "Sir Galahalt the haute prince let blow unto lodging." To bigg is common for to build or construct; as in the minstrelsy of the Scottish border, v. 2. p. 7, "And he's bigged a bour on gude green wood." Buur or bur in Danish means a cage; but I have ventured in this place to translate it by the word *bower*, of which I am persuaded this is the origin. John-

son gives a very unsatisfactory etymology of our word *bower*, or *bour*, deriving it from the *boughs* of trees, with which he supposes it to be constructed, or from the verb to *bow*, or bend. The most frequent sense of the word in old writings is a chamber, or the apartment of a lady; and meaning (as I have observed) in the Danish, a cage to keep birds in, it seems to have had a metaphorical allusion to the old word *burd* or *byrd*, which is frequently used for a maid; as for instance in the beautiful song of Helen of Kirkonell Lee, "When in my arms burd Helen dropt, And died to succour me." In this ballad the thrush and nightingale seem to be used metaphorically for the damsels. It appears in a note by Bussæus to king Alfred's Periplus Outheri, that the species of whale, which is called by the Norwegians Huus-vhal, was formerly known by the name of Burhvalr. Olaus Magnus, lib. 21, c. 22 and 23, relates, that the inhabitants of the northern coasts made their huts of the skeletons of whales covered over with skins; and this had induced me to imagine, that the name alluded to this custom: but in the notes to Speculum Regale, p. 127, it is stated to be derived from the particular structure of the whale itself. "Det navn Buurhval, som dem gives af det Buur eller Forraads-Kammer (*cellâ cibariâ*), som er i deres hoved." *i. e.* "The name Buurhval, which is given them from *Buur* or provision-chamber, which is in their head." I find that Bur is used in the Anglo-saxon for a hut, or chamber; as it is likewise in the Icelandic. Bur is also used in the Icelandic for a larder; and in compound fata-bur, a clothes-press; so that it appears to be the root of bureau, as well as bower. Bua, Island. and boe, Dan. is to inhabit, from whence Bu, bo, bol, boepæl, Isl. Swed. and Dan. for a habitation, and By, or bye, a town, whence our word bye-laws. Jomfrue-bur is still used in Danish for a maiden's chamber.

V. 77. Lady Metelill seems to be the mother of the two knights, and she speaks here ironically.

V. 85. "*Armory.*" In the original it is Vaaben-huus, or Arm-house. Anglo-saxon, Wapenhus. It must mean a part of the church, in which the public weapons were deposited. It is still the custom in Denmark to have an armory in most parishes, either in or attached to the church. I find in a Swedish book Wapenhus interpreted the porch of a church; and this is probably the meaning of Vaabenhuus in this ballad, the arms being suspended in the entrance of the church.

SELECT

ICELANDIC POETRY,

TRANSLATED FROM THE ORIGINALS,

WITH NOTES;

REVISED, WITH THREE ADDITIONAL PIECES

FROM

SÆMUND'S EDDA.

——— Opifex numeris veterum primordia vocum
Atque marem strepitum fidis intendisse.

PERSIUS.

TO

C. ANKER,

&c. &c. &c.

OF COPENHAGEN, AND EIDSVOLD IN NORWAY,

THE following translations from the old tongue of his native country (which, as it is intimately allied to England in ancient blood and language, should ever continue joined to it by the closest ties of uninterrupted amity) are inscribed, as a trifling testimony of the sincerest esteem and friendship, by his faithful humble servant,

WILLIAM HERBERT.

December, 1803.

TIL HERR CARSTEN ANKER,

DIRECTÖR FOR DET DANSKE ASIATISKE COMPAGNIE I KIÖBENHAVN.

FORLADER mig, o Muser, om jeg her
Opvække tör den Danske lires sang
Först i et fremmet land! Vel kiender jeg
Min svaghed til at synge Danmarks roes
I Danmarks skiönne sprog! Vejleder da
Hendes indvaanere med hellig trin,
Hvor svæver den udödelige aand
Af gammel digtekunst fra Grækenland
Og den almægtige Latinske bred!
Ophöjer dem, og fylder deres bryst
Med reenhed og indbildnings-kraftens magt,
At de maa snart den ærekrone faae,

Som deres sprog fortiener ! Mig er nok,
At jeg fra Iisland og fra Norges kyst
Kan friske krandse bringe til min ven,
Og blomstre plukkede ved Engelsk haand.
Hvor gierne vilde jeg, hvor hierteglad,
Med dig, min ven, i Norges elskte land
Klavre ad skov-bevoxne klipper op
Liig indtil Kiölens spids, og Norlands kyst,
Haloges ældste bolig ! O hvor fri,
O hvor fortryllet skulde jeg omkring
Der fölge vildtets spor ! og mödig, (da
Sin hede middags solen styrter ned)
Udstrakt nær ved en höj balstyrig fos,
Udi den granne-skyggers mörke nat,
Rose den pragt af en almægtig haand ;
Som, mellem snee og tordenskyers skræk,
Det usle hiem af et frimodigt folk
Med glæde har fornöjet ! Ædle land !
Hvori hver egn erindrer vigtig strid
Af gamle helte, eller rune-steen,
Som sönnens pligt ei uden heltesang
Lod reise til sin döde faders roes
I fordum tid, da Odins höje navn
Indblæste deres bryst ærgierrig magt,
Og det i kamp uböjelige sind.

1803. VILHELM HERBERT.

PREFACE.

1803-6-40.

THE volumes, which have been printed in the Icelandic language, are numerous, though many of them are become very rare; and a great number of old manuscripts remain yet unpublished. The following poems are closely translated, and unadorned; with a few exceptions they are rendered line for line; and (I believe) as literally, as the difference of language and metrical rules would permit. For me the energetic harmony of these old poems has great charms: the most ancient are the simplest and most beautiful; for the Icelandic poetry degenerated into affectation of impenetrable obscurity and extravagant metaphors. I conceive, that much of the value of these relicks consists in their peculiarities, and in the light they throw on the singular manners and persuasions of the northern nations; which would be destroyed by any attempt to embellish them. The only merit, I have aimed at, is that of accuracy; if I have judged wrong, I can only say in my defence, that it would have been much easier to adorn them, than to copy faithfully.

> "Quest' anima ———
> Gran parte tien di sua possanza avvinta,
> Nè può sempre spiegar libere l'ali
> Presso i voli immortali."

The original verses have no final rhymes, but regular alliterations and corresponding syllables. Such was the

old metre of the north; and, when rhymes were adopted, the rules of alliteration were still preserved: as in the ransom of Egill Skallagrimson;

Lof at viisa vann, Hliods bidium hann,
Vyst mære eg dann; Thuiat hrodur offann.

i. e. Laudem cantilena perfecit, certè carmine laudo illum; silentium rogamus cum, nam carmen de eo excogitavi. *Worm. Lit. Run.* 208.

And in the Rimur af Karl og Grym;

Grymur kiemur a Gautalad,
Giefast mun vargi nokr brad. *Nord. Kämp. Datt.*

In the proper names I have sometimes thrown aside and sometimes retained the final *ur*, which is changed into *s* in the genitive case; Grymur or Grym, as we say Pompeius or Pompey.

The ancient language of the north is at present known by the name of Icelandic, because its use is confined to that island; though it once extended over a large part of Europe, and is the parent of the Swedish, the Danish, and many words in the English. Most of the old northern writings were composed by natives of Iceland, which was once as high in the estimation of Europe, as it is now insignificant. "Iceland," (as a Danish* writer has observed) "the largest island in Europe after Great Britain, but the least serviceable in proportion to its size, was formerly celebrated, not only for the warlike disposition of its people, but also for its excellent grass and fertile pastures, and for many other natural and well used advantages. Iceland was at that time populous, flourishing, strong, and respectable; but various circumstances, both severally and by

* Malling, Store og gode handlinger, p. 411.

their combined effects, occasioned its gradual decline. Inundations, crumbling of mountains, and subterraneous fires, have by degrees deteriorated many parts of the country; the eruptions of Hecla, Kötlugia, and other volcanos, destroyed whole districts; so that the surface of the earth in many places was completely altered, and beautiful meadows changed into naked tracts of sand. The want of arts, manufactures, and good municipal regulations, rendered the natives incapable of redeeming the lands, which were once laid waste, or properly cultivating those, which remained uninjured: trade in their own vessels was abandoned; the land was farmed out to foreign merchants, who naturally regarded only their private interests; the people became oppressed, spiritless, and inactive; and this was an additional cause of alteration in the state of Iceland." To these circumstances should be added the great accumulation of ice in the polar regions, which has wrought a considerable change in Greenland and North America since their first discovery by the Icelandic navigators in the tenth century, and has materially affected all the northern parts of Europe. This is a curious and interesting subject, which deserves more accurate investigation, than it has yet obtained; but it does not lie within the limits of my present undertaking.

Iceland was uninhabited at the commencement of the reign of Harald Harfager. Angrim Jonas, in his Crymogæa and Specimen Historicum, has pointed out the absurdity of imagining, that Iceland was the Thule of the ancients. Unless my memory deceives me, that mistaken notion originated with Adam of Bremen. It appears most probable, that Thule was a part of Norway,

which still bears the name of Thyle-mark, where the traces of Phœnician commerce are visible; where great mines had been dug, and forests felled, at a period so early, that no account of it appears in the old histories; and at a time when the rude and ignorant natives could not easily have performed works of such magnitude. It is certain, that Iceland was completely covered with *wood in the ninth century, when it was first discovered; nor were any vestiges of culture or inhabitants to be seen throughout the island, excepting a few crosses and trifling utensils, which had been left by Irish fishermen, who occasionally touched there, and were called Papæ, on account of their religion, by the first Norwegian settlers. Hence it is evident, that Iceland could not have been that Thule, with which the Phœnicians had formerly had intercourse and trade.

Iceland was first discovered by †Naddod, a Norwegian pirate, who had established himself in the Ferroe isles. These islands had been frequented by the Norwegians, who had turned out sheep upon them, for the purpose of getting fresh provisions, whenever they had occasion to touch there, and on that account they were called Fœr-öe or sheep islands; from the old word *fœr*, (in Danish *faar*) which was used for sheep. One of the first settlers in these islands was Grim Camban, a Norwegian, who ‡was worshipped after his death in Iceland.

---

* With willows, according to Are Froda, the old Icelandic historian, who was born in 1068, c. 2. p. 10; and with birch, according to Angrim Jonas, who wrote in 1609, p. 21. See Landnama, part 1st. c. 1. p. 3.

† Called Naddoccus by Angrim Jonas.

‡ See Landnama, part 1st. c. 14. p. 15.

About the year 861, the pirate Naddod being overtaken by a violent storm between Norway and Ferroe, was driven upon the eastern coast of Iceland into a bay, which is now called Austfiord, where he could not discover the smallest trace of habitation. A heavy fall of snow, which happened just before his departure in autumn, and covered all the high country, induced him to give the island the name of Sneeland, *i. e. snowland.* Three years after the first discovery of this country, Gardar, a Swede by birth, sailing through Pentland fiord, between Scotland and the Orkneys, was also driven by a storm to the eastern coast of Iceland, and landed near the promontory called Austurhorn in Skialfanda bay, where he passed the winter. Another small vessel was driven into a neighbouring bay just before the departure of Gardar; from which it may be conjectured, that, although we have no such accounts, this island must have been visited before under stress of weather at different times by the Norwegians, as well as Irish, ships; though little regarded, as a barren and distant land. The name of Sneeland was changed for Gardarsholm, by which the island was called in honour of its second accidental visitor.—The reports and exaggerated description of Gardar, excited Flokka, a noted pirate of Rogaland, in Norway, distinguished by birth and valor, to sail in quest of this new country. With this view he constructed a vessel; and, to assist him in directing his course, he resolved on the curious expedient of carrying with him some crows, from which circumstance he afterwards was called Rafn-Flokka.* It appears that he had

* In Danish Ravn, a crow.

formed an intention of settling in the island, as he carried his daughters with him, which he would probably not have done, if his expedition had been for the usual purpose of piracy. One of them called Geirhilda, according to Angrim Jonas, was accidentally drowned at Shetland, in a lake, which afterwards bore her name; and the other was married to a man of distinction in Ferroe, where Flokka touched in the course of his voyage. Having sailed hence into the wide sea, he loosed one of his birds, which rising to a considerable height, directed its flight to the land which they had quitted; from which he concluded, that he still was nearer to that, than to any other coast. Some time after a second crow was loosed, which having risen to an excessive height, without being able (as it was supposed) to discover land, returned on board the vessel. Flokka steered a steady course according to the best conjecture, till the third crow, having towered like the former, took a direct flight, which served him as a guidance to the eastern shores of Iceland. He navigated completely round the island, and from the accumulation of ice, which floated into the Northern bays in the spring, he gave the country the name of Iceland, which it has ever since retained. The severity of the winter had destroyed all his tame animals, and on this account, at the close of summer, he sailed for Norway; but a violent squall separated his boat from the ship, and drove them back to Iceland, where he was forced to pass a second winter, living chiefly upon fish, with which the bays abounded. He was accompanied in this expedition by a Scotchman called Faxa, whose name was given to a great bay on the south-western coast. It appears, that

the melancholy winters, he passed there, had cooled the ardor of Flokka, for on his return to Norway he gave no flattering description of the country he had quitted; and the island remained uninhabited till about the year 874, when the first colony was there established by Ingiolf and Hiorleif, two distinguished Norwegian sea-rovers from Fiordafylke.

The names of all the early settlers in Iceland, and the spots which they occupied, were carefully recorded; and the Icelanders of the present day can trace their pedigrees up to the ninth century with tolerable certainty.

The poetical Edda was put together by Sæmund, a noble Icelander, descended from Harold Hildetand, king of Norway, and born in 1054, 6, or 7. He died in 1133. The connecting prose was written by him, and the verse consists sometimes of a single poem, sometimes of fragments collected by him. Whether he wrote any part of the verse himself, or made any alterations in the old poetry which he obtained from oral tradition, is not known. It consists of mythological odes, which occupy the two first volumes, and of tragic odes contained in the third. The first volume was published in 1787, the last in 1818. The tragic odes, occupying the third volume, which are perhaps of later date, relate to the affairs of Attila the Hun, killed and resuscitated under various names, and are seemingly blended and confused with older legends of the North. They do not contain a syllable, which deserves to be considered as authentic Scandinavian history. Some of the mythological odes are supposed to have been written before the birth of Christ, but there is no proof of such antiquity. The

tragic odes must have been composed long enough after the death of Attila to have admitted the blending of his history with fable, and yet before the greatness of his power had fallen into oblivion. It will be observed that the Swabian Niebelungen lied, which treats of much of the matter contained in the tragic Edda, in its present form is supposed to date about the year 1200, that is about seventy years after the death of Sæmund. The old Latin poem relating to Attila, (see Attila, p. 540) by Walter of Aquitaine, was written between the end of the ninth and the twelfth centuries, and is probably in part at least a version of some vernacular poetry of the like description. The Scandinavian odes appear to me certainly of older date than the form of the story as related in the Niebelungen lied, because they are free from the anachronism of making Theodoric, king of Italy, cotemporary with Attila, and I think they may have been written in the sixth century. The prose Icelandic sagas, which contain that anachronism, are probably derived from German sources, and written in the eleventh century, when the Scandinavian converts to Christianity had more intercourse with the South. It can scarcely be doubted that the poems which connect Attila, whose pretensions to a sort of qualified divinity are known to us, with the ancient mythology of the North, are older than the tales which confound his actions with those of a later king.

The name of Sæmund's Edda was affixed to the MS. of Sæmund in the seventeenth century by Bryniolfus Svenonius, bishop of Skalholt. The prose Edda, written by Snorro Sturleson, who was killed in 1240, is founded on the mythological odes thereof.

THE SONG OF THYRM,

OR,

THE RECOVERY OF THE HAMMER.

From the old Icelandic in Sæmund's Edda.

1803.

WROTH waxed Thor, when his sleep was done,
And he found his trusty hammer gone;
He smote his brow, his beard he shook,
The son of earth gan round him look;
And this the first word, that he spoke;
"Now listen what I tell thee, Loke;
"Which neither on earth below is known,
"Nor in Heaven above; my hammer's flown."
Their way to Freyia's bower they sped,
And this, the first word, that he said,
"Thou, Freyia, must lend a winged robe,
"To seek my hammer round the globe." *(Freyia sung.)*
"That shouldst thou have, though 'twere of gold,
"And that, though 'twere of silver, hold."
Away flew Loke; the wing'd robe sounds,
Ere he has left the Asgard grounds,
And ere he has reach'd the Jotunheim bounds.
High on a mound in haughty state
Thrym the king of the Thursi sat;
For his dogs he was twisting collars of gold,
And trimming the manes of his coursers bold.

(Thrym sung.) " How fare the Asi? the Alfi how?
" Why com'st thou alone to Jotunheim now?"
(Loke sung.) " Ill fare the Asi; the Alfi mourn;
" Thor's hammer from him thou hast torn."
(Thrym sung.) " I have the Thunderer's hammer bound,
" Fathoms eight beneath the ground;
" With it shall no one homeward tread,
" Till he bring me Freyia to share my bed."
Away flew Loke; the wing'd robe sounds,
Ere he has left the Jotunheim bounds,
And ere he has reach'd the Asgard grounds.
At Midgard Thor met crafty Loke,
And this the first word, that he spoke;
" Have you your errand and labour done?
" Tell from aloft the course, you run.
" For,* sitting, oft the story fails,
" And, lying, oft the lie prevails." *(Loke sung.)*
" My labour is past, mine errand I bring;
" Thrym has thine hammer, the giant king;
" With it shall no one homeward tread,
" Till he bear him Freyia to share his bed."
Their way to lovely Freyia they sped,
And this the first word, that he said:
" Now, Freyia, busk,† as a blooming bride;
" Together we must to Jotunheim ride."
Wroth waxed Freyia with ireful look;
All Asgard's hall with wonder shook;
Her great bright necklace started wide.
" Well may ye call me a wanton bride,
" If I with ye to Jotunheim ride."

* See the note on these lines. † *Busk*, dress.

The Asi did all to council crowd,
The Asiniæ all talk'd fast and loud;
This they debated, and this they sought,
How the hammer of Thor should home be brought.
Up then and spoke Heimdallar free,
Like the Vani, wise was he;
"Now busk we Thor, as a bride so fair;
"Let him that great bright necklace wear;
"Round him let ring the spousal keys,
"And a maiden kirtle* hang to his knees,
"And on his bosom jewels rare;
"And high and quaintly braid his hair."
Wroth waxed Thor with godlike pride;
"Well may the Asi me deride,
"If I let me be dight,† as a blooming bride."
Then up spoke Loke, Laufeyia's son;
"Now hush thee, Thor; this must be done:
"The giants will straight in Asgard reign,
"If thou thine hammer dost not regain."
Then busk'd they Thor, as a bride so fair,
And the great bright necklace gave him to wear;
Round him let ring the spousal keys,
And a maiden kirtle hang to his knees,
And on his bosom jewels rare;
And high and quaintly braided his hair.
Up then arose the crafty Loke,
Laufeyia's son, and thus he spoke;
"A servant I thy steps will tend,
"Together we must to Jotunheim wend."
Now home the goats together hie;
Yoked to the axle they swiftly fly.

* *Kirtle*, a woman's garment. † *Dight*, dressed, adorned.

The mountains shook, the earth burn'd red,
As Odin's son to Jotunheim sped.
Then Thrym the king of the Thursi said:
"Giants, stand up; let the seats be spread;
"Bring Freyia Niorder's daughter down
"To share my bed from Noatun.
"With horns all gilt each coal-black beast
"Is led to deck the giant's feast;
"Large wealth and jewels have I stored;
"I lack but Freyia to grace my board."
Betimes at evening they approach'd,
And the mantling ale the giants broach'd.
The spouse of Sifia ate alone
Eight salmons, and an ox full-grown,
And all the cates, on which women feed;
And drank three firkins of sparkling mead.
Then Thrym the king of the Thursi said:
"Where have ye beheld such a hungry maid?
"Ne'er saw I bride so keenly feed,
"Nor drink so deep of the sparkling mead."
Then forward lent the crafty Loke,
And thus the giant he bespoke:
"Nought has she eat for eight long nights,
"So did she long for the nuptial rites."
He stoop'd beneath her veil to kiss,
But he started the length of the hall, I wiss.
"Why are the looks of Freyia so dire?
"It seems, as her eyeballs glisten'd with fire."
Then forward lent the crafty Loke,
And thus the giant he bespoke:
"Nought has she slept for eight long nights,
"So did she long for the nuptial rites."

Then in the giant's sister came,
Who dared a bridal gift to claim;
"Those rings of gold from thee I crave,
"If thou wilt all my fondness have,
"All my love and fondness have."
Then Thrym the king of the Thursi said;
"Bear in the hammer to plight the maid;
"Upon her lap the bruizer lay,
"And firmly plight our hands and fay."*
The Thunderer's soul smiled in his breast,
When the hammer hard on his lap was placed;
Thrym first the king of the Thursi he slew,
And slaughter'd all the giant crew.
He slew that giant's sister old,
Who pray'd for bridal gifts so bold.
Instead of money and rings, I wot,
The hammer's bruises were her lot.

Thus Odin's son recovered his hammer.†

* *Fay*, faith. † *Thus*, &c. Prose in the original.

NOTES.

Mr. Cottle has published, what he calls a translation of this ode, but it bears little resemblance to the original. Translations made, like Dr. Percy's, by a person quite unacquainted with the Icelandic language, through the medium of a Latin prose version, cannot be expected to represent the style and spirit of the originals: but Mr. C. has not even taken the trouble of understanding the Latin; otherwise he never could have translated, Ex Noatunis, "Whom Noathuna calls her son;" or, Illicò gigantes Asgardum habitabunt, "Know the Asgardi

sons shall reign :" or, what is more extraordinary, in the 22d stanza Tunc profatus est Thrymus Thursorum dynastes,

" Thursori ! dynasts of this sphere!"
(Thor began approaching near)

and in the 20th, Tunc profatus est Lokius Loveyiæ natus; " Abstine, Thore, istorum verborum."

" Care not for that, Loveyia's son!"
Lok in quick reply begun.

In these passages Mr C. has confounded the nominative, genitive, accusative, and vocative cases, apparently ignorant of the Latin grammar. In the thirteenth stanza he has represented Freyia as consenting to go instead of refusing, which destroys the sense of all that follows.

V. 1. " *Thor.*" Thor was worshipped by the Norwegians, as the most powerful of the Gods. His favourite weapon was a hammer, which was shaped like a cross. The following passages are translated from the Swedish in Peringskiold's Uplandic monuments relative to a Runestone, on which this hammer is represented. " Johannes Magnus Goth. Sveon. Hist. lib. 1. cap. 9. pag. 30. and his brother Olaus Magni, lib. 3. cap. 3. pag. 100. represent Thor with a sceptre in his right hand, and twelve stars round his head. Others give Thor also a cruciform thunderbolt in his left hand, and seven stars over his head. Thor's hammer is described in the Eddas with the additional name of miolner ; viz. in Sturleson's, &c. it may be seen, that Thor the son of Odin amongst his chattels possessed the hammer miolner, which the Rimthussi and mountain sorcerers knew to their cost. When Thor dressed himself, he took the hammer miolner, lifted up and brandished it. Thor struck the hammer against the head of the giant Skrymner ; another time Thor threw the hammer after Yme the sorcerer, and broke his head, &c."

" The mark of the hammer with its handle upon the Runestone at Roby is seven spans, as the length of a moderate sceptre requires. The ancient inhabitants of this country did not use a sceptre with lilies, but with a cross upon it, or like the trident of Neptune. The shape of Thor's hammer in the time of paganism was exactly a cross ; for when king Hacon sacrificed with the Heathens in Norway, and was forced to drink out of the offering cup, he made the Christian sign of the cross before his mouth ; but this was interpreted by his heathen subjects, as if he had made the sign of Thor's hammer before his

mouth, and so made the holy libation to the God Thor. The king's governors and ministers had formerly permission to use the representation of Thor's hammer or a cross, to shew the might and power entrusted to them. In former times, when the people were convened by the king to the public assembly and court of judicature, the hammer of Thor was used amongst the Heathens for sign and summons; but, when they became Christians, a cross of wood was adopted in its stead, which was sent round the villages. See Angr. Jon. lib. 1. Rerum Island. c. 7. and Stephan. in Sax. Gram. p. 250." *Peringskiold's Uplandic Monuments, Stockh.* 1710. *pag.* 255.

Thor is stated in the Edda (*Göranson's edition, p.* 22.) to have been the son of Odin, and Jorth, the earth, who was his own daughter by his wife Frigga.

V. 4. "*The son of earth.*" Jardar bur, one of Thor's appellations.

V. 6. "*Loke.*" The son of Laufey or Laufeyia, was one of the Asi.

V. 9. "*Freyia.*" The daughter of Niorder of the nation of the Vani. "Tha er Niördur var meth Vönom, &c." *i. e.* "Whilst Niorder was amongst the Vani, he had espoused his sister; for that was according to their law. Frey and Freyia were their children. But amongst the Asi it was forbidden to marry such near relations." *Ynglinga Saga, c.* 4.

V. 16. "*Asgard.*" As-gard means the abode of the Asi or Asiatics, who were the countrymen of Odin. Suhm in his Historie af Danmark (v. 1. p. 17.) considers, that there were three Odins. The first, son of Bör of the nation of the Asi, who dwelt in the old Asgard at the mouth of the Tanais, introduced the worship of the Sun, and after his death was deified by his countrymen. The second, son of Heremod a descendant of the old Odin, fled before Darius at the time of his expedition against the Scythians, built the new Asgard near the Duna, and inhabited the country between that river and the Veissel; and from thence passed over into Sweden, and waged war against all the Jotuns, who would not acknowledge him to be their God and the offspring of the Sun. Lastly, the third Odin, son of Fridleif, who came from old Asgard about 50 years before the birth of Christ, stopped some time at the new Asgard, and from thence proceeded to Sweden, where he dwelt at Sigtuna, and built a temple at Upsala, which became his principal residence. It is the opinion of some writers, that Upsal itself is sometimes called Asgard; and the name might be applied to the metropolis of the Asiatics, in whatever country they sojourned. In his observations on Saxo Grammaticus, which are

printed in the eleventh volume of his Samlede skrifter, Suhm is contented with two Odins. The following passage, which attempts a solution of some of the difficulties that occur in the Northern mythology, is translated from thence. "It was not difficult for Odin to make the progress, which he did in the North; for he gave out, that he and his companions were the very Gods, who were already worshipped there. For this must be observed, that I reckon more than one Odin. Saxo himself speaks in this place of a Mit-Odin, that is a middle Odin, from which we may conclude, that he believed, there were three. But I hold, that not more than two are necessary. The first inhabitants of the North came undoubtedly out of Asia, from the countries situated between the Black Sea and the Caspian. That is the reason, that the name Aser is found in our old histories, and the last Odin improperly took the name of As. Whether some men, called Odin, Thor, and so forth, were amongst the first, I shall not attempt to say; but thus much is certain, that by Thor was understood the supreme Deity, and by Odin the Sun. The last Odin, whether he bore that name before, or adopted it after his arrival, sometimes gave himself out to be the Deity Odin, and, as he was the most eminent of his party, sometimes also to be the first and supreme God. Perhaps at the commencement he met with people, who were acquainted with the God Odin only; for otherwise it would have been as easy for him to have called himself Thor; but, when he had once established himself as Odin, it was necessary to adhere to that. Hence sprung the diversity of notions in our mythology: for Odin induced some to believe, that he was the supreme God; some on the contrary could not be brought to this, but, as his exploits were great in war, they conceived, that he was the God of battle, which others thought to be either Thor, or Tyr. But some held him in such abhorrence, that they considered him as a God indeed, (for they had felt his might too much to deny this) but as a wicked God; and they reckoned, that he was the evil, and Thor on the other hand the good being. The seat of Thor was principally in Norway, where it does not seem that the arms of Odin made great progress. The true seat of Odin was in Sweden. Before his time, according to my opinion, the great northern peninsula and its inhabitants had no special name amongst the natives themselves, excepting, that the northern division was call Nor-riget, or the north kingdom, and the southern Syd-riget, or the south kingdom; from which the names Norvegia, Norvegi, Normanni, Suionia, Suiones, are derived; whence Norige, corruptly Nerigon, is found in Pliny, and

Suiones in Tacitus. The large and tall people are called in our language Riser, from which perhaps the Russians acquired their name; Jetter, which according to different pronunciations was changed to Jyder, Gauter, Geater, and Gother; (by which last name a German nation near the Baltic, introduced by the last Odin, was particularly called in ancient times) and Kiæmper, which the Romans changed into Cimbri or Kimbri. It is certain, that our old history and mythology has been very much perplexed by confounding the elder Odin and Thor with the latter." *Suhms samlede skrifter*, II, 146.

I have subjoined an extract from the old Icelandic Rymbegla, in which Odin is called the son of Thor, whereas in the Edda Thor is the son of Odin. "Upphaf allra frásagna í Norrænne tungu theirra," &c. *i. e.* "All the accounts in the northern tongue, which adhere to truth, commence at the time, when the Turks and Asiatics settled in the north; whence it may be truly said, that the language, which we call Northern, came with them here into the North, and spread over Saxony, Denmark, and Sweden, Norway, and some parts of England. The leader of these people was Odin the son of Thor; he had many sons. Many trace their descent from Odin; he established his sons in the country, and made them rulers over it. One of his sons was named Skiolldur, who took to himself the land, now called Denmark; but at that time those lands, which the Asiatics inhabited, were called the lands of the Gods, and the nation the people or race of the Gods. Boundaries were fixed between Skiolldur and his brother Ingfreir, who dwelt in the kingdom now called Sweden. Odin and his sons were very wise and deeply learned, beautiful in countenance, and mighty in strength. Many others of their race were men of great eminence with various perfections; and the people took some of them to worship and believe in, and called them their Gods." *Rymbegla*, 3. 1. *p.* 316.

Having mentioned the various countries, in which was spoken the ancient language, now called the Icelandic, it may not be improper to add the following translation of a passage in Baron Holberg's reign of king Canute concerning its prevalence in England. "It is to be remarked, that various languages were used in Great Britain from the first arrival of the Anglo-Saxons. The English tongue, or that which was spoken by the Angli, differed very little from the Danish, because the Angli came from Jutland, on which account their language was also called by ancient writers Cimbric or Gothic. This language was spoken in the provinces, which lay north of the river Thames, as the Saxon was

in the south. Although they differed from each other, yet the distinction was not so great, but that each of them could be understood by both nations, the Angli and the Saxons. These languages flourished together in the country, till the heptarchy was abolished and the seven small kingdoms united; for then the Saxon began to prevail together with the Saxon kings, and the English or Danish fell gradually into disuse. But afterwards, when a new swarm of Danes established themselves in the country, the Danish came into use again, although it was not the same, which the Angli or South Jutlanders had brought with them; so that there may be reckoned three distinct tongues besides the British or Welsh language, namely the English or Old Danish, the Saxon, and the New Danish, which last was principally spoken in Northumberland, East Anglia, and Mercia, of which the Danes had gained possession. At last, as the Danish was the language of the court under Canute the great and his two successors, the other provinces, even the West Saxons, were forced to accustom themselves to the Danish dialect then in fashion; so that the old West Saxon tongue was corrupted by the Danish, as we now see the Danish corrupted and likely to be completely changed by the German, which is at present the court language of the country. For the court is the principal school for language, as all affect to speak the same, or at least attempt to introduce words or expressions from it into the general tongue. So it happened with the Danish under the three Danish kings: but when their rule had ended, and Edward the Confessor acceded to the throne, the Saxon became the language of the court again, until William the Conqueror gained possession of England, and introduced the Norman tongue, which was a mixture of Danish and French. The English of the present day is a composition of all these languages." *Holbergs Dannemarks riges Histoire*, 1, 150. Odin, or Woden, the Valfodur, or father of slaughter, was the sword-god, and, when conversant amongst men, was the supposed incarnation of the spirit of the sword. This sword-god was the object of very extensive worship from the most remote antiquity. The immolation of victims to the sword-idol by the Scythians is minutely described by Herodotus the father of profane history, and the worship of the same under the title of Acinaces, the scymitar, by the Medes is notorious. Nor is the identity of the Greek Enyalius or Ares and the Roman Mars with the sword-god less certain. We are told by Josephus that the sword of Enyalius the war-god was carried by the priests who fled from the destruction of Babylon, to the temple of Enyo the war-goddess, at Comana, in Cappadocia, and George the Cappadocian pretended to possess it in his

sword Chalyb. The sword of the Tauric Diana, or Taranis, which is called Chalybdic by Lycophron, by and to which human victims were slain, is reported to have been the same; and it is called by him the sword of Candaor and of Mamertos the Thracian name for Mars, and the identity of that Candaor with Orion and Nimrod is established, and the sword of Orion was placed amongst the ancient constellations. We know from Priscus that Attila acquired great authority by pretending to possess the divine sword flung forth from heaven, and Arthur, who can be demonstrated to be a personification in British mystic romance of Attila in the character of the Antichristian sword-god, possessed the same divine sword, ex-calibur, and could not continue to live without it. It is therefore probable that any conqueror and lawgiver of paramount greatness amongst the earliest Scythian inhabitants of the north would have become in some manner identified with the sword-god Odin; but in the earliest accounts of Scandinavian mythology, whether we look to the prose Edda, which is principally mythological, or to the verse Edda from which it was derived, and of which the contents are of a more varied nature, we find the advent of Odin in the north inseparably connected with Attila the Hun. In the prose Edda, Odin first enters Saxony, places one son over eastern Saxony, another, the well known Balder, over Westphalia, and another, in France by name Sigl, which means victory, and is also used for Odin himself, and is the root of the name Sigurd applied to Attila, and of his fabulous father Sigmund. This Sigl is said therein to be the paternal grandfather of Volsung who was the sire of Sigmund. The poetical Edda absolutely identifies Attila with Odin in some passages, and in others makes him his son, or brings him at least closer to his reign in the north; and I cannot make out that any certain history exists of events that took place in the north, before the date of the conquests of Attila the Hun, though legends of anterior, as well as posterior times, seem to have been mingled with reminiscences of his life. For a more full detail of these matters I refer the reader to what I have stated in Attila King of the Huns, p. 66-7, p. 350-61, and p. 519-40, and to the passages relating to Attila in the learned work entitled Nimrod, wherein the identity of Attila and Arthur was first pointed out.

The mythological tale of the prose Edda is, that when the spirit of heat came on the hoar frost, it melted, and the first man Ymir sprang from it. The Jotuns (i. e. the earlier Goths or Getes of the north, sometimes called Hrim thursi or Crim-thursi, i. e. Thursi from the rime or hoar frost, or perhaps the Crimea) were all descended from him. He was not a god, but sleeping he sweated, and a male and a female

grew under his hand, and one of his feet begot a son with the other. The hoar frost melted, and the cow Œdumla grew from it, and she suckled Ymir. She licked the hoar frost on the stones, and on the first day the hair of a man, on the second his head, on the third the whole man, named Bur, arose. He was the father of Bor, (Boreas) whose wife was Belzia daughter of the Jotun Bauldorn. They had three sons, Odin, Vili and Ve. These slew Ymir, and the earth, sea, mountains, meadows, and heaven, were made of his flesh, sweat, bones, hair, and head, and midgard of his eyebrows. From two trees they created Askr and Emla, the progenitors of the people who dwelt first in Midgard, and afterwards in Asgard.

V. 14. It is remarkable, that silver is here mentioned, as preferable to gold, and I believe intentionally; for gold is frequently spoken of by the old Icelandic poets, and silver very rarely. Suhm (*Hist. af Danm.* 1. 119) observes, that many utensils of gold have been dug out of the earth in the northern countries, but very few of silver.

V. 17. "*Jotunheim.*" V. 19. "*Thursi.*" The situation of Jotunheim is supposed to have been north-east of the Baltic, and to have extended from the White Sea even to the north-western coast of Norway, where Helgeland was inhabited by a nation of this race. They were indiscriminately called by the names of Jotni, or Jæter, and Thursi, Riser, Kiæmper, (which in fact is the plural of the old English word Kemp and Kemperye man, a soldier, in Latin, Cimbri), and several others expressive of their size and ferocity. Angrim Jonas, who was fully convinced of the gigantic bulk of the ancient inhabitants of the north before the time of Odin, is very desirous of establishing their descent from the Canaanites, who were routed by Joshua, which he has laboured at length to prove in the first book of his Crymogæa. After enumerating the most conspicuous giants of the north, (the last of whom, fifteen cubits high, is said to have been killed by king Magnus Erichson in 1338) to shew how wide they extended in earlier times he continues, "Adde, quòd provincia quædam Norvegiæ seu Finmarkiæ contermina Risaland (id est, gigantum terra, nam en rise et rese gigantem significat) antiquitus dicta est; a quâ non longe abest Jötum heimar, id est, gigantum habitatio; (unde etiamnum en Jæt gigas dicitur) ut nihil dicam de Jotumland, quo nomine nostratibus dicebatur olim, quæ hodie vocatur Jutland, et compluribus etiam Cimbrorum terra seu Chersonesus; eo quoque nomine facto a Kemper, id est, gigantibus pugnantibus." *Crymogæa*, p. 42. Schoning, who completely agrees with Angrim Jonas as to the reality of their immense size, rejects the idea of their coming

into the north from Canaan; for which indeed there is no ground, but the similarity of their bulk, and the letter th in their language, which is supposed to be of Hebrew origin. Schöning reckons, that they were descendants of the Thussagetæ, which he considers to be compounded from Thursi * or Thussi (for they are sometimes called Hrim-thussi or cold Thussi) and Jotner or Jeter; and supposes them to have been first driven from their old habitations at the time of the famous expedition of Darius against the Scythians, and to have been originally connected with the tribes, which Odin is said to have afterwards led to the same countries in consequence of the violence of Mithridates, and to have spoken the same language. See *Schönings nordiske folkes oprindelse, p.* 157. It is certainly probable, that the first inhabitants of the north may have been of superior strength and stature, accustomed, as they must have been, from the rugged nature of the climate and country, to a hardy and fearless life, and at the time of their first establishment amply supplied with animal food to encrease their bulk, and enable them to contend with the severity of the seasons. When Odin invaded the same regions with a second horde of settlers, he is supposed to have resolved to exterminate those, whom he could not subdue, or win over to his party; and he might therefore have represented them to his followers as miscreated monsters and sorcerers. All the accounts of their enormous stature, which probably had some foundation, would be naturally exaggerated by their opponents.

V. 22. "*Alfi.*" The Edda of Snorro gives the following account of Alfheim, and its inhabitants, who were inferior to the Asi or Gods, and held the rank of secondary divinities; and from their name is derived our word Elf. The Latin writers have thought proper to call them Fauni, from a prevailing desire of identifying the Roman and Scandinavian mythology. "Sa er thar stadr," &c. *i. e.* "There is a

* I cannot trace these people in other languages. Thursi seems identical with Turci or Turks, and Thussi might be thought connected with Thuscia and Thusci, the old names of Etruria and the Tuscans. Some persons have derived Thuscia from the Greek *thuo*, I sacrifice; and it may be here observed, that the murderous immolators of the East seem to have derived the name of Thug from that verb, throwing away the reduplication *thuka*, I have sacrificed, and in a dialect which aspirated the k, the thing sacrificed would be *thugmenon*. The Latin word *thus*, for incense, belongs to the same ancient root.

place, which is called Alfheim; there dwell a people hight Liosalfar or Light Alfs: but the Dauckalfar or Dark Alfs inhabit under ground, and they are unlike the others in appearance, and still more unlike in fact. The Light Alfs are whiter in appearance, than the Sun; but the Dark Alfs more swarthy, than pitch." *Göranssons Edda, p.* 34. The Alfi are asserted to have been a tribe related to the Asi, and to have inhabited the province of Bahus, a part of Norway now belonging to Sweden. They were evidently a tribe of the Asiatic people who burst into Europe, and we have a similar account of white and black Huns; and indeed the similarity of habits amongst the Alans who were fair, and their swarthy neighbours the Huns was so great, that they, or any subordinate tribes amongst them, might have been naturally classed together in this manner by the people whom they attacked in concert. The second chapter of Hervarar Saga, calls the Asiatic invaders of the North under Odin, Turklar, which is decidedly Turcs, and I apprehend it designated the Huns under Attila, and it gives reason to suppose that Thursir were the same people.

V. 27. "*Fathom.*" Raustom. It is not known exactly, what this measure is; though probably much more, than a fathom: but the precise depth is of no importance.

V. 33. "*Midgard.*" The boundary between the Asi and Jotuns or giants. The following account of it is given in the Edda of Snorro.—"Kringlott er jörd," &c. *i. e.* The earth is circular, and a deep sea lies round it; and on the shores they, the sons of Bor, viz. Odin, Vili, and Ve gave a habitation to the giants; but in front within the earth they made a town against the attacks of the giants, and for this purpose they used the eyebrows of Yme, and called the town Midgard. They cast his brains into the air, and made the clouds of them; as is here stated:

Of Yme's flesh was the earth created,
Of his sweat the sea, the hills of his bones,
The meadows of his hair, and of his head the heaven,
And of his eyebrows the blithe Gods made
Midgard for the sons of men, and of his brains
Were all the hard-tempered clouds created.

When the sons of Bor walked on the sea strand, they found two trees, and of these they formed mankind. The first gave breath, the second life, the third hearing and sight; and the man was called Askr and the woman Embla. From them sprung mankind, to whom a habitation was given under Midgard. After that they made Asgard in the middle of the world. There dwelt Odin, and the race of those

from whom our race is descended." *Göranssons Edda, p.* 20. See also *Schönings nordiske folkes oprindelse, p.* 101, &c.

V. 37, and 38. "Opt sitianda saugor um fallaz,
Ok liggiandi l'ygi um bellir."

These lines are translated literally. It is probably an old proverbial saying, and seems to mean, that, if Loke waited till he sat down, he might forget half his story; and, if he waited till he had slept upon it, he would probably invent a false one.

V. 53. "*Asiniæ.*" The wives and daughters of the Asi.

V. 56. "*Heimdallar.*" Literally, Heimdallar, the whitest of the Asi. He was the son of Odin, from whom he received the kingdom of Scania. "Heimdallar was called the *white God;* he is great and holy; he was *the son of nine virgins, all sisters.* He is the sentinel of the Gods, and sits at the extremity of heaven to guard the bridge against the mountain-giants. He requires less sleep than a bird; he sees by night, as well as by day, a hundred miles (rasta, measure uncertain) before him; he hears the grass grow on the earth, and the wool on the flocks, and every thing that sounds. He has a trumpet, which is called Giallarhorn, and its blast is heard throughout the world." See *Göranssons Edda, p.* 44. This probably meant, that he was the God of light, which springs from the nine heavens or worlds, as they are numbered in Vafthrudnismal, "nió kom ec heima fyr niflhel nedan." *i. e.* I have visited nine worlds above the abyss of hell.

V. 57. "*Vani.*" The Vani were a nation, who dwelt near the river Tanais, which in the old northern tongue was called the Vana, and they extended towards the Volga. See *Yngl. Sag. c.* 1. Before the emigration of Odin a long war had been carried on between the Vani and their neighbours the Asi, which, after a dubious contest, terminated in peace and exchange of hostages. Niorder and his son Frey were hostages from the Vani, and they accompanied Odin into the north. See *Yngl. Sag. c.* 4. The Vani had the character of superior wisdom and learning, as appears also in Scirnis-fór in the old Edda, where Gerdur asks Scirner, whether he comes from the Alfi, the Asi, or the wise Vani. "Hvat er that A'lfa, ne A'sa sona, ne vissa Vana?" The same epithet is applied to them in Vafthrudnismal. Schöning reckons, that they were a Grecian colony, and on this account superior to their neighbours in learning. See *N. F. Oprindelse, p.* 268. The assertion above mentioned, in Ynglinga Saga, that they were dis-

tinguished amongst the Asiatic tribes of the North by the legality of marriage between a brother and sister amongst them, is decisive against their being Greeks. The name seems to point to the Vandals.

V. 60. It was customary to hang the keys to the waist of the bride, to shew, that the management of the household was intrusted to her.

V. 82. "Thor possesses two goats and a chariot; the goats are called Tangmoster and Tangsnir (or Tangrisner). When he goes to Jotunheim, Thor drives the chariot, which is drawn by them; and on that account he is called Auko-Thor." See *Göranssons Edda, p.* 38.

V. 88. "*Noatun.*" The habitation of Niorder. See *Göranssons Edda, p.* 40. *Yngl. Sag. c.* 5. and *Grimnismal. st.* 16.

V. 91. "*Jewels.*" In the original menia, necklaces or bracelets. It means the gold and jewels taken in battle from the spoils of the enemy, and perhaps had some reference to the celebrated necklace of Freyia. Rings seem to have been used amongst the ancient inhabitants of the north for money. In the lamentation of Sterkader he calls himself Hringa vana, without rings; by which he means without money. The same connexion between rings and money may be observed in this ode, where the giant's sister asks for rings, and in the last stanza it is said, that she received blows instead of rings and money. Baugr, a ring, which is the same as the French word bague, is also used to express money in Icelandic. See *Haconarmál*, and *Orkneyinga Saga, p.* 156. They seem to have been universally worn by warriors, and of course formed a valuable part of the booty. A very curious account of the regulations, under which the spoil was divided, is found in the thirty-eighth chapter of Hirdskraa, from which the following passage is translated. "Now shall it be told, how the spoil shall be divided after battle, if God gives both victory and booty. This is the ancient custom of the king and the Birkibeins, to make a full tithe of all the plunder, and not withdraw any thing. First shall they blow to council, in whatever place may seem best. The standard bearer shall carry the king's standard there, and let make a circular enclosure, and the standard shall be placed in the middle. This is the ancient form of words; "What bearest thou to the spear?" Every man shall bear to the spear, whatever booty he has got, and swear, that he has not secreted any thing, and knows not, that any other has. Twelve men, whom the king names to divide the plunder, shall separate all, that is brought to the spear, first into halves, then into quarters, and afterwards each quarter again into halves. But those of the principal men

and pilots, whom the king names, shall divide the whole suite first into halves, and then into quarters. Then shall lots be laid in the bosoms of each quarter; and they shall chuse first, whose lot comes up first; and so every one, as his lot falls, till each man shall have got his share." And in the same chapter; "It is the custom of the court not to despoil a dead body, but to leave on it both shirt and breeches. Yet it is right to take silver, if there is any upon it. But whoever strips a body more, than aforesaid, shall be fined as follows," &c. See *Hird-skraa, p.* 286.

The Birkibeins (as may be seen in the seven last chapters of Heimskringla) were a miscellaneous banditti, who first made their appearance in the thirteenth year of the reign of king Magnus Erlingson in the twelfth century under the auspices of Eysteirn (or Augustin), a supposed son of king Eysteirn, who laid claim to the crown of Norway. Being overpowered by the natives in the northern parts of Norway, which they had pillaged, they betook themselves to the woods and desert places; where they clothed themselves with the bark of trees, from which their name was derived.

V. 96. "*The spouse of Sifia.*" Thor. "In the northern hemisphere Thor espoused a prophetess, whose name was Sibil; but we call her Sif." See *Göranssons Edda, p.* 5. Thor was at all times extremely voracious. In Hymis-qvida, where he is also called the spouse of Sifia, he eats two oxen for supper.

" A't Siflarr verr, athr sofa gengi,
Einn med aullo eyxn tva Hy'mis." *St.* 15.

V. 108. Sandvig, who has translated this ode into Danish, appears to me to have misunderstood this line, in which he makes Thor start, instead of Thrym. "Thor sprang langs udaf den lange sal." *p.* 190. In the original it is *hann*, he, and it undoubtedly refers to the astonishment of Thrym on discovering the savage countenance of Thor under the veil.

V. 126. "*Slaughter'd.*" In the Icelandic, lamdi: whence the vulgar word, to lam, which is still in use.

V. 130. & 131. " Hon skell um hlaut fur skillínga,
En haugg hamars fur hrínga flöld."

" She got blows instead of skillings, (a coin nearly answering to a halfpenny) and strokes of the hammer instead of many rings." This seems to be the origin of our old proverb, " to get more kicks than halfpence."

VEGTAM'S SONG;

OR,

THE DESCENT OF ODIN.

1803.

THE Gods did all to council crowd,
The Goddesses talk'd fast and loud;
And this the theme of their debate,
If Balder's dreams were big with fate.
Heavy the hero slept and deep,
Joy seem'd to vanish in his sleep;
To mystic shrines the giants press,
And ask, if this bodes new distress.
The shrines have said, that Uller's* friend,
The loveliest, to death must tend:
Frigga and Suafner† grieving hear,
And Gods debate with anxious fear;
They send, and sue all things to seal
The peace with oaths for Balder's weal:
All nature swore to hold from strife;
Frigga took pledges for his life.
Yet did the Lord‡ of slaughter fear,
The sprites of joy must disappear;
He call'd the Gods, and counsel sought;
But each proposed a different thought.
Uprose § the sire of men at length,
And saddled straight grey Sleipner's strength.

&c. &c. &c.

See Gray's poems.

---

* Balder. † A name for Odin. ‡ Odin.

§ *Literally*, Uprose Odin, guardian of mankind,
And on Sleipner he laid the saddle.
Thence he rode to the lowest abyss of hell, &c. &c.

NOTE.

THE foregoing lines are the commencement of an old Icelandic ode in Sæmund's Edda, of which the remainder has been beautifully imitated by Gray. His translation was made from the quotation in Bartholinus, (Ant. Dan.) who did not publish the whole poem; but these stanzas are almost necessary to make the rest intelligible; and on this account I have translated them closely, to serve as an introduction to that excellent fragment. An imitation of the whole ode has been published by Mr. Cottle in a volume entitled* *Sæmund's Edda translated into English verse*; but Mr. Cottle has taken such liberties with the Icelandic poetry and mythology, which in some places he has purposely amplified, and in others misunderstood, that, if he had published his work as original, he could scarcely have been accused of plagiarism. It may be sufficient to quote his translation of the third and fourth stanzas of this ode, to shew how much he has departed from the original. The literal translation of the Icelandic words would be, "The oracles have said, that the friend of Uller singularly lovely was doomed to die. That gave sorrow to Frigga and Suafner, and the other Gods; they came to a decision, that they should send out to all things, and sue for peace, not to hurt Balder. All nature gave oath to abstain. Frigga took the oaths and promises of all;" which Mr. C. has thus amplified:

"The sacred oracles declare—
Balder must for death prepare!
Asi sad the tidings hear;
Frigga drops the impassion'd tear,
Dignify'd in silent grief,
Odin seeks not such relief:
But deeply ponders in his mind,
Safety for his son to find.
Let us, he cry'd, forbid to fly
The stormy powers, that rule the sky;
League with the lightnings; thunders chain;
And quell the uprising, angry main:

* This is a great mistake; for the volume, which Mr. C. has translated, does not comprehend half Sæmund's Edda, and professes only to contain the mythological Odes not published by Resenius.

Lest, mission'd by the powers of fate,
They in direful ambush wait.
For Balder, Odin, thus afraid,
Peace with willing nature made;
And every jarring element
For once harmoniously consent." *p.* 217.

Mr. Cottle's ode begins, "The morn was up; the blast blew loud;" and ends thus,

"Muspelli their banners raise,
And Surtur wrap the world in blaze."

There is nothing similar to these lines in the original, and the Muspelli and Surtur are not even alluded to; but they have been drawn out of a Latin note in the Copenhagen edition, to be placed in the text. Gray's beautiful imitation is sufficiently close, except in a few passages, where he has admitted some little amplifications, that tend to convey notions respecting the Icelandic mythology, which are not warranted by the original; such as "*coal-black* steed, *raven* hair, *thrice* he traced the Runic rhyme, the portals *nine* of hell, foam and *human* gore." But in every other respect it is a most valuable translation, and the public cannot desire another, though it may require some illustration. Frigga, when she took the oaths of all nature, overlooked the misletoe; Loke, having observed this, maliciously persuaded Hoder to dart a branch of it at Balder, which proved fatal to him. Vali, or Ali, the son of Odin and Rinda, revenged his death by slaying Hoder; which wonderous feat he performed, when he was but one night old, Ein-nættr; as is stated in this ode, and in the 32d stanza of Volospá. It is not certain, what Odin means by the question concerning the weeping virgins; but it has been supposed, that it alludes to the embassy afterwards sent by Frigga to try to redeem Balder from the infernal regions, and that Odin betrays his divinity by mentioning what had not yet happened. The object of this embassy was frustrated by the perfidy of Loke; who, having assumed (as was supposed) the shape of an old woman, refused to join in the general petition, by which failure the spell was rendered ineffectual: but the Gods, having with difficulty made Loke their prisoner, bound him with a strong chain, which he will not break till the end of the world, or (as the Icelanders call it) the twilight of the Gods. To this the propheteſs alludes in the last stanza.

Gray's Fatal Sisters is very inferior to his Descent of Odin, and in some passages he has lost much of the strength and spirit of the original; as for instance in the ninth stanza,

Nu er ogurligt um at litaz,
At dreyrugt sky dregr med himni;
Mun lopt litad lyda blodi,
Adr spar varar springa allar;

from which the following lines are translated, without the insertion or omission of a word.

'Tis horrid now to gaze around,
While clouds thro' heaven gore-dropping sail;
Air must be stain'd with blood of men,
Ere all our oracles shall fail.

Gray has translated it thus,

" Horror covers all the heath;
Clouds of carnage blot the Sun."

I have added a close translation of a few lines from the descent of Odin in the Icelandic metre, which is regulated by a corresponding letter in the two halves of each verse, instead of rhyme. One vowel is allowed to correspond with another.

The dog he met from hell advancing;
His adverse breast with blood was clotted,
His jaws for combat keenly grinning,
Fierce he bay'd the spell's dread father,
Oped his huge throat, and howl'd long after.
On rode Odin; the deep earth sounded;
He reach'd the lofty house of Hela;
Ugger rode to the Eastern portals,
There he knew was the tomb of Vala.
Strange verse he sung the slain enchanting,
Traced mystic letters northward looking,
&c. &c. &c.

However inharmonious to an English ear, they may serve to give a more distinct idea of Icelandic poetry, and to shew exactly in what degree Gray has varied from the original. Ugger is another name for Odin. He has many, which are used indiscriminately, as Tonans or Saturnius for Jupiter. In this metre two corresponding letters are sometimes required in the first half of the line, and one in the second, as v. 35. When there is but one in each, the second generally commences with it, as v. 26 and 28. Some of the Icelandic metres are much more difficult; as,

Fyll ec *f*lock thin, *still*ir;
*Fell*r á hönd mer *el*li. *Evind in Heimskringla.*

SKIRNER'S EXPEDITION.

From the old Icelandic in Sæmund's Edda.

1805.

" FREYR, son of Niorder, dwelt in Hlidskialf, and discerned the whole world. He looked towards Jotunheim,* and there he saw a beautiful virgin, going to bower from the hall of her father. Hence was his mind grievously affected. His attendant† was named Skirner. Niorder bade him ask for a conference with Freyr. Then Scada‡ sung.

" Skirner, arise! and swiftly run,
" Where lonely sits our pensive son!
" Bid him to parley, and enquire,
" Gainst whom he teems with sullen ire." *(Skirner sung.)*
" Ill words, I fear, my lot will prove,
" If I thy son attempt to move;
" If I bid parley, and enquire,
" Why teems his soul with savage ire." *(Skirner sung.)*
" Prince of the Gods and first in fight,
" Speak, honor'd Freyr, and tell me right!
" Why spends my Lord the tedious day
" In his lone hall to grief a prey?" *(Freyr sung.)*
" O how shall I, fond youth, disclose
" To thee my bosom's heavy woes?
" The ruddy God shines every day,
" But dull to me his cheerful ray." *(Skirner sung.)*

* For an account of Jotunheim, the Jotuns, Thursi, Vani, Alfi, and Asi, see notes on the Song of Thrym.

† *Scosveinn*, literally shoe-swain. ‡ Scada was the wife of Niorder.

" Thy sorrows deem not I so great,
" That thou the tale shouldst not relate.
" Together sported we in youth,
" And well may trust each other's truth." *(Freyr sung.)*
" In Gymer's court I saw her move,
" The maid, who fires my breast with love.
" Her snow-white arms and bosom fair
" Shone lovely, kindling sea and air.
" Dear is she to my wishes more
" Than ere was maid to youth before:
" But *Gods and Elfs, I wot it well,
" Forbid, that we together dwell." *(Skirner sung.)*
" Give me that horse of wonderous breed
" To cross the nightly flame† with speed;
" And that self-brandish'd sword to smite
" The giant race with strange affright." *(Freyr sung.)*
" To thee I give this wonderous steed
" To pass the watchful fire with speed;
" And this, which borne by valiant wight
" Self-brandish'd will his foemen smite." *(Skirner addressed his horse.)* " Dark night is spread; 'tis time, I trow,
" To climb the mountains hoar with snow.
" Both shall return, or both remain
" In durance by the giant ta'en."

Skirner rode into Jotunheim to the court of Gymer: furious dogs were tied there before the door of the wooden enclosure, which surrounded Gerda's bower. He rode towards a shepherd, who was sitting on a mound, and addressed him:

---

* Asi and Alfi. † The bower of Gerda was surrounded with fire, like that of Brynhilda, whose history is related at length in the notes.

" Shepherd, who sittest on the mound,
" And turn'st thy watchful eyes around,
" How may I lull these bloodhounds, say!
" How speak unharm'd with Gymer's may*!" *(The Shepherd sung.)* " Whence, and what art thou? doom'd to die,
" Or dead revisitest the sky?
" For ride by night, or ride by day,
" Thou ne'er shalt come to Gymer's may." *(Skirner sung.)*
" I grieve not, I: a better part
" Fits him, who boasts a ready heart.
" At hour of birth our lives were shaped;
" The doom of fate can ne'er be scaped." *(Gerda sung.)*
" What sounds unknown mine ears invade,
" Frighting this mansion's peaceful shade?
" The earth's foundation rocks withal,
" And trembling shakes all Gymer's hall." *(The Attendant sung.)* " Dismounted stands a warrior sheen;
" His courser crops the herbage green." *(Gerda sung.)*
" Haste, bid him to my bower with speed,
" To quaff unmix'd the pleasant mead:
" And good betide us!† for I fear
" My brother's murderer is near.
" What art thou? Elf, or of Asian tongue?
" Or from the wiser Vanians sprung?
" To seek the bower where I am biding
" O'er flames alone why comest thou riding?" *(Skirner sung.)*
" Nor Elf am I, nor of Asian tongue;
" Nor from the wiser Vanians sprung:

---

* *May*, maid.

† The duties of hospitality were held so sacred amongst the northern nations, that Gerda would not refuse admittance to Skirner, though she imagined him to be her greatest enemy.

" Yet o'er the bickering flames I rode
" Alone to visit thine abode.
" Eleven apples here I hold,
" Gerda, for thee, of purest gold;
" Let this fair gift thy bosom move
" To grant young Freyr thy precious love." *(Gerda sung.)*
" Eleven apples take not I
" From man, as price of chastity!
" While life remains, no tongue shall tell,
" That Freyr and I together dwell." *(Skirner sung.)*
" Gerda, for thee this wonderous ring
" Burnt on young Balder's pile I bring.
" On each ninth night shall other eight
" Drop from it, all of equal weight." *(Gerda sung.)*
" I take not, I, that wonderous ring,
" Though it from Balder's pile you bring.
" Gold lack not I in Gymer's bower;
" Enough for me my father's dower." *(Skirner sung.)*
" Behold this bright and slender blade
" Unsheath'd and glittering in my hand;
" Deny not, maiden! lest thine head
" Be sever'd by the trenchant blade." *(Gerda sung.)*
" Gerda will ne'er by force be led
" To grace a conqueror's hateful bed:
" But this, I trow, with main and might
" Gymer shall meet thy boast in fight." *(Skirner sung.)*
" Behold this bright and slender brand
" Unsheath'd, and glittering in my hand!
" Slain by its edge thy sire shall lie;
" That giant old is doom'd to die.
" E'en as I list, the magic wand
" Shall tame thee! Lo, with charmed hand

" I touch thee, Maid, there shalt thou go,
" Where never man shall learn thy wo.
" On some high pointed rock forlorn
" Like eagle* shalt thou sit at morn;
" Turn from the world's all-cheering light,
" And seek the deep abyss of night:
" Food shall to thee more loathly shew,
" Than slimy † serpent creeping slow.
" When forth thou comest, a hideous sight,
" Each wondering eye shall stare with fright.
" By all observed, yet sad and lone;
" 'Mongst shivering ‡Thursians wider known,
" Than him, who sits unmoved on high
" The §Guard of heaven with sleepless eye.
" Mid charms, and chains, and restless wo,
" Thy tears with double grief shall flow.
" Now seat thee, Maid, while I declare
" Thy tide of sorrow and despair.
" Thy bower shall be some Giant's cell,
" Where phantoms pale shall with thee dwell.
" Each day to the cold Thursian's hall
" Comfortless, wretched, shalt thou crawl;
" Instead of joy and pleasure gay
" Sorrow and tears and sad dismay;
" With some three-headed Thursian wed,
" Or pine upon a lonely bed.

* Eagles are said to sit without moving for a long time upon some high eminence in the morning.

† Perhaps alluding to the serpent of Midgard in the Icelandic Mythology.

‡ *Hrim-thursar*. *Hrim* (*Anglicé rime*) was spoken with a guttural aspiration; and probably *Crim-tartary*, the former seat of the Asi, was so called from its cold

§ Heimdallar. See above, p. 136.

" From morn till morn love's secret fire
" Shall gnaw thine heart with vain desire;
" Like barren root of thistle pent
" In some high ruin'd battlement.
" O'er shady hill, through greenwood round,
" I sought this wand; the wand I found.
" Odin is wroth, and mighty Thor;
" E'en Freyr shall now thy name abhor.
" But ere o'er thine ill-fated head
" The last dread curse of Heaven be spread,
" Giants and Thursians far and near,
" Suttungur's *sons, and Asians, hear,
" How I forbid with fatal ban
" This maid the joys, the fruit, of man!
" Cold Grimmer is that giant hight,
" Who thee shall hold in realms of night;
" Where slaves in cups of twisted roots
" Shall bring foul beverage from the goats:
" Nor sweeter draught, nor blither fare,
" Shalt thou, sad Virgin, ever share.

---

* Suttungur, the son of Gilling, was a giant, and possessed the liquor of poetry, which he had gained from the dwarfs. It is related in the Edda, (*Resenius's edition, c. 60. &c.*) that the Asi and Vani, having been long at war, made peace, and spit into a vase. From this the Gods formed Kuaser, a person of exceeding learning; and the Dwarfs mixed his blood with honey, and so made the liquor of poetry. If the Vani were a Grecian Colony, this fable seems to imply, that both the learning and the poetry of the North was partly of Greek origin. Odin, under the feigned name of Bolverk, entered into the service of Bauge, brother of Suttungur, and drank up the liquor. A small quantity of it, which he spilt, was scattered amongst men. It is observable, that the name of *Suttungur*, from whom Odin gained this liquor, seems to denote, that he derived his poetry from the *Southern tongues*.

" 'Tis done ! I wind the mystic charm ;
" Thus, thus, I trace the giant form ;
" And three fell characters below,
" Fury, and Lust, and restless Wo.
" E'en as I wound, I straight unwind
" This fatal spell, if thou art kind." (*Gerda sung.*)
" Now hail, now hail, thou warrior bold !
" Take, take this cup of crystal cold,
" And quaff the pure metheglin old !
" Yet deem'd I ne'er, that love could bind
" To Vanian youth my hostile mind." (*Skirner sung.*)
" I turn not home to bower or hall,
" Till I have learnt mine errand all ;
" Where thou wilt yield the night of joy
" To brave Niorder's gallant boy." (*Gerda sung.*)
" Barri is hight the seat of love ;
" Nine nights elapsed, in that known grove
" Shall brave Niorder's gallant boy
" From Gerda take the kiss of joy."

Then rode Skirner home. Freyr stood forth and hailed him, and asked, what tidings.

" Speak, Skirner, speak, and tell with speed !
" Take not the harness from thy steed,
" Nor stir thy foot, till thou hast said,
" How fares my love with Gymer's maid !" (*Skirner sung.*)
" Barri is hight the seat of love ;
" Nine nights elapsed, in that known grove
" To brave Niorder's gallant boy
" Will Gerda yield the kiss of joy." (*Freyr sung.*)
" Long is one night, and longer twain ;
" But how for three endure my pain !
" A month of rapture sooner flies,
" Than half one night of wishful sighs."

THIRD SONG OF SIGURD.

From the old Icelandic in Sæmund's Edda.

1839.

Of yore from old Volsunger sprung
To Giuka's court came Sigurd young,
Famed for many a hero slain;
Faith he took of the brethren twain;
They pledged it fresh from the battle-plain.
A maid they offer'd with treasure of gold,
Gudruna, daughter of Giuka bold.
Long drank they and talk'd with cheerful tongue,
The sons of Giuka, and Sigurd young;
Till wooing they sought Brynhilda's abode,
And valiant Sigurd with them rode.
He might have won the beauteous bride,
And he might have had her, but fate denied.
Between himself and the lovely maid
Sigurd the Southron placed his blade,
Engraved with mystic signs, and bare;
He gave no kiss to that maiden rare.
The king of Huns in his lusty arms
Did not encircle Brynhilda's charms,
But, maid as she was, to Giuka's heir
He gave the lady fresh and fair;
And she unconscious of the stain;
Which was foredoom'd to prove her bane,

No disgrace had ever known
Upon her virgin honor thrown.
The grim fates wrought her mickle ill;
Out she sat in the evening still;
Loud she spoke, and plain she said,
" Blooming youth of Volsunger's race,
" Sigurd, I will thee embrace,
" Or lay my head with the speechless dead.
" I've said, but time will soon ensue,
" When I that spoken word shall rue;
" For he has fair Gudruna wed,
" And I am bound to Gunnar's bed.
" Foul fates are unto us ensuring
" Grievous woes and long-enduring."
Each eve she walks mid ice and frost,
Her heart by various passions toss'd,
While Gudruna retires to rest
On her husband's honor'd breast,
And wrapping the coverlid round her side
The Hunnish king fondles his beauteous bride.
" Joy has departed from him and me,
" Grim fury must my pleasure be !"
She gan from that anger be stirr'd to strife;
" Thou, Gunnar, shalt lose both dowry and wife.
" Prince, I will never have pleasure with thee,
" But to my kindred I will flee;
" There sitting dose my life away,
" If thou dost not king Sigurd slay,
" And prove thyself the best to-day.
" His son shall fare like Sigurd strong;
" The young wolf must not flourish long.

" Who, that spares a slain man's whelp,
" From his mercy gathers help?"
Wroth was Gunnar and distress'd;
All day he sat, and turn'd in his breast
What would be seemly and what best;
For well he knew that Sigurd's loss
Would be to him a heavy cross.
Equal and long was his mind's debate;
" I've never known, of old or late,
" A woman fly from her lands and state."
To secret counsel he bade send
Hagen, his best and trustiest friend.
" More lief is one alone to me
" Than all the maidens I can see,
" First of women fair and young,
" Brynhilda from great Budla sprung.
" Rather would I my life's blood give,
" Than lose that damsel's dower, and live.
" Would'st thou that a prince his wealth should tyne,
" Gold buried safe beneath the Rhine?"
To one thing Hagen made reply:
" We must not do* this, thou and I.
" Plighted faith and fealty given
" May not by the sword be riven.
" The world holds not a race so great,
" While four of us share the royal state;
" And that brave Hun, the army's lord
" Lives to wield his mighty sword.
" What league like ours upon the earth,
" If to five heroes we give birth,

* Namely, kill Sigurd.

" And our valiant issue rear
" Each fit to be his father's fere?
" Well I know whence evil springs,
" Brynhilda stirs the strife of kings.
" Rash and youngest, in this need,
" Guttormer must atchieve the deed.
" He from all sworn oaths is free,
" Oaths that fetter thee and me."
Soon they rouse that son of strife;
His sword is plunged in Sigurd's heart;
But, before he could depart,
That brave warrior took his life.
Hurl'd with might from Sigurd's bed
Quick the deadly message sped;
And, by the polish'd falchion slain,
The traitor tumbles cleft in twain;
Head and arms thrown forward fly,
Legs and body backward lie.
Softly by the hero's side
Slept the while his royal bride;
But, waken'd by the gory flood,
Found Sigurd floating in his blood.
His hands so heavily smote the bed,
That struggling he upraised his head.
" Wail not thus, Gudruna dear!
" Thy brothers, youthful bride, are near.
" All too young an heir have I,
" Who cannot from his foemen fly.
" They have newly for his bane
" Keen and savage counsels ta'en.
" Should'st thou other seven bear,
" Sister's son like him will ne'er

" Ride with them, where warriors* meeting
" Give each brave man worthy greeting.
" Well I know whence mischief springs,
" Brynhilda all this evil brings.
" Tho' the maiden's love I won,
" Ill to Gunnar wrought I none.
" Sworn oaths I kept as me beseem'd,
" But I thenceforth her friend was deem'd."
Gudruna sigh'd, and the hero died;
Her hands so heavily smote her side,
That the grey geese hiss'd as they cropp'd the blade,
And every horse in the stables neigh'd.
Once, and but once, laugh'd Budla's daughter
With all her heart at that deed of slaughter;
When loud and shrill, as she lay on her bed,
She heard Gudruna's wail for the dead.
Then Gunnar, chief of chieftains, said;
" Thou laughest not, fierce heart and head,
" Here in thy bower for any good
" To thee or thine! Why flies the blood
" Leaving thy cheek so deadly wan,
" All its wonted color gone?
" Ill contriver, thou art fey!
" Woman born in evil day,
" Thou deservest this outright,
" We should straightways in thy sight
" Attila thy brother slay!
" Thou thy kinsman's gore should'st see,
" And his wounds be bound by thee!"

* To the national convention, " at thingi.'

Brynhilda spoke from Budla sprung;
" Enough; dread thou no railer's tongue!
" 'Tis done; but Attila the great
" Little fears your threats or hate.
" He shall live, when ye shall fall,
" And his strength surpass ye all.
" I will tell, what well you know,
" And your early treason shew.
" Too young for bridal rites, aloof
" I dwelt beneath my brother's roof,
" And from unkind compulsion free
" I had ample wealth and fee.
" None might have me with my will,
" Sons of Giuka, till ye came
" To the place of my abiding,
" Three, on gallant coursers riding.
" That fell journey boded ill,
" Wrought me mickle grief and shame.
" I pledged my virgin promise then
" To the glorious king of men,
" Him who rode on Grana bold,
" Rich in treasure, sheath'd in gold.
" Not like yours his glancing eye,
" Not his port, and bearing high;
" Tho' ye think and boasted then
" That ye three were kings of men.
" In secret this to me alone
" My brother Attila had shewn,
" He would not give me stock or stone,
" Share of gold and father's fee,
" Which was due from him to me,

" Unless I gave, however loth,
" To man myself and plighted troth.
" My mind was troubled sore and long,
" Whether, for my brother's wrong,
" I should smite and I should slay,
" Or abide the bridal day;
" If I buckled coat of mail,
" Many would have cause to wail.
" I gave me then to have and hold
" To that warrior rich in gold,
" And took the ruddy rings, of yore
" Which his father Sigmund wore.
" Loving only Sigmund's son
" Gold from others would I none;
" Various husbands suit not me,
" Virgin love is not so free.
" Attila shall learn too late,
" When he hears a sister's fate,
" That no other wife should hold
" Him to me betroth'd of old.
" Then, O then, shall vengeance be
" For the wrongs atchieved on me."
Gunnar uprose, the army's lord,
And threw his hands round the neck of his wife;
Many drew nigh, with various word
Suing the queen to spare her life.
When she beheld the menial pack,
From her neck she flung her husband aback.
She let not his weeping her feet delay,
From treading the last and longsome way.
Hagen he bade to counsel call;
" Come to this chamber, and enter all!

" While still she has life, and still she has breath,
" To stay her from the journey of death,
" Ere worse ensue from words of ill;
" Then must fate atchieve its will."
Secret answer Hagen gave;
" Let none stay her, none detain!
" Stop not her journey to the grave,
" From which she ne'er shall rise again!
" Doom'd to evil and mishap
" Came she on her mother's lap;
" In hour accurst, on luckless morn,
" To be the bane of many, born."
Mean-hearted Gunnar turn'd himself
To see her lavishing all her pelf;
Many a maid and many a slave
Were crowding, and gathering what she gave.
She donn'd her hauberk on evil bent,
Ere thro' her body her sword was sent;
Across the pillow she cast her then
Pondering all she had wrought amongst men.
" All, who wish for gold draw nigh!
" Take small gifts before I die!
" Each a signet chased in gold,
" Or an embroider'd veil shall hold,
" Weeds of purest white to wear,
" Or coverlid of beauty rare."
All were mute with bodings grave,
All together answer gave.
" Poverty befits our state,
" Striving well to work or wait."
When from musing she awoke,
Clad in linen and young she spoke.

" Tho' niggardly* and loth he be,
" I would not my lord should lose life for me;
" But hereafter less of gold,
" Coin'd by Menia's† hand of old,
" Shall be laid upon the pyre,
" Where your bones will burn with fire,
" When you tread the longsome road
" At last to visit my abode.
" Seat thee, Gunnar, while I speak!
" Thy beauteous bride lies shent and weak;
" But tho' death weighs down my soul,
" Thy vessel floats not sound and whole.
" Sooner than thou think'st to hear
" Gudruna's wrath shall pass away.
" A sad memorial shall she bear
" Of her lord whom thou didst slay,

* I. e. My giving away the gold which he grudges, and my causing him to kill Sigurd will not occasion his death, but the gold he is hoarding will. These lines and the following in the Icelandic are very obscure; literally, " I will not an unwilling nor hard-to-obtain-a-boon-from husband to lose age (i. e. life) for our sake, i. e. on my account." The editor thinks it means " I dislike a husband unwilling to let *me* lose my life for such a cause as mine;" but the next lines will not hinge on with that interpretation; and the last of the two lines is repeated in st. 58, where it evidently refers to the loss of the other person's life, not her own. The sense appears to me to be " Tho' I see Gunnar is vexed at the presents I am making, I do not wish him any mortal ill, but rather the reverse, tho' there will be less gold to adorn his funeral in consequence of my largesses." Gunnar's avarice is manifest throughout, and it appears by Atla Quida, st. 24, that Attila killed him and Hagen, because they would not disclose the place of concealment of their gold under the Rhine.

† There is an old legend of gold pounded by Menia, whose name has the same root as money and mint.

" Famed Svanhilda, bright and fair
" As the purest light of day.
" Baneful to many by edge of the sword
" Gudrune must be yoked to another lord;
" To please herself she may not wed,
" Attila must share her bed,
" Brother mine, of Budla bred.
" Much I have and sore to say,
" (But life is fleeting fast away)
" How bitterly I was deceived,
" How, while life lasted, I was grieved.
" Attila shall stay thy wooing
" While Oddruna's charms pursuing;
" Then seduced by thine entreating
" She shall stoop to secret meeting,
" And shall yield thee the delight
" That springs from love of maiden bright,
" As I had done, if joyous fate
" Had smiled upon our nuptial state.
" Sore shall Attila some day
" Thy passion for that maid repay;
" In the strait chamber thou shalt lie,
" And by ruthless adders die;
" But he his doom full soon shall *dree,
" Lose weal and life, and cease to be.
" For grim in his bed Gudrune doth lie,
" Her sword is sharp, and her anger high.
" Better beseem'd thee,† sister brave,
" Have follow'd thy first lord to his grave,
" Having the pride of a royal line,
" Counsel good, and spirit like mine!

* Suffer or endure.

† That is sister in law.

" Late I speak; that vengeful* wife
" Thro' me will not be reft of life;
" The heaving sea† shall carry her
" Unto the realm of Jonacre.
" Wavering counsel‡ and brothers' strife
" Shall cause their offspring to lose life.
" Fair Svanhilda she must wed
" (Sigurd's child) to a foreign bed;
" Bicker's counsels do her wrong;
" Hermanric, thou livest too long!
" Sprung from Sigurd none remain;
" Greater is Gudruna's pain.
" Husband, one boon I ask of thee,
" The last which shall be craved by me.
" So broad a structure from the ground
" Raise thou, that ample space be found,
" Space for every one that dies
" To grace great Sigurd's obsequies.
" Veils and bucklers let them bear
" To strew thereon, and vestments rare,
" Broider'd robes, and a chosen train
" Of men and women fitly slain;

* It means her death will not be amongst the consequences of my causing the death of Sigurd.

† Attila having killed her brothers, she murdered him and her children by him; and, having tried to drown herself, was washed by the sea to the kingdom of Jonacre, who married her. Thus she did not die in consequence of the Burgundian disputes.

‡ Bicker having roused the jealousy of Hermanric by his insinuations, he trampled to death his wife Svanhilda with horses, and was himself maimed by the sons of Gudruna and Jonacre, and his hands and feet were cut off: but they hesitated long, before they attacked him and quarrelled. Erpur was killed by his two brothers on the way, and they fell in the attack upon Hermanric.

" And burn the glorious Hun by the side
" Of me, his first betrothed bride.
" Burn on the other side of the king
" My slaves bedeck'd with jewel and ring!
" Two slaves and two hawks at the brave man's head,
" So shall we honor the mighty dead!
" But between us be there laid
" The sharp and gold-adorned blade,
" As when, bride and bridegroom hight,
" First we shared one couch at night.
" On his heel, when he enters the bless'd Valhall,
" The glittering portals shall not fall;
" For wide the bright doors with the golden ring
" Must gape to receive my following.
" I will attend him with princely state,
" Maidens five, and noble men eight;
" My foster-brother must follow his fate;
" And gold be strewn upon his grave
" Which Budla to his daughter gave.
" Much have I told, and more would teach,
" If the keen sword permitted speech.
" My voice is failing, my wounds swell;
" Truth only spake I; now farewell."

BRYNHILDA'S RIDE TO HELL.*

From the old Icelandic in Sæmund's Edda, MS.

1805.

AFTER the death of Brynhilda two funeral piles were constructed; one for Sigurd, and that was burnt first; but Brynhilda was burnt on the other, and she was borne on a vehicle tented with precious cloth. It is said, that Brynhilda went in this vehicle along the road to Hell, and passed by a habitation, where dwelt a certain giantess. The giantess sung.

" Hence avaunt! nor dare invade
" This pillar'd mansion's rocky shade!
" Better at home thy needle ply,
" Than thus our† secret dwelling spy;
" O faithless head of Valland's‡ race,
" Darest thou approach this charmed place?
" Many a wolf,§ that howl'd for food,
" Thou didst sate with human blood!" *(Brynhilda sung.)*

* Helveg, the road to Hell; or perhaps it only means *the funereal road.* I have subjoined an account of the history of Brynhilda, without which the verses will not be easily understood.

† Than visit the husband of another.—*Printed Edda.* This may be rendered,—Better to broider at home or spin,
Than with another's husband sin!

‡ " Valland; Gallia occidentalis et maritima plerumque hôc significatur in historiis Arctois." *M.S. Lex.*—" Vallir; Galli, ejusque regionis incolæ." *Ib.*

§ According to the reading adopted in the printed Edda;
Guardian of gold, if thou wouldst ken,
Thou hast wash'd from thy hands the blood of men

" Maid of the rock, upbraid not me,
" Though pirate-like I ploughed the sea!
" Those, who kenn'd my early merit,
" Shall ever praise my lofty spirit." *(Giantess sung.)*
" I know thee well, ill-fated dame!
" Budla thy sire, Brynhild thy name!
" Thou didst Giuka's race destroy,
" And turn to plaint his kingdom's joy!" *(Brynhilda sung.)*
" Hateful head, if thou wouldst know,
" I will tell my tale of wo;
" How the heirs of Giuka's realm
" Did my perjured love o'erwhelm.
" Beneath an oak* by mournful spell
" The angry monarch† garr'd me dwell.
" Twelve years‡ I counted and no more,
" When faith to Sigurd young I swore.
" Mongst Hlyndale's warriors was I hight
" Hilda clad in helmet bright.
" Helmgunnar old this arm did fell;
" This falchion sent his soul to hell:
" Glory I gave Audbrodur young;
" But Odin's wrath wax'd fierce and strong.
" His powerful wand my senses bound,
" And burnish'd shields were piled around;

* According to the reading in the printed Edda, "the high-minded king caused the garments of us eight sisters to be borne under an oak." The editor does not understand it, but it seems to me that it means, the angry king Odin stripped from the nine Valkyrie the winged garments which, as stated in Volundar Quida, enabled them to fly, and hung them on an oak tree.

† *Monarch.* Odin, or perhaps her father Budla.

‡ This alludes to her first interview with Sigurd.

" And he should break my sleep alone,
" Who ne'er the breath of fear had known.
" Southward, round my strange abode
" Flames, that feed on timber, glow'd;
" And none might pass, though wise and bold,
" Save who should ride with Fofner's gold.
" The generous lord stout Grana* bore,
" Whose might had won that precious store.
" My foster-father bade me wed
" The stranger to my lonely bed;
" And seem'd that youth alone more bold,
" Than all the chiefs, that Denmark told.
" Darkling we slept from eve till morn,
" As he had been my brother born;
" Eight nights the peaceful couch we shared,
" Nor hand was stirr'd, nor touch was dared.
" Yet hence did proud Gudruna say,
" In Sigurd's arms Brynhilda lay:
" This well I wot, Brynhilda ne'er
" Would brook their foul disloyal snare.
" Women and men were born in strife
" To spend the anxious hours of life;
" Now, join'd by death's all-healing pow'r,
" Sigurd and I shall part no more.—
" Giantess, avaunt!".....

" *After this* (says Norna Gests Saga) *the giantess howled frightfully, and rushed into the caverns of the mountain.*"

---

* Grana was the horse of Sigurd, who slew Fofner.

NOTES.

THESE verses are imperfectly quoted from the Edda in Norna Gests Saga; c. 8. where v. 25 and 26 are omitted.

Heto mic allir i Hlyndaulom
Hildr undir hialmi, hverr er kunni.

The MS. in the museum varies also in several lines, some of which are evidently corrupt: for instance, instead of *Fafnisdynu, the pillow of Fofner*, the MS. gives *Gull tha er und Fafni la, the gold that lay under Fofner*; which is clearly an explanation, that has crept into the text.

The verses in Norna Gests Saga are prefaced by the following introduction.—"When Brynhilda was carried out to be burnt, she was borne near some rocks. A giantess dwelt there; her complexion was swarthy, and she was standing in a skin garment before the entrance of a cave. In her hand she held a long wand, and she said: *This will I add to thy pile, Brynhilda; and it had been better, thou hadst been burnt alive for thy foul deeds, who didst let slay Sigurd Fafnisbana, a man so illustrious. Often was I propitious to him, and therefore will I sing vengeful words against thee, that thou mayst become more hateful to all, who shall hear what is said of thee.* After that Brynhilda and the giantess began to utter incantations against each other."

The tragic history of Sigurd and Brynhilda (properly Brynhildr) is told at length in the tragic part of Sæmund's Edda, and in Volsunga Saga; from which I have abridged an account, which will be sufficient to make these stanzas intelligible.

Sigurd, son of Hiordys and king of Sigmund, was educated, according to the old Northern custom, by his foster-father, whose name was Reigin. The father of Reigin had possessed a ring and a wonderous store of gold, which Odin had taken from the dwarf Andvare, who had foretold that it would prove the bane of all, who should acquire it. Fofner, the brother of Reigin, slew his father, and took possession of all that treasure. It is said in Volsunga Saga, that "after that he became so savage, that he kept aloof, and suffered none but himself to enjoy his wealth; and that he became at last the worst of

serpents, and lay upon the treasure." Much has been said, and many ingenious suggestions have been advanced, concerning the dragons of fabulous history, who watched over treasures and imprisoned damsels. It appears in Volsunga Saga, that it was a figurative expression; for Reigin says therein to Sigurd, speaking of his brother Fofner, "*Thad er ecke voxtur epter hætte lingorma, og er giort af miklu meirra en er,*" *i. e.* He is not actually shaped after the fashion of a snake, and much more hath been made of this, than is true." Sigurd bore the device of a serpent upon his shield, after he had slain this Fofner; to which he was excited by Reigin, who had been defrauded of his share in his father's treasure. After the performance of this feat, which procured him the surname of Fafnisbana, he slew Reigin also, who had incurred his suspicion, and took possession of all Fofner's gold. Then stretching, southward towards the French frontier, he arrived at the mountain called Hindarfiall; and there he beheld a great light, as of flaming fire, which blazed even to the heavens: and when he reached it, he saw a fortification of shields, and above a standard; and a warrior lay within in complete armour. First he took off the helmet; and saw that it was a woman, clothed in a coat of mail, that adhered even to her skin. Sigurd rent the mail from head to foot, as if it had been a garment; and said that she had slept long enough. "Who is this," (replied she) "of might sufficient to rend my armour, and to break my sleep? Art thou Sigurd Sigmundsson, and bearest the helmet of Fofner, and the sword which slew him?" Sigurd replied, "I am of the race of Volsung; and this have I done, for that I heard thou wert a rich princess, excelling in beauty and in wisdom, and that would I certify." Brynhilda answered, "Two kings contended, one hight Hialmgunnar, and he was old, but of mickle might, and Odin had promised him the victory; the other was Agnar or Audbrother: and I felled Hialmgunnar in fight; but Odin struck my head with the sleepy-thorn, and said I should never be again victorious, and should be hereafter wedded; but I vowed strongly against him, never to be wedded to any man who could fear." After this Brynhilda, who was deeply skilled in incantations, conversed with Sigurd on mystic and moral lore, and displayed great wisdom: and Sigurd said, "No wiser woman have I beheld, and thee I swear to marry, even if I might chuse amongst all mankind;" and they both pledged their faith. Then Sigurd rode away; his shield was manyfold, and burnished with ruddy gold; a dragon was graven on it, dark brown above, and of brilliant red below; and even so was his helmet, and saddle, and furniture. His breastplate was golden, and all

his armour studded with gold. He is said to have excelled all men in courtesy and valor, in symmetry of stature, in active exercises, in eloquence and wisdom: therefore, saith Volsunga Saga, his name is celebrated in every language north of the Grecian sea, and so it will be, as long as the world shall last. Sigurd rode, till he arrived at a large town, where lived a prince named Heimer, who was married to the sister of Brynhilda. There was he cordially received by them and their son Alsvidur, and deposited all his treasure. Meanwhile Brynhilda had returned to the court of Heimer, and dwelt apart amongst her virgins, excelling all women in works of art. She broidered in gold the mighty deeds of Sigurd, the slaughter of the serpent, the rape of his treasure, and the death of Reigin. It chanced one day, that Sigurd rode into the forest with hound and hawk, and much attendance; and, ere he returned, his hawk flew up to a tower, and perched in a small window. Sigurd pursued his bird, and entered the abode of Brynhilda, where he beheld a maid of exceeding beauty, and much was he smitten with her person and her handy work. And when Sigurd came to hall, he would converse with no man; and Alsvidur questioned him courteously touching his sadness; and Sigurd answered "Good, my friends, hear why I am thoughtful. My hawk flew into a tower; and, as I would take him, I beheld a lovely woman; and she was broidering with gold the feats, which I have performed." Alsvidur replied, "Thou sawest Brynhilda, the daughter of Budla; and she is famous in war: but take not thou thought of her, for no man would she ever suffer near her, nor pour out the wine for any one." Sigurd said, that he preferred her to all women, and that he should try, whether she would deny him. The next day went Sigurd to Brynhilda, and she received him in a rich apartment; it was hung with the costliest cloths, and the floor was carpeted; and she held a golden cup, and bade him drink. Sigurd took her by the hand, and seated her by his side and kissed her, saying, "No woman was ever born so lovely; and that will be the best of days, when we shall be united." Brynhilda replied, that she was destined to pass her life in warfare, and that he must espouse Gudruna, the daughter of Giuka. But Sigurd swore by the Gods, that he would marry her or no one: and she pledged herself likewise unto Sigurd; and he gave her the golden ring of Andvare. And it came to pass, that Sigurd went to the court of Giuka, bearing with him all his wealth; and the wife of Giuka thought to divert his love from Brynhilda, that he might

befallen her; and he said, "So must it be; the condition shall be fulfilled." Sigurd and the brothers returned to the court of Giuka; and after went king Budla, and his daughter, and his son Atla with a mighty retinue; and the nuptials were held with high solemnity. And when some days had passed. Sigurd recollected his oath to Brynhilda, but he held his peace: and Gunnar and Brynhilda dwelt together with good sport and banqueting.

It chanced one day, that Gudruna and Brynhilda went forth to bathe in the waters of the Rhine; and Brynhilda went into the deeper water, saying: "I will in nothing be equalled by thee; for my father was more powerful than thine, and my husband hath performed greater feats, and he rode through the burning fire, but thine was the servant of king *Hialfrec."—Gudruna answered wrathfully, "It savours not of wisdom to upbraid my husband, who is renowned as the first of men: and ill doth it become thee, since he lay with thee before thy husband; 'twas he slew Fofner, and rode through the flames, when thou didst think it had been Gunnar: and he slept with thee, and took the ring of Andvare, and here mayst thou behold it." Brynhilda saw the ring and knew it, and the paleness of death came over her; she returned home, and spake not a word during the evening. And Brynhilda fell sick, and kept her bed; which, when Gunnar heard, he went to her, and questioned her: but she answered him not, and lay as if she were dead. When he urged her more, she said: "What hast thou done with the ring I gave thee, which I received from my father Budla at our last parting, when thou didst come to him with king Giuka, and threaten fire and desolation, if ye obtained not me? After that he conversed with me, and asked which amongst ye I would chuse; but I offered to defend the country, and to lead a third of the army to battle. Two alternatives were proposed to me; to marry according to his will, or to lose his inheritance and friendship; and he said, that his friendship would be better than his wrath. I considered, that I was too weak to resist, and I engaged to marry him, who should ride the horse Grana with the gold of Fofner, and pass through the blazing fire, and slay those whom I named. Now did none, save Sigurd, dare to ride through the furnace; for he lacked not courage: he killed the serpent, and Reigin, and five other kings; but thou, Gunnar, wert pale, as a corse; and art neither king, nor warrior. And I vowed solemnly at home, to bestow my love on the most excellent alone, and that was

* Hialfrec married the mother of Sigurd, after his father's death.

Sigurd; now am I perjured, and therefore will I contrive his death."—Gunnar reproached her with the murder of those she had killed in battle; and she attempted to slay him, but Hogni prevented her: and after that she remained some days without food, and spoke to nobody. Then Sigurd went to Brynhilda, and said, "Awake, Brynhilda; the sun shines throughout the whole city, and thou hast slept enough. Cast aside thy sorrow, and be joyful."—"How darest thou" (replied Brynhilda) "visit me, since no man hath acted towards me more treacherously?"—"If thou deemest me hostile," (said Sigurd) "thy reason errs; the husband of thy choice is thine." "No," (answered she) "Gunnar rode not through the fire, and paid not to me the dower of slaughtered chiefs. I wondered at the man, who entered my apartment, and I thought that I recognised thine eyes; but I could not distinguish with certainty, on account of the covering, in which I was enveloped for my misfortune. But thou didst overthrow the serpent, and ride through the furnace, and not the son of Giuka; nor hath my soul ever smiled to Gunnar, but he hath been always hateful to me, though I concealed my disgust. Sigurd, I well remember the oaths, which we swore at Hinderfiall, but they are broken; and sooner would I perish now, than violate my faith to Gunnar. I chuse not two husbands in one abode, and never shall I be at rest, till the sword be reddened with thy blood." When Sigurd had departed, Brynhilda excited Gunnar to slay him, together with his child, protesting, that otherwise she would withdraw herself from his bed, and return to her own relations. And as she was the most beautiful of women, and Gunnar loved her passionately, he excited his brother Guttormur to perform the execrable deed; for as he and Hogni were the sworn companions of Sigurd, they dared not injure him. In the morning Guttormur entered the chamber of Sigurd, who was sleeping in the arms of Gudruna, and slew him; but Sigurd, waking with the deadly wound, smote Guttormur with his sword, and they both perished. Then Brynhilda ordered a great funeral pile to be constructed; and she placed herself on the pile with the dead bodies, and they were burnt together with five females and eight male slaves, whom her father had given her: for thus, she said, the obsequies of Sigurd would be fit and honorable.

V. 31. "*I Skatalundi.*" Peringskiöld in Norn. G. Saga translates it "Ille mihi *caput* soporiferâ hastâ percussit." In the MS. Skatalundi appears to be two words.—*Lundr* is a grove. The editors of the Edda

translate it *in the grove of the prince*, with a doubt whether it is not the name of a place.

V. 26. "*Hildi.*" "Brynhilldur for med hialm og *brinju*, og gieck ad vigum, og thvi var hun kollud Brynhilldur." i. e. "Brynhilda went with helmet and *coat of mail*, and sallied forth to war, and therefore was she called Bryn-hilda." *Volsunga Saga*, c. 32.

V. 47. "*Eight nights.*" The prose account says three nights.

THE SONG OF ATTILA.

From the old Icelandic in Sæmund's Edda.

1839.

1.

To Gunnar* king Attila sent of yore
A cunning wight to ride;
Knefraudur his name, and he quickly came
To Giuka's† palace and Gunnar's home,
Where the drink was sweet
And the benches iron-bound.

2.

The guards drank wine in the splendid hall,
They fear'd the wrath of the Hun;
Mute were the treacherous strangers all,
Till cold Knefraudur begun,
From the lofty bench
Where that Southron legate sat.

---

* Gunnar eldest son of Giuka. † Giuka king of Burgundy.

3.

" Attila hath sent me here ;
" Thro' dreary forests dark before me,
" Chafing his bit the hot horse bore me.
" I come to bid ye, Gunnar, hie
" With helms of iron sheen
" To take your seats in the abode
" Of Attila the Hun.

4.

" Shields shall he give you and trenchant swords,
" Helms ruddy with gold, and Huns full many,
" Silver housings with gilding gay,
" Hawberks the spear of the foe to stay,
" And steeds that champ the steel.

5.

" He'll give thee Gnita's ample moor,
" Singing spears and gilded prows,
" Dampi's towns and wealth in store,
" And all that forest stretching wide
" Which mortals Mirkwood call."

6.

Gunnar inclined his head, and thus to Hagen said :
" What counsel givest thou, brother young,
" Since such the legate's word ?
" Gold know I none on Gnita's moor
" Good as that we held before.

7.

" Seven halls are here with falchions stored,
" Each hath its hilt of gold, I trow ;
" My horse is the best, the sharpest my blade ;
" Bright, as the bench beneath, is my bow ;
" Mailcoats of gold and helmets I hold,

" And the whitest of shields from the hall of *Kiar.
" Better than this can a Hun bestow?" *(Hagen answers.)*

8.

" What thinkest thou the + bride's intending,
" A ring thus wrapp'd in a wolf's skin sending?
" A warning, I deem, of wo!
" His hair I have found, round the red metal bound;
" Our way is beset
" With treason, if we go."

9.

Kinsman none, nor neighbour any,
Prudent wight or counsellor,
Advice to Gunnar gave,
Nor they that wealthy were.
Then spake he, as beseem'd a king,
In that guest-chamber calm
With high o'erflowing soul.

10.

" Arise, Fiornir, deck the bowl!
" Let board and benches ring!
" For every guest in my hall
" Be a golden goblet borne by a thrall!

11.

" Many a fierce black-pelted ‡ bear
" The crops with plundering teeth shall tear;
" They shall give joy to the baying pack,

---

* Kiar was a prince in Valland near the Rhine. See the introduction to Volunder's song.

+ Their sister Gudruna married to Attila.

‡ Bears are very fond of attacking the unripe wheat, when the grain is milky. The editors were not aware of the fact. He probably meant the Huns.

" (Mark me, sage and bearded men!)
" If Gunnar comes not back."

12.

With vassals girt, a faithful band,
Forth issued from his princely court
The ruler of the land;
Sore they wail with bodeful dread
Of those strife-stirring Huns.
Then spake Hagen's youthful heir,
" Hale and hearty may ye fare,
" Whither-soe'er by courage led!"

13.

Swift-footed they made each vigorous steed
Champing the bit and chafing the rein,
O'er mountain and moorland speed;
Dark and unknown was the forest lone;
The whole Hunnish woodland quaked as they pass'd,
And over the green and shadowless plain
The warriors scudded fast.

14.

The land of Attila they spy
O'erbrow'd with towers profound;
Fierce soldiers stood on the rampart high
That girds the Southron host,
With *set beams round and circles bound,
White shields that stay the foeman's spear,

* Attila King of Huns, see p. 393. To what I have said therein, p. 388-9, concerning the concentric circles or rings of the Huns or Avars in the time of Charlemain, (which are probably identical with the Hunniwar mentioned by Jornandes, and the circular fortifications of Attila alluded to in this passage) should be added that Neugart (Episcopatus Constantinensis) states that Thurgovia, which is part of the diocese of Constance, was formerly called Pagus Turensis from the river

There in his* hall with royal state
Attila drank the sparkling wine;
The warders stout kept watch without,
Lest Gunnar's strength with clanging lance
Should wake the king to war.

15.

Their sister saw the twain draw near,
Soon as they trod the Hunnish floor;
Small strength had she quaff'd of the mantling beer.
" Thou, Gunnar, by treason art now foredone!
" How wilt thou cope with the treacherous Hun?
" Avoid the hall with speed!

16.

" Better, brother, have donn'd thy mail,
" Than helm'd thus visit the Hun's abode!
" Better have stoutly ridden all day,
" And made the fates† wail o'er corses pale!

17.

" Better have scathed each warlike maid,
" That handles Hunnish shield and blade,
" Vanquish'd Attila confining
" In the vault where snakes are twining!
" Now the loathsome vipers' cave
" Is prepared to be thy grave." *(Gunnar answers.)*

Tura, which flows through it from the neighbourhood of St. Gall. Castrum Turonicum was therefore a fort in Thurgovia. St. Gall itself is about 18, and the nearest point on the Thur about 7 or 8, British miles from Constance as the crow flies. In setting the distance between the two outer circles, at 16 miles, (p. 390), whilst ignorant of the situation of Castrum Turonicum, I was therefore within the possible range of the true distance, though 10 or 12 would be probably nearer to it.

* Valhall.

† Understood to be the special fates or spirits attending on individuals.

18.

" All too late I deem it, sister,
" Nibelungian force to muster;
" Long and weary is the way
" O'er each swampy Rhenish fell,
" Where my trusty vassals dwell."

19.

Gunnar is seized, and, taken alive,
Him those friends* of Burgundy gyve.

20.

Hagen slew seven with trenchant sword,
The eighth in the fire he throws;
Thus it beseems a valorous lord
To quit him of his foes.

21.

For Gunnar's weal strove Hagen bold;
They ask'd the king to redeem his life
With Nibelungian gold.

22.

" Not, tho' Hagen's heart were lying
" Hot and bloody in my hand,
" Hewn by the blade of some strong Hun
" From the living breast of that king's-son!"

23.

They cut the heart from Hialler's breast,
And, on a bloody platter placed,
They gave it straight to Gunnar.

24.

Then quoth Gunnar lord of men;
" This is the heart of base Hialler,

* Huns, who professed friendship.

" Not like that which Hagen bore;
" Much it trembles on the platter,
" In his breast it trembled more."

25.

Hagen stout, the helmet-forger,*
Smiled as they cut his heart to the quick,
Small thought had he of wailing;
All bloody from his breast they tore it,
And on a plate to Gunnar bore it.

26.

Then serene quoth Gunnar, lord
Of many a Nibelungian spear;
" I hold the heart of Hagen here,
" Not like that of base Hialler;
" Little quakes it on the platter,
" In his breast it quaked not so.

27.

" From the sight of mortals parted,
" Darkling lie, thou† greedy-hearted;
" Darkness so from thee for ever,
" Attila, my wealth shall sever!
" To me of living wights alone
" The Nibelungian hoard is known;
" Hagen lies shent of life.

28.

" While both were living, I had doubts;
" Sole survivor I have none.
" Lordly Rhine, thy bed shall hold
" All my conflict-stirring gold!

* Scandinavian warriors learned to forge their own accoutrements. Harald the Hardy boasts of his skill at the forge.

† Attila.

" Gods, with thee, alone shall know
" The wealth, o'er which thy waters flow !

29.

" Better beneath the rolling stream
" My rings of precious gold shall gleam,
" Than placed upon the hated hands
" Of the sons of Hunnish lands !
" This * way bend the wheeled car !"
The captured chief is bound.

30.

King Attila went forth
With steeds that shook the plain,
(By his princely † bride to the twain allied)
Begirt with bristling spears;
The while in that tumultuous hall
Gudruna strove, but strove in vain,
To quench the springing tears.

31.

" So fare thou, Attila," quoth she,
" As thou the oaths hast truly held,
" Sworn oft to Gunnar loud and free,
" By the bright sun southward marching,
" By the war-god's high abode,
" By the brilliant ring of Ullar,‡
" By the bed of rest and ease !"
But all the more,
Where the warrior told,
Shaking his bit the hot horse bore
The hoarder of gold.

* This line is either an exclamation of Attila, ordering him to be led to execution, or his own expression of his readiness to undergo his fate.

† Allied to the Burgundians by marriage with their sister.

‡ A name for Odin.

32.

The many placed the chief alive
In that dread hall where serpents crawl,
But he with lofty spirit made
The pedal harp resound;
The stricken chords rang loud and clear.
So it beseems a warrior bold,
Who flings around his largesse free,
With strength to hold his treasured gold
From him who strives for mastery.

33.

Attila back to his palace with speed
Let gallop his iron-biting steed,
From the chamber of Gunnar's death;
Loud the thronging horse-heels rang,
And loud of clashing arms the clang,
When they came from the dreary heath.

34.

To meet the king his royal dame
Holding a golden chalice came,
And did him service due!
"Monarch, in thine hall glad-hearted
"From Gudruna's hand * receive
"The arms of the departed!"

35.

Surcharged with wine the goblets groan'd,
When the Huns were gather'd in Attila's hall;
Long-bearded chiefs of many a race
Enter'd there, and took their place.

* It is understood that she presented to him on his return the swords which had been taken from the Burgundian princes.

36.

Stately stept the matron bright;
Liquor frothing high she bore them;
Strange her aspect seem'd, and loath
She placed the festive meal before them;
Then with outrage gan she speak
To the king of sallow cheek.

37.

" Sword-distributor, the flesh
" Of thy sons thy teeth are tearing!
" Honey-season'd they, and fresh
" From the bloody stroke of death!
" Mighty one, in thy festive hour
" Seated in the highest place,
" Human flesh, quoth I, devour,
" And send it round the dais!

38.

" Thou hereafter shalt not call
" Erp* or Eitill to thy hall,
" Blythe to taste the cup of beer!
" Nor see them from the middle seat
" Amongst thy vassals scatter gold,
" Nor fit the handle to the spear,
" Nor trim the manes of coursers bold,
" Nor spur them o'er the plain."

39.

Strange noise along the benches ran;
Their robes were bright that festive day,
But from each vestment rich and gay
Burst forth the wail of a moaning man;

* His sons.

Sorely they moan'd for the youthful Huns.
Gudruna alone with a heart of stone
Neither wept, her tresses rending
For her brethren stout as bears,
Nor bewail'd the darling sons,
Whom to Attila she bore
Untaught and unoffending.

40.

Whiter than the cygnet's plume
Gold she gave to every slave,
Ruddy rings and vestments rare
To adorn her menial throng;
She let the fates tend to their dismal end,
And the pure metal freely go;
Little grudged that lady fair
Her treasures to bestow.

41.

The king of Huns had drunk his fill
And cast his sword behind:
He fear'd not from Gudruna's hand
The evil she design'd.
'Twas better when fond sport united
Their hearts in gentle mood,
And chieftains gather'd in the hall
The kiss of kindness view'd.

42.

With deadly stroke and passion dire
She let the falchion drink his blood,
Then loosed the watch-dogs all,
And roused the servile crew;
And she cast a torch of flaming fire
By the door of the royal hall.

For her brothers fiercely slain
Such vengeance hath a woman ta'en.

43.

She joy'd, as she gave all within to burn,
As many as thither had made return
From Gunnar's death on the mirky heath;
The store-chambers reek'd, the old timbers fell,
The king's bower flamed, and his maidens bright
Who wielded the shield on the field of fight,
Staid in the prime of their days,
Sank consumed in the fearful blaze.

44.

Enough! the tale is told!
Ne'er again shall mailed bride
So avenge her brothers slain!
Three * kings' lives were fiercely ta'en
By that fair one, ere she died!

VOLUNDER'S SONG.

1840.

This ode is improperly placed first in the volume of the Tragic Edda, for it refers (st. 13.) to the capture of the gold of Fafner on Gnita heath (see Gripis-spa, st. 11.) near the Rhine by Attila, (under the mystic name Sigurd) on his horse Grana, which is the subject of Fafnismal. Herein is a blending of some of the

* Attila and his two sons.

fundamental features of the Attilane legend with other circumstances, and a transfer of the scene of action to Sweden. The three Burgundian brothers are represented as Finns, but their Southern origin is manifest from their marrying two daughters of Hlaudve or Clodio, probably the well-known king of the Francs, and one of Kiar a Rhenish prince, and from the reproach cast upon Volunder (who here represents Gunnar the hoarder of the Nibelungian treasure) that the gold he possessed was not that which Attila had won from Fafner on Gnita heath, which, in Atla quida, st. 5, Attila offers to give to Gunnar. Volunder, like Gunnar, is taken treacherously and cast into a damp chamber on account of his gold, and the king who confines him is punished, as Attila is in the direct legend, by the murder of his two sons, and those sons are here called Huna, *Huns*, though the editor translates it boys, and their sculls overlaid with silver are sent to the father, as their flesh is served to him in the direct legend. Mirkwood, or the black forest, through which the maidens come to Wolfdale, is the name applied to the forest adjoining Burgundy in Atla quida. The falsehood of the location in Sweden is evident. As a further proof of the identity of Volunder and his brothers with the three Burgundian princes, Gunnar boasts to his brother in Atla quida that they have in the Burgundian palace "the whitest of shields from the hall of Kiar," who is the father of one of the brides in this tale. Volunder also, like Gunnar, has to wife for a time the all-wise Valkyrie, who may be identified by her qualities with Brynhilda, and he debauches the daughter of Niduder, as Gunnar does the sister of Attila, Odruna.

There is not a particle in the whole volume of the tragic part of the Edda of genuine Scandinavian story, but the whole is more or less intimately connected with Attila. The three next odes tell of the mighty Helgé and his Valkyrie bride, Svava or Sigruna, or Kara, for they both, she and Helgé, are three times revived or born again (epterborin) and she has a different name and parentage each time. In his last incarnation Helgé is the son of Sigmund, son of Volsunger, and therefore brother of Sigurd who has been shewn (*Attila*, p. 522.) to be Attila. But Helgé himself is said to be superior to all warriors (*Helgé quida*, 2. 36.), and in his second incarnation he is, like Sigurd, killed by the brother of his wife, (*Tragic Edda*, p. 98.) who comes and reports his death to Sigruna. In the first incarnation Helgé employs one Attila to obtain his wife for him, which is a confusion of the legend in which Attila as Sigurd obtains a wife for Gunnar. But when Helgé revived, as Sigmund's son, at the age of *one* day he stood in his armour. The resuscitations of Attila and Brynhilda under the names of Sigurd, Attila, Jonacre, Brynhilda, Grimilda or Gudruna, and Svanhilda, are exactly analogous to the reanimations of Helgé and his Valkyrie. Next follows Sinfiotl lok. Sinfiotl was eldest son of Sigmund, son of Volsunger. Sigmund had a wife *Borghilda* who had a brother named *Gunnar*. Sinfiotl slew Gunnar and Borghilda gives him poison. This is evidently a confused reminiscence of the Attilane tragedy. Sigmund is said to have lived long in Denmark and in the kingdom of Borghilda after he married her. He went into the South into Frankland, (France) to that kingdom which he possessed. Helgé and Sinfiotl

are not Scandinavians, but brothers of Attila, and of Sigmund elsewhere stated to be his father; but in truth all the three are persons coined out of the story of Attila himself, with a very confused locality, and probably a blending of ancient northern legends concerning other persons.

In Sigurdar quida, 1, 15, it is said that Brynhilda slept in the mountain in Hlyndale, (where Sigurd first visited her) after the death of Helgé, on which the editor observes, Helgé must have been some unknown warrior killed by her in Hialmgunnar's army; so blind are those, who are prejudiced by the desire of making out a true and consecutive history from these various pieces and fragments of romantic poetry. No person, who looks to the spirit of these poems, can fail to see that Brynhilda in Hlyndale is a fourth incarnation of the Valkyrie concerned in the death of Helgé Sigmundson, and is coupled again with Attila resuscitated as Sigurd Sigmundson.

VOLUNDER'S SONG.

From the old Icelandic in Sæmund's Edda.

Nidudr was the name of a king in Sweden. He had two sons and a daughter called Baudvildr. There were three sons of a Finnish king, Slagfidr, Egill, and Volundr; they skated and hunted wild beasts. They came into Ulfdal (Wolfdale), and made themselves a

dwelling. A lake is there, called Ulfsiar (Wolfsea). Early in the morning they found on the water-side three women who were spinning flax. Their * swan-forms lay beside them. They were Valkyries; two of them were daughters of king † Clodio (Hlaudvess). Hladgudur surnamed Svanvhita (Swan-white) and Hervor surnamed Alvitur (Allwise). The third was Aubrun daughter of Kiar from Valland (a part of France near the Rhine). The princes took them home; Egill had Aubrun, Slagfidr Svanvhit, and Volundr Alvitur. They dwelt there seven years, then flew away to seek warfare and returned not. Egill skated away to look for Aubrun, Slagfidr sought Svanvhit, but Volundr sat in Wolfdale. He was an artificer, as is known from old sagas. King Nidudr caused him to be seized, as is sung herein.

1.

Maids from the South thro' ‡ Mirkwood flew
To dree§ their fates; (young Alvitur was one)
They sat to rest upon ‖ Sœvar-strand;
The Southron virgins dear flax spun.

2.

One took Egill to embrace
Bright-bosom'd maiden with fair face;

* The plumage and wings of swans which they wore when they wished to fly. Women, who mixed in warfare and were supposed to have the power of flying through the air, were called Valkyries, though not actually the Valkyries of Odin.

† Hlaudve is unquestionably the same name as Clodio or Hlodio, Chlodovicus or Lodovicus, Clovis or Louis, and I entertain no doubt that Clodio king of the Francs is the person here meant, though it has not occurred to the publishers of the Edda.

‡ The Black forest or woody tract of Germany.

§ At dreya, to dree or drey, old English for to endure.

‖ The lake side.

Swanvhita was another's name,
Who array'd in swan-plumes came;
The third was fain her arms to throw
Round Volunder's neck of snow.

3.

After that seven years they sat,
The eighth they grew uneasy-hearted;
Each on the ninth from her lord departed.
Thro' the wide dark wood they wish'd to flee
(Young Alvitur was one) their fates to dree.

4.

Mirthsome shooters of the game
Turning homeward from the chase
Egill and Slagfider came;
They found their hall an empty space.
To seek the lost Aubruna then
Skating eastward Egill went;
On the search for Swanvhite fair
His steps Slagfider southward bent.

5.

Alone in Wolfdale sat Volunder;
Gems he chased in gold set under,
And together bound each ring
Safely with the *linden string.
There he sat, and so abided
His bright-bosom'd wife's return.

6.

Niduder king of Niari heard
How alone Volunder sat;
Forth fared his men by night;

* Made of the bark of the lime-tree.

Many a nail bedeck'd their mail,
And their shields shone bright
To the gleam of the horned moon.

7.

They sprang from their saddles beside the wall,
And entering paced the length of the hall.
They found the rings on the linden-string placed,
Seven hundred, all that man possess'd.

8.

They took them off, and they put them on,
But one they carried away;
The mirthsome shooter came from the chase,
Volunder, toiling the longsome way.

9.

Straight he came to the blazing flame,
To broil the steak of a bear;
The blowing wind had dried the rind
Of the logs Volunder bare.

10.

He sat on a bear-skin, and counted each ring;
One was miss'd by Alfheim's prince.
He thought that Clodio's child Alvitur
Return'd had made his treasure lighter.

11.

He sat there till he sank asleep,
But waking he had cause to weep;
Shackles on his hands he found,
And his feet with fetters bound.

12.

" Who are the gallants, that have laid
" Chains on the bearer of gold, and bound me?"
Niduder king of Niari said,

" Where gat'st thou, prince of Alfs, Volunder,
" Gold in Wolfsdale which is mine?

13.

" This never in Grana's* path did shine;
" I thought my lands far from the Rhenish fell;
" I had more gold, I remember well,
" When we were hale friends at home."

14. *(Volunder speaks.)*

" Hladguder and Hervor were Clodion's bairns,
" Aubruna was daughter of Kiar,
" Alvitur† stept the length of the hall,
" Mild of speech on the floor she stood.
" Ye will not find me a canny wight,
" If dragg'd from the blithe green-wood."

King Niduder gave the golden ring which he had taken from the string of Volunder to his daughter Baudvilder, but he himself bore the sword which Volunder had. But the queen sang:

15.

" He shew'd his teeth, as he spied the sword,
" And the ring of Baudvilda knew;
" The eyes are keen of that serpent sheen!
" Cut the strength of his sinews thro',
" And after place him in Sœvarstaud."

So it was done, that the sinews were cut in his hams, and he was placed in the island which was opposite the coast and called Sœvarstaud. There he forged the

---

* The horse of Sigurd (Attila), whereon he rode when he conquered Fofner and took his gold from the Gnita moor near the Rhine.

† She, in the original, but it refers to Hervor Alvitur, and not to Aubruna.

king all sorts of jewelry. No man dared go near him, but the king.

16. *(Volunder sang.)*

" The sword shines bright in Niduder's belt,
" Which I sharpen'd with mickle skill,
" And gave it temper rare;
" That sword from me for aye is ta'en,
" It comes not to my forge again.

17.

" I see Baudvilda my bride's ring wear,
" That loss I never shall repair."

18.

He sat there ever, and slumber'd never,
But with his hammer smote;
Yet liefer and briefer he
Wrought guile to Niari's king.
Two youths drew nigh to Volunder's door,
Sons of Niduder, in Scevarstaud.

19.

They came to the chest, and craved the key,
But evil, as they look in, thought he.
Rich things were there and precious to wear,
Which seem'd to the youths all ruddy with gold.

20.

" Come two alone! come another day,
" To share that golden gear;
" But say not ye to man or *may,
" Ye found Volunder here!"

21.

Quickly one address'd the other,
Brother thus bespoke his brother,

* Maid.

"Let us look at the forger's rings."
They came to the chest, and craved the key,
But evil, as they look'd in, thought he.

22.

Off *their heads were lopt by Volunder,
He laid their feet the damp floor under;
He stripp'd the scalp from each hairy head,
And to Niduder sent the sculls
With silver plate o'erlaid.

23.

Bright gems he fashion'd from their eyes,
And gave them to the cunning queen;
And of their teeth made broaches sheen
To deck Baudvilda's breast.

24.

Baudvilda prized the ring, and wore it,
Broken to Volunder bore it.
"I do not dare this ring to bear
"To any wight save thee."

25. (*Volunder sang.*)

"I will so the breach repair,
"Thy sire shall reckon thee more fair,
"Thee thy mother better deem,
"Thou preserve thine own esteem."

26.

He brought the damsel beer,
For deeper thoughts had he:
She sank upon the seat,
And soundly slumber'd she.

---

* Hunu translated by the editors "of the *youths*, but otherwise *Huns*." The word certainly means Huns; the other sense is questionable.

" Now is ample vengeance done
" For all my grievous wrongs, save one.

27.

" Would I could stand on my feet," he cried,
" Which the thralls of Niduder marr'd."
Volunder soar'd aloft with a smile,
Wailing Baudvilda fared forth from the isle;
Sorely mourn'd that damsel bright
A father's wrath and a lover's flight.

28.

The cunning queen was standing out;
In she stept the length of the hall;
While Volunder sat without
Resting nigh the palace-wall.

29. (*The queen says*)

" Wakest thou, Niari's king?
" Watchful I and joyless lie,
" While I think of my slaughter'd bairns."

30. (*The king says*)

" Cold is my brow, and cold
" Thine evil counsel seems!
" To parley now, unless hopes fail,
" Volunder will I bring
" Prince of the Alfs, Volunder, say,
" What hast thou done with my gallant boys
" Yestreen so fresh and hale?"

31. (*Volunder says*)

" Swear thou first by every pledge,
" By thy buckler bright and round,
" Thy ship's timber stout and sound,
" Horse's withers, and sword's edge,
" Not to slay Volunder's bride,
" Nor to harm her, tho' she bide

" In thy hall well-known, and there
" To Volunder offspring bear.

32.

" Go, search the workshop thou hast made,
" And see the bellows stain'd with gore;
" Off I lopp'd their heads, and laid
" Their corses under the fenny floor.

33.

" Their sculls from the hairy scalp set free
" Plated with silver I sent to thee:
" But their eyeballs, jewels sheen,
" Gave I to the cunning queen.

34.

" Their teeth I form'd into broaches rare
" To deck the breast of Baudvilda fair.
" She of both sole child surviving
" Walks heavy to your shame."

35. (*Niduder says*)

" Feller word thou couldst not speak!
" Fain would I that evil wreak!
" But who, his courser tall bestriding,
" Can seize thee, thus in mid-air riding?
" Who can smite thee from beneath,
" While wafted to the clouds?"

36.

Volunder smiling soar'd on high,
Niduder sat down with a sigh.

37.

" Arise, Thakrader, my trusty thrall,
" Fair-faced Baudvilda call!
" Bid the damsel of raiment rare
" To her father's hall repair."

38.

" Tell me, Baudvilda, is that sooth,
" Which evil tongues declare;
" Didst thou with Volunder sit
" Lonely in the forger's lair?"

39.

" True it is, as they declare;
" Lonely I sat in the forger's lair,
" One dreadful hour, but one alone;
" Would, that hour I ne'er had known!
" Might I had not to prevail;
" Nothing could my strength avail."

THE

BATTLE OF HAFUR'S BAY.

A. D. 885.

From the old Icelandic by Hornklof, printed in Heimskringla, Per. ed. v. 1. p. 93. Schön. ed. v. 1. p. 95.

1803.

Loud in Hafur's echoing bay
Heard ye the battle fiercely bray,
'Twixt Kiotva rich, and Harald bold!
Eastward sail the ships of war;
The graven bucklers gleam afar,
And monsterous heads adorn the prows of gold.

Glittering shields of purest white,
And swords, and Celtic falchions bright,
And western chiefs the vessels bring:
Loudly scream the savage rout,
The maddening champions wildly shout,
And long and loud the twisted hauberks ring.

Firm in fight they proudly vie
With him, whose might will make them fly,
Imperial Utstein's warlike head.
Forth his gallant fleet he drew,
Soon as the hope of battle grew,
But many a buckler brast,* ere Haklang bled.

Fled the lusty Kiotva then
Before the fair-hair'd king of men,
And bade the islands shield his flight.
Warriors wounded in the fray
Beneath the thwarts† all gasping lay,
Where headlong cast they mourn'd the loss of light.

Gall'd by many a missive stone
(Their golden shields behind them thrown)
Homeward the grieving soldiers speed;
Fast from Hafur's bay they hie;
East-mountaineers o'er Jadar fly,
And thirst for goblets of the sparkling mead.

* *Brast*, broke with noise. † *Thwarts*, benches for the rowers.

NOTES.

HEIMSKRINGLA. This valuable history of Norway (so called from its first words, Kringla heimsins, *i. e.* orbis terrarum) was written by Snorro Sturleson, a noble Icelander, who was born in 1178, and died by a violent death in 1241, having stood pre-eminent amongst his countrymen in rank, situation, wealth, and learning. The first part, which is called Ynglinga saga, gives a short account of Odin and his eldest descendants; but the reigns of the later kings, from the time of Halfdan father of Harald Harfager to the defeat of the Birkibeins by Magnus Erlingson in 1177, are fully detailed. The work of Snorro, like most Icelandic writings, contains many quotations from the old historical poets, who recorded the expeditions, in which they generally accompanied their princes, and from whose works, collated and corrected by oral tradition, this excellent history was compiled. It was first printed in 1697, in two vols. fol. at Stockholm by Peringskiöld, and afterwards at Copenhagen in 3 vols. fol. by Schöning and Thorlacius.

These lines were written by Thornbiörn Hornklof, one of the Scalds of Harald Harfager, who was the founder of the Norwegian monarchy. Harald had inherited some provinces from his father Halfdan, and the following singular circumstance first excited him to reduce all the petty kingdoms under his dominion. Eric prince of Hordaland had a daughter called Gyda, equally distinguished for beauty and spirit. Her fame had reached the ears of Harald, who was passionately fond of women; and, little expecting to be rejected, he sent ambassadors to conduct her to his court. "I will not" (replied the haughty Gyda to his messengers) "so cast away my virginity, as to take for husband a prince, who possesses only a few provinces; and wonderful it seems to me, that no prince has spirit enough to unite all Norway under his dominion, and to rule over it, as king Gorm rules in Denmark, and king Eric at Upsal. Tell king Harald, that on this condition alone will I consent to become his bride, that he shall for my sake subdue the whole of Norway, and govern it with the same free power, that is held in Denmark by Gorm, or by Eric in the kingdom of Sweden." (See

Heimskringla and Schön. N. Hist.) Roused by this spirit king Harald awoke, as from a dream; and made, accord singular custom of the time, a solemn vow, never to clip hair, till he should have extended his sway over the who His talents were equal to the arduous task, which he unde dent, steady, and always victorious, he proceeded from province, ever keeping in view the great object of univers Alarmed at length by his continual success, the provinces of Rogaland, Agder, and Thylemark, formed under Kiotva th of Agder, and his son Haklang, a powerful league t progress. A great battle was fought in 885, and they wer defeated by Harald in Hafur's bay, on the coast of Jada immediately south of the port of Stavanger in Norway victory his empire was established over the whole count remained sufficiently powerful to contend with him; but ma to the north of Sweden, or settled in Iceland, which ha discovered, and was uninhabited.

V. 6. "*Monsterous heads, &c.*" Such is king Haco's shi have been in the account of the Norwegian expedition aga in 1263. "Til thessarar ferdar, &c. *i. e.* During this voya had that great vessel, which he had caused to be construct It was built entirely of oak, and contained twenty-seven b It was ornamented with heads and necks of dragons beauti with gold." *Johnstone, p.* 24.

V. 9. "*Western chiefs.*" By these lines it seems, that Ki some assistance from France or the British Isles.

V. 10. "*Savage.*" Ulfhedner, properly wolf-like; so call fierceness, or from wearing the skins of wolves.

V. 15. "*Utstein.*" One of the palaces, in which Harn to reside.

V. 18. "*Brast.*" Icelandic, *bresta.* The use of this wo better exemplified, than by the famous answer of Eina Trygvason, king of Norway, in the fatal battle, in which champion of Christianity was overpowered with his small s Earl Eric and the kings of Denmark and Sweden, on his r Vindland (which included Mecklenburg and Pomerania) 1000. His followers defended themselves with desperate and the Danish and Swedish fleets were repulsed; but Eric renewed the attack with his Norwegians. Einar, an expert l king Olave's ship, had aimed at him twice. The first arr

rended the
ed it. The
its utmost
he edges of
went they
at contest.
quipped, of
the cham-
made the
ar behind.
al they all
champions
s, and re-
them. It is
he fury first
men. Now
pions were
ships with

Heimskringla and Schön. N. Hist.) Roused by this spirited answer, king Harald awoke, as from a dream; and made, according to the singular custom of the time, a solemn vow, never to clip or comb his hair, till he should have extended his sway over the whole country. His talents were equal to the arduous task, which he undertook: prudent, steady, and always victorious, he proceeded from province to province, ever keeping in view the great object of universal conquest. Alarmed at length by his continual success, the provinces of Horduland, Rogaland, Agder, and Thylemark, formed under Kiotva the rich, prince of Agder, and his son Haklang, a powerful league to resist his progress. A great battle was fought in 885, and they were completely defeated by Harald in Hafur's bay, on the coast of Jadar, a province immediately south of the port of Stavanger in Norway. After this victory his empire was established over the whole country, and none remained sufficiently powerful to contend with him; but many emigrated to the north of Sweden, or settled in Iceland, which had been lately discovered, and was uninhabited.

V. 6. "*Monsterous heads, &c.*" Such is king Haco's ship described to have been in the account of the Norwegian expedition against Scotland in 1263. "Til thessarar ferdar, &c. *i. e.* During this voyage king Haco had that great vessel, which he had caused to be constructed at Bergen. It was built entirely of oak, and contained twenty-seven banks of oars. It was ornamented with heads and necks of dragons beautifully overlaid with gold." *Johnstone, p.* 24.

V. 9. "*Western chiefs.*" By these lines it seems, that Kiotva received some assistance from France or the British Isles.

V. 10. "*Savage.*" Ulfhedner, properly wolf-like; so called from their fierceness, or from wearing the skins of wolves.

V. 15. "*Utstein.*" One of the palaces, in which Harald was wont to reside.

V. 18. "*Brast.*" Icelandic, *bresta.* The use of this word cannot be better exemplified, than by the famous answer of Einar to Olave Trygvason, king of Norway, in the fatal battle, in which that valiant champion of Christianity was overpowered with his small squadron by Earl Eric and the kings of Denmark and Sweden, on his return from Vindland (which included Mecklenburg and Pomerania) in the year 1000. His followers defended themselves with desperate resolution, and the Danish and Swedish fleets were repulsed; but Eric vigorously renewed the attack with his Norwegians. Einar, an expert bowman in king Olave's ship, had aimed at him twice. The first arrow flew by

his head, the second between his arm and body; Einar had put a third arrow to the bow, which probably would have proved fatal, and turned the fortune of the day, when the string was struck by a broad-pointed weapon, and broke with noise. "What brast?" said Olave, who heard the sound. "Norway from thine hands, King!" replied Einar. King Olave was vexed, and answered, "That must God decide, not thy bow." Then the fight waxed hotter, and most of the principal men in the king's ship were slain, and the quarters so thinned, that Eric and his followers boarded the vessel, and rushed on like savage wolves. See *Olaf Tryg. Sag. c.* 69. *Reenh.*

V. 20. "*Fair-hair'd king.*" Harald Harfager.

V. 21. "*Golden shields.*" Svafnis salnæfrar, literally the tiles of the hall of Odin; which are here used for gilt shields. In Grimnismal, st. 9. it is stated, that the ceiling or roof of Odin's hall was made with shields, and the benches covered with coats of mail. These lines are quoted in the Edda, as written by Thiodolph, a poet of great reputation who flourished at the same time as Hornklof. See *Goranssons edition*, p. 9. where their meaning has been completely misunderstood by the translator.

THE DYING SONG OF ASBIORN.

IN

ORMS STOROLFSONAR SAGA.

From the old Icelandic printed in Bartholinus, Ant. Dan. p. 158.

1803.

KNOW, gentle mother, know,
In Denmark's vallies, Svanvhide fair,
When summer sweets return,
Thou wilt not comb my flowing hair!

O whilom had I fondly vow'd
To hie me to my native land!
Now must my panting side be torn
By my keen foe's relentless brand.

Not such those days of yore,
When blithe we quaff'd the foaming ale,
Or urged across the waves
From Hordaland the flying sail;
Or gladly drank the sparkling mead,
While social mirth beguiled the hour.
Now lonely in the narrow den
I mourn the giant's savage power.

Not such those days of yore,
When forth we went in warlike show:
Storolf's all-glorious son,
Stood foremost on the armed prow;
As sailing fast to Oresound
The long-keel'd vessels cleft the wave.
Now toled* into the fatal snare
I mourn beneath the sorcerer's cave.

Not such those days of yore,
When conquest mark'd proud Ormur's way,
Stirring the storm of war,
To glut the greedy beasts of prey.
Beneath his thundering falchion's stroke
Flow'd the deep waters red with gore,
And many a gallant warrior fell
To feed the wolves on Ifa's shore.

* *Toled*, led by deceit.

Not such those days of yore,
When south on Elfa's rocky coast
Warring with weapons keen
I fiercely smote the adverse host.
Oft from the loudly sounding bow
Ormur's unerring arrows flew;
Deadly, whene'er his wrath pursued
The bold sea-rover's trusty crew.*

Not such those days of yore,
When swift to meet the haughty foe
We roused the strife of swords,
Nor e'er declined the hostile blow.
Seldom did I the steel withhold,
Or let to sting† the warrior's side;
But ay did Ormur's ruthless arm
Humble our foemen's sturdy pride.

O did thy generous soul
Thy dying fere's ‡ last anguish know,
Ormur thine heart would rise,
Thy warlike eyes with fury glow!
Friendship, to venge my fatal wrongs,
(If power remain) will point the way;
And soon beneath thy biting glaive
My torturer rue this cruel day!

---

* After this line two stanzas are omitted, containing proper names.

† *Let to sting*, forbear from stinging. ‡ *Fere*, companion.

NOTES.

ASBIORN the proud (or rather the accomplished, for that was the old signification of the word *prudi*) was descended from an illustrious family established in the provinces of Nordmöre and Hordaland in Norway. A few years before his death, which took place in 995, he united in fellowship of arms with Ormur Storolfson, a distinguished Icelandic warrior; and they carried on together a piratical warfare, till Ormur returned to his native country. A Jotun, or giant, called Bruse, dwelt in a cavern upon a small island on the coast of Norway, who, on account of his stature, strength, and skill in sorcery, was deemed invincible. The difficulty of the enterprise excited Asbiörn to attempt to slay him, for it was generally esteemed as laudable to destroy a Jotun, as a bear or other wild beast; and no feat tended so much to exalt the reputation of a warrior. Asbiörn landed on the island, and proceeded alone at daybreak to the cavern, which was so dark, that Bruse, who suspected the object of his visit, sprung upon him unawares, and put him to a cruel and lingering death. Asbiörn did not utter a single groan; but, lamenting only, that he had not had an opportunity of measuring his strength with the giant, composed these stanzas, which he is said to have recited during his last moments. Singular as this may now appear, it was a common affectation amongst the warriors of the north, whose greatest pride was to display indifference at the hour of death, and to smile and jest in their last agonies. The most remarkable instances of their fortitude are collected in the fifth chapter of Bartholinus; but in this they certainly did not surpass the American Indians, who uttered their death-song with calm intrepidity in the midst of torments too horrid to relate, recounted the exploits of their youth, boasted of their own cruelties, and suggested even to their enemies "more exquisite methods of torture, and more sensible parts of the body to be afflicted."*

Skill in poetry was an accomplishment almost indispensable to a northern warrior; and, although the rules of their metre were strict

* *Burke's Europ. Settl.* i. 119.

and various, they were habituated to speak in verse on every important incident; and the whole of their life was like a tragic opera.

" Ferox bello, tamen inter arma,
Sive jactatam religârat udo
Litore navem,
Liberum, et Musas, Veneremque, et illi
Semper hærentem puerum canebat."

The Jotuns (as I have before stated) were the people, who had settled in the north before the time of Odin, by which I understand the Cimbric or Gothic inhabitants of the north before the conquest of Attila. They were a race of large stature; but seldom built houses, but dwelt in the caves, which are numerous in those rocky countries, and were looked upon as sorcerers. Mengerda, the half sister of Bruse, repeated the dying song of Asbiörn to Ormur, whom she assisted in revenging his death. It is preserved in Orms Saga; and, whether really composed by Asbiörn or not, from its style is certainly not of much later date. It contains some words, with which I am unacquainted: and in those passages I have adhered to the interpretation of Bartholinus. In the Kiæmpe viiser is a Danish translation of this ode, I have omitted two stanzas, which contain only an enumeration of the names of Asbiorn's companions.

V. 21. " *To Oresound.*" At Eyrarsundi. The straits between Denmark and Sweden, commonly called the Sound.

V. 23. " *Toled.*" Tældar, from the verb *tæla*, to tole, or lead on by deceit into a snare. It is derived from *tal*, deceit. Johnson in his dictionary has called this expressive word " a barbarous provincial term," though he has quoted the authority of Locke. It is singular that he did not recollect, that it is used in one of the finest passages in Beaumont and Fletcher, which Milton has imitated, but not surpassed, in his Comus.

" Or voices calling me at dead of night,
To make me follow, and so tole me on
Thro' mire and standing pools, to find my ruin."

Faithf. Shep. act 1st.

V. 32. " *Ifa.*" Generally supposed to mean the Veissel; but Mr. Johnstone, in his glossary to Lodbrokar quida, says, that it is the river Iva in Angermannia, a province of Sweden; but he does not state his authority.

V. 35. " *Elfa's rocky coast.*" Part of the coast of Bahus, where the Elfs or Alfic tribe dwelt.

GUNLAUG AND RAFEN.

From the Solarliod in Sæmund's Edda, Stanza tenth, &c.

1803.

THE rich delights of love
To many fatal prove;
From women oft does sorrow spring:
Much evil do they bear,
Though fashion'd purely fair
And chaste by heaven's almighty King.

To Gunlaug fondly join'd
In peace was Rafen's mind;
Each in the other dearly joy'd:
Ere they, to fury moved,
One peerless woman loved,
Whose wonderous beauty both destroy'd.

Nor after heeded they
Or sports or light of day,
All for that blooming maiden bright;
Nor any other form
Their wilder'd thoughts could warm,
Save that fair body's lovely light.

Mournful and sad to them
Each night's dark shadow came,
Nor ever found they slumbers sweet;
But from their hapless fate
Wax'd quickly savage hate
Between true friends with deadly heat.

Passions of strange excess
Beget severe distress,
And punishment of keenest wo.
The single fight they tried,
For that delightful bride,
And each received the fatal blow

NOTE.

In the Icelandic the fictitious names Svafader and Skarthedin are used instead of Gunlaug and Rafen, but the author certainly alluded to their celebrated history; and deservedly is it celebrated, since, in consequence of their fatal enmity, the legal duel was abolished, by the full public assembly of the Icelanders, in the year 1011, only eleven years after the first establishment of the Christian religion amongst them. The vanity of the natives of more temperate regions has induced them to imagine, that the ungenial climate of the northern countries had stunted the genius of their inhabitants, and arrested their progress towards civilization. But so far is this fact from being true, that at that early period, when the rest of Europe was involved in darkness, their understandings seem to have been far more enlarged. Not many years before the custom of duelling was abolished in Iceland, the single combat was established by Otho the great in Germany, as the final decision, not only on the rights and character of individuals, but on the general principles of equity and jurisprudence. The important laws of inheritance were instituted by that powerful emperor, not according to the counsel of statesmen and legislators, the practice of ancient times, or the political interests of his dominions, but the uncertain event of a superstitious duel. Within half a century after this famous decree of the Icelandic assembly, Henry the fourth of Germany was prevented only by the accidental death of his accuser from exhibiting the extraordinary scene of an arbitrary prince descending from the imperial throne, and waving the privileges of allegiance, to defend his private character against the attacks of a re-

bellious subject. At the instigation of the same emperor, we find a duke of Bavaria branded with infamy for refusing the challenge of an obscure and discredited calumniator, and deprived of his liberty and dominions by the unanimous suffrage of the Saxon princes. Nor was this effected by the servility of dependent flatterers to gratify the wish of Henry, but by the fixed decision of those high-minded princes, who not only resisted his encroachments, but drove him at length bare-footed and defenceless, to receive his sentence at Canosa from the sullen despotism of Gregory the seventh. I have particularized these circumstances, for the purpose of marking, that, at the very time, when the enlightened Icelanders cast aside this superstitious and barbarous custom, in the rest of Europe it was in its meridian glory. To how late a period it has lasted, is known to all. I have subjoined a brief account of the history of Rafen and Gunlaug, which is one of the most entertaining old Icelandic works, and was printed in 4to. from the manuscripts at Copenhagen in 1775.

Gunlaug was the son of Illugi, a man of great wealth and authority in Iceland. He was a youth of large and robust stature, and distinguished by his poetry, which was so satirical, that he acquired the name of Ormstunga, or Snake-tongue. In his earliest youth he was bold and restless, and at the age of fifteen, having quarrelled with his father, who would not permit him to travel, he fled to the house of Thorstein son of the famous Egill Skallagrimsson, who received him with kindness. Thorstein had a daughter called Helga the fair, who was esteemed the most beautiful woman in the island. A mutual and fatal attachment soon commenced between her and Gunlaug, and the wild disposition of his mind was considerably softened by her gentle conversation. The three following years were passed by Gunlaug partly at the abode of Thorstein, and partly at that of his father; at the expiration of which he again pressed Illugi to send him abroad. The request was now granted, and a share in a trading vessel was purchased for him. While Thorkell, who was to be the companion of his voyage, was employed in loading the vessel, Gunlaug preferred the society of Helga and returned to the house of Thorstein. He soon found an opportunity of asking for the hand of his daughter, which at first was refused on account of his fickle disposition: but Thorstein at length agreed that the marriage should take place, if at the end of three years he returned to claim the promise. Soon after Gunlaug sailed from Iceland, and having visited several other countries, he arrived at the court of king Olave at Upsal. There he met his countryman

Rafen, a man of noble birth, and skilled in poetry; with whom he formed a close intimacy, which however was disturbed by a dispute about precedence in reciting their poems before the king. Rafen returned to Iceland; and at the expiration of the third year, Gunlaug being still absent, he solicited the hand of the fair Helga. Some difficulties were made by Thorstein, but he gave his consent at last to Rafen, in case Gunlaug should not return in the course of the next summer. A day was fixed for the nuptials: Gunlaug, who had been severely hurt in wrestling, did not appear; and the melancholy Helga was forced to espouse her new suitor. On that very day Gunlaug arrived at the house of his father, and would have proceeded immediately to the abode of Thorstein, but his lameness rendered it impracticable. The sorrows of the lovely Helga were doubled by the faithful return of the fond companion of her childhood, and the society of her husband became hateful to her. Soon after Rafen was challenged by Gunlaug in the public assembly; for by the law of Iceland at that time, whoever had received an injury, might call out the offender to single combat. Rafen, as challenged, gave the first blow; his sword broke against the shield, but a splinter from it struck the face of Gunlaug. One being wounded, the other disarmed, each claimed the victory; but their relations interfered, and the next day, in a crowded assembly, it was decreed, that from that hour no duels should be fought in Iceland. Rafen afterwards challenged Gunlaug to meet him again in Norway; and, after some delay, they and their followers arrived severally at Throndhiem: but Earl Eric, who had heard their history, forbade their fighting in his dominions. Gunlaug passed the winter at his court in the deepest melancholy; but, galled at last by the satirical reflections of some of the Norwegians, he asked leave to depart, and followed his antagonist towards the Swedish territory. By the side of a lake they met upon a spot called Dyngiunes; and their companions, having protested, that they could not remain inactive, were permitted to join in the combat. The guides, who were less ambitious, seated themselves, and did not interfere. The conflict was bloody and expeditious; Gunlaug and Rafen were soon the only survivors, and after a few blows Gunlaug cut off the foot of his enemy, who did not however fall, but supported himself by the stump of a tree. Gunlaug refused to continue the fight with a man, who was so maimed; but Rafen replied, that, "though he certainly was a little curtailed, if he could procure water to drink, he should be still his match."—"Do not then deceive me," said Gunlaug, "if I bring thee

water in my helmet." Rafen answered, "That will I not." Then went Gunlaug to the lake, and brought water in his helmet, and presented it to him. Rafen took it in his left hand, and at the same moment smote the naked head of Gunlaug with his sword. "Ill hast thou deceived me," said Gunlaug, "and this was most unmanly, when I trusted thee."—"It was so," replied Rafen, "but I cannot bear, that thou shouldst enjoy the fair Helga." The fight was then renewed, and Gunlaug slew him; but the wound in his head was mortal, and he expired after the third night. The beautiful Helga was afterwards married to a noble Icelander called Thorkell; but she never loved him, and retained the sad recollection of her early attachment till the hour of death.

THE

COMBAT OF HIALMAR AND ODDUR

WITH

ANGANTYR AND HIS ELEVEN BROTHERS.

From the old Icelandic in the fifth chapter of Hervarar Saga, Verel. edit.

1803.

THEN went the sons of Angrym to Sams-ey; and, when they arrived there, they found the * championsfury come upon them: they immediately landed, as was their custom, and fought with trees. Hialmar and Oddur lay on the other side of the island, in a place called Unnarvoge; they both landed, and mounted an eminence, to try if they could discover the sons of

* See the notes.

Angrym. When Angrym's sons had ascended the island, they saw Hialmar's ship, and recognised it. The champions-fury was then upon them, and at its utmost height; they drew their swords, and bit the edges of their shields, and grinned violently. Then went they against the ships, and commenced a great contest. Oddur and Hialmar had two ships well equipped, of that sort, which were called Asks. Six of the champions went against each ship, and they made the attack on one side before, and on the other behind. But on board were such good warriors, that they all defended their quarters, and fell there. The champions slew all the men, who were in the ships, and regained the shore. The fury then quitted them. It is said concerning champions, that when the fury first leaves them, they are weak, like sick men. Now Oddur and Hialmar saw what the champions were doing, and they hastened down towards the ships with the greatest speed. Then Oddur sung thus:

" Fiercely from the vessel come
" Champions twelve, a fearful sight;
" Thus unarm'd without their mails
" Bold to meet the deadly fight."

Then sung Hialmar thus in answer:

" From the ship with warlike stride
" (Sight, which might the bold appal)
" Haste to seize the hostile spoil
" Twelve together, champions tall.
" Warriors two at close of day
" We shall sup in Odin's hall;
" And those twelve victorious live,
" Proudly live to boast our fall."

Such words of despair had Hialmar never spoken in the hearing of man. Then Oddur sung thus:

"To thy words of omen foul,
"Hero, I in answer say:
"Champions twelve in Odin's hall
"They shall sup at close of day:
"We shall both victorious live
"Home to wend in proud array."

Now said Oddur: "One of two things have we to chuse, to fly into the woods, or abide here with armed hands." Then sung Hialmar:

"From our foes in deadly fight
"Never let us basely fly:
"Though I weet, the champions bear
"Hideous mien and savage eye."

The champions now rushed towards them with drawn swords; they were all bloody, and one of them was a head taller than the others. He had a sword, which shone forth like a sunbeam, and that was Angantyr with Tirfing. Then said Hialmar: "Wilt thou rather join combat with Angantyr alone, or with those eleven?" Oddur answered: "With Angantyr must I combat; for I trust better to my raiment, than to thine armour." Oddur had got a silk garment from Ireland which weapons could never pierce. Hialmar said; "If thou esteemest it more to combat with Angantyr, then shall I do that: for where have we so acted, that thou shouldst go before me in the trial of manhood?" Then went Hialmar forward, and Angantyr against him; and they began their duel with mighty blows and violent collision; and no one could have beheld a more vigorous onset

than was made by them. Oddur called to the champions and said:

" One with one, if courage hold,
" Wage we battle, warriors bold."

They assented. Then went forth Hiorvardur, and fought with Oddur; but the silk raiment sufficed so well for defence, that the sword pierced it not. He had also so good a blade, that it clove armour, even as a garment; and few blows gave he to Hiorvardur, before he fell. Then went forth Hervardur, and departed the same way; next Hrani; then one after one; but Oddur shewed them such hardy opposition, that he felled all the eleven brothers, yet was he not wounded. Then went Oddur, where Angantyr and Hialmar had combated, and thus he sung:

" Hialmar, what does thee betide;
" Has thy colour waxed pale?
" Mighty wounds have wrought thee wo;
" Sad I sing the mournful tale.
" Furious blows have cleft thine helm,
" On thy side have rent thy mail;
" Now thy life is nearly spent;
" Sad I sing the mournful tale."

Then sung Hialmar in answer:

" Sixteen wounds my body bears,
" And my mail is rent in twain;
" Darkness hangs before my sight:
" Ill my limbs their weight sustain.
" Angantyr's enchanted blade
" Stings my heart with fatal pain;
" Keenly piercing is the point,
" Hard, and steep'd in deadly bane."

And then he sung thus:

" Proud domains and palaces
" Five I ruled with puissant hand!
" Yet I never could abide
" Peaceful in my native land.
" Hopeless now of light and life
" Rest I on a foreign strand,
" Here on Samsey's joyless shore
" Wounded by the piercing brand.
" Seated at the royal board
" Many lords of high degree
" In the court of Upsala
" Quaff the ale with mirth and glee;
" Many with the liquor fill'd
" On the ground lie heavily;
" Me the sword's keen wounds afflict
" Circled by the lonely sea.
" Youthful beauty's fairest flow'r
" Me the monarch's daughter led
" To the shore of Agnafit,
" Soon a foreign coast to tread.
" True I find the fatal words,
" Which the parting damsel said;
" That I never should return
" Blithe to claim her promised bed.
" Thence unwilling did I wend
" Sever'd from the festive lay,
" Which the lovely women sing
" East of Sota's spacious bay.
" In the swiftly sailing bark
" O'er the waves I took my way;

" Faithful friends the vessel trim'd;
" Here we sped with short delay.
" From my finger draw the ring,
" E'en in death my dearest pride;
" To the blooming Ingebiorg
" Bear it o'er the billows wide.
" In her bosom fair and young
" Constant sorrow shall abide,
" When she hears, I ne'er return
" Blithe to claim my promised bride.
" O'er the rugged desert wild
" East the hungry raven flies;
" And behind on stronger wing
" Swift the lordly eagle hies.
" Soon to glut his hasty rage
" Here my feeble body lies;
" He will gorge the welling blood,
" As I close my dying eyes."

After this died Hialmar and Angantyr. All the brothers were buried there in the island with their weapons; but Oddur bore the dead Hialmar to Sigtuna. Ingebiorg daughter of King Inga would not survive Hialmar, and destroyed herself.

NOTES.

I HAVE followed the old edition of Verelius, containing a tolerably good Swedish version, which has assisted me in making out the most obscure passages; for the Icelandic poetry (which is almost a distinct language from the prose) in style, expression, and obscurity, bears some analogy to the choruses of the Greek tragedians. I have since collated it with the manuscript in the British Museum, and

the later edition, published with a Latin translation at Copenhagen, from various manuscripts, in which the text differs much from that given by Verelius; which, though certainly corrupt in some passages, I have preferred, because that of the manuscripts used in the Danish edition seems to have been interpolated for the sake of explanation by the transcribers. I have translated the prose very closely; the verse in one or two places is a little amplified, on account of the obscurity of the original, and the shortness of the lines.

P. 260. "*Sams-ey.*" Or Sams-isle, one of the Danish islands. "Samus Balthica, alias Samsoa; Pontan. hist. Dan. pag. 305. Samsoa sive Samus Danica, Saxoni Grammatico, lib. 5. edit. Sorens, p. 93. Sampso, ibid. pag. 366 and 376. Samsa; Danicè Samss-öe; Island. Samsey; Sami insula, est insula amplissima, quæ in mari Balthico situm dilatat, orientali suo litore sinum Codanum et partem Selandiæ insularum Danicarum maximæ, et occiduo Jutiam Borealem exporrigit." *Resenius Sams. ins. descrip. Hafn.* 1675. It was a prevailing custom amongst the warriors of the northern nations to fight their duels in the islands, which abound upon their coasts. The Icelandic word ***holmgangr*** for a duel appears to be derived from this practice. Holm signifies an island. In Gunl. Sag. Gunlaug challenges Rafen by these words; "Nu fyrir that vil ek bioda ther ***holmgaungu*** her a thinginu a thriggia natta fresti i ***Auxarar-holmi.***" *i. e.* "Now for that will I challenge thee here in the public assembly to single combat at the expiration of three nights in Auxar island."

Hialmar and Hiorvardur one of the sons of Angrim were competitors for the hand of Ingebiorg daughter of king Inga, who resided at Upsal. The princess was attached to Hialmar, but her father, dreading the violence of Angantyr and his brothers, promised her to the strongest; and Hialmar was challenged by Hiorvardur to fight in Sams island. The famous Orvar Oddur was the friend and companion in arms of Hialmar.

P. 260. "*Champions fury.*" Berserksgangr. I have ventured to translate Berserker by the English word champions; but there is no term in any language, that can exactly answer to it. These extraordinary people have been called by Latin writers berserki. See *Kristnisaga*, *p.* 142. They fought without armour, and were subject to a sort of fury, which was called Berserksgangr. Their name is derived from *ber*, bare, and *serkr*, a garment or coat of mail. The following account of them is given by Snorro Sturleson. "Enn hanns menn foro bryniolauser, &c. *i. e.* And his (Odin's) men went without coat of mail, and were furious like dogs or wolves, bit their shields, and

were strong as bears or bulls; they slaughtered mankind, and neither fire nor steel had power over them. That is called Berserks gangur." *Yngl. Sag. c.* 6. Verelius calls them, "Viri facinorosi, robusti, et bonorum paci graves, quibus iratis vel furore percitis ita intendebantur vires in luctam, pugnas, et cædes, ut postea debiles et languidi fierent." In his Lexicon Scandicum he explains the word berserkr, "Homines robore et animi ferociâ aliis omnibus terribiles, qui furore et rabie armati obvia quæque prosternebant, evulsasque radicibus arbores in adversarios suos torquebant. Furore autem isto exhausti cæteris debiliores existebant." It will be sufficient to quote an account of one of those furious champions from Saxo Grammaticus. "Eâ tempestate Harthbenus quidam ab Helsingiâ veniens, raptas regum filias stupro fœdare gloriæ loco ducebat; illum perimere solitus, a quo peragendæ veneris usu prohiberetur; illustres nuptias humilibus præferens, tantoque se clariorem existimans, quanto splendidiores concubitus per vim assequi potuisset. Nec ultionem effugit, que se ei comparatione virtutis æquare præsumeret. Tantâ verò corporis magnitudine erat, ut novem cubitis proceritatis ejus dimensio tenderetur. Huic duodecim athletæ contubernales fuere, quibus officio erat, quoties illi præsaga pugnæ rabies incessisset, vinculorum remedio oborti furoris impetum propulsare. Ab his Haldanus Harthbenum ejusque pugiles viritim impetere jussus non solùm certamen spopondit, sed etiam victoriam sibi ingenti verborum fiduciâ promisit. Quo audito Harthbenus, repentino furiarum afflatu correptus, summas clypei partes morsûs acerbitate consumpsit, igneos ventri carbones mandare non destitit, raptas ore prunas in viscerum ima transfudit, crepitantia flammarum pericula percurrit; ad postremum, omni sævitiæ genere debacchatus, in sex athletarum suorum præcordia furenti manu ferrum convertit. Quam insaniam illi pugnandi aviditas an naturæ ferocitas attulit, incertum est. Haldanum deinde residuâ pugilum manu petivit." *Saxo, lib.* 7. This troublesome race was so plentiful in the North before the establishment of the Christian religion, that circumstances of the same nature are related in almost every old Icelandic work; and it is stated in Grettis saga, c. 21, that Earl Eric banished all such men from his dominions in Norway, "giordi alla berserki utlæga ur Noregi." It appears, that, however desirous, they had not the power of resisting the paroxysm of rage; for, in a passage quoted by Bartholinus from Vatnzdæla saga, Thorer laments, that he is subject to it, and asks the advice and assistance of his brother to prevent it. By the heathens they were supposed to be under the influence of witchcraft, and the

first Christians in the North thought them possessed by devils. It is related in Eyrbyggia saga, that Thrander was subject to the fury, whilst he was a heathen, but that it quitted him (as generally was the case) after he had been baptized. These accounts are singular, and indeed we meet with nothing similar to this extraordinary phrenzy in the history of any other people, unless it be the Malays; but there cannot be the least doubt of their authenticity. The various histories agree in stating, that, during the access of rage, the force of these champions was irresistible, and almost supernatural: but that afterwards they were sick and weak, like men exhausted by violent illness. See *Eyrbyggia saga*, and *Eyrbyggia saga*. Many of them are described, as mild and affable in their general demeanor, unless suddenly thwarted or contradicted. It appears to me, that this temporary madness was merely the violent eruption of a savage disposition, amongst men and so placed and untamed, whose limbs had been invigorated by the practice of every corporeal exertion, who from their habits of life and their religion were entirely devoid of fear, from earliest youth had been accustomed to constant warfare and pillage, and had known no control, but their own will, no bound to their desires, but the impossibility of gratifying them.

The following singular story is related of Eric king of Denmark, in which it appears, that he was seized with a fury not unlike that of the Berserks, in consequence of which he vowed to undertake an expedition to the Holy Land, and died at Cyprus, according to Holberg in 1103. In one day, when he was sitting at table and carousing with his friends, a musician was announced, who boasted, that he could sway the passions of all men, as he chose, by the sound of his harp. The king ordered him to enter, and make the experiment; but the musician excused himself for a long time, saying, that it would cause the king to lose his reason. This refusal served only to awaken their curiosity still more, so that he was compelled to play by fear of punishment. When the musician found, that the king was positive in his commands, he first requested, that the king's servants would shut up all the arms and weapons, which were in the hall. When this was done, and the doors locked, he began to strike the harp. The first piece he played, had this effect, that the whole court became very sorrowful and melancholy; the second roused them all to mirth, so that they sprung up and danced; but at the third they all became furious. In this moment of rage the king broke open a closet, and seized a sword, with which he slew four of his ministers; and his

attendants were forced to throw themselves upon him, and hold him forcibly, till the fury had subsided." See *Holbergs Dannemarks Riges Historie*, 1. 198. This circumstance is told more at length by Saxo Grammaticus, *lib.* 12.

P. 261. "*Odin's hall.*" The slain in battle were supposed to go to the residence of Odin, which was called Val-hall, the hall of the slain. Odin was frequently called Valfodur, the father of the slain. To go to the hall of Odin is a common expression for to die in battle, as in the song of Evind Skaldaspiller called Hakonarmal, "Hver Yngva ættar Skylldi meth Othni fara I Valhöll at vera." *i. e.* "Which of the descendants of Yngva should go to abide with Odin in Valhalla." Those, who were about to fall in battle, were invited to Valhalla either by Odin himself, or by the Valkyriæ, the virgins of slaughter, who were deputed for that purpose. For a fuller account of this see Bartholinus's excellent book *De Causis contemptæ a Danis adhuc gentilibus Mortis*, *L.* 2. *c.* 11. Snorro in his Edda says, that "Odin is called Alfodur because he is father of all the Gods; he is also called Valfodur, because his chosen sons are those, who fall in the slaughter of battle. To them he assigns Valhalla." *Gör. Edd. p.* 36.

P. 262. "*Tirfing.*" The sword of Angantyr. I have here subjoined a translation of the second and third chapters of Hevarar Saga, which contain the history of this sword.—"At this time came from the east men of Asia and Turks, and settled in the north. Odin their leader, had many sons, and they were all great men and powerful. One of his sons was called Sigurlami. To him Odin gave Gardarike (a part of Russia), and he was ruler over it. He espoused Heidi the daughter of Gylfa; they had a son, who was called Svafurlami. Sigurlami fell in battle, when he fought with the Jotun Thiassa. Now, when Svafurlami heard the fall of his father, he undertook to govern all that empire, which his father had possessed, and was very powerful. It happened one day, that Svafurlami rode out to the chase, and sought long for a hart, but came not within reach of one the whole day, before the sun was set. He had then ridden so far in the forest, that he knew not where his home was. A hill was on his right hand; there he saw two dwarfs. He drew his sword against them, and chased them out from the stones. They prayed to ransom their lives, and he asked their names; and one was named Dyren, and the other Dualin. He knew, that they were the most skilful artificers amongst the dwarfs, and he bound them to this, that they should make him the best sword, they could. They were to make the hilt and the handle also of gold; the

sheath and fastening of the belt of gold. He stipulated, that the sword should never miss its stroke, and never suffer from rust; that it should cleave iron and stones even as a garment, and give victory in battle and single combat to whoever bore it. This was the ransom of their lives. On the appointed day they came; the dwarfs gave him the sword; and, as Dualin stood at the entrance, he said; "Thy sword shall be the bane of man, whenever it is drawn; and with it shall be performed three most atrocious deeds; it shall also be thy bane." Svafurlami struck at the dwarfs with the sword, and the blade clove the stones. Svafurlami possessed this sword, and called it Tirfing; he bore it in battle and in single combat. He felled the giant Thiassa in single combat, and took his daughter, who was called Frydur. They had a child, whose name was Eyvor, a maiden beautiful and wise.

Now be it told, that the champion Angrym was upon an expedition of pillage, and led out with him many soldiers. He layed waste the kingdom of Svafurlami, and fought with him, and they contended with alternate blows. Svafurlami struck a part of the shield of Angrym and the sword was wedged in by the blow. Then Angrym brandished his sword at the hand of Svafurlami, and cut it off. Angrym then seized Tirfing, and with it struck and felled Svafurlami. He afterwards took considerable booty and his daughter Eyvor. They had twelve sons. 1. Angantyr was the eldest. 2. Hervardr. 3. Hiorvardr. 4. Semingr. 5. Hrani. 6. Brani. 7. Barri. 8. Reitner. 9. Tiundur. 10. Bui. 11. two Haddingers. Both these performed only one man's work; Angantyr was equal to two; he was a head taller than any of them. They were all mighty champions, and superior to others in strength and valor. They went wide about the country to plunder, and were all victorious and far renowned. Angantyr possessed Tirfing, Semingr Misteltein, and Hiorvardr Hrotta; each of them had a capital sword for single combat. It was their custom, when they were alone with their men, if they found the fury (*berserksgangr*) come on, to go up into the country, and fight with stones or trees. It has happened to them unintentionally to slay their own men, and destroy their ship. So tidings went abroad concerning them."—See *Hervarar Saga*, *Verel. p.* 37, *&c.*

The death of Hialmar is placed by Suhm in the year 410. According to him the real name of the Odin here mentioned was Hugleik; said to have flourished at the end of the third and beginning of the fourth century, and to have been called Angul, because he established his dominion over the Anglo-Saxons in south Jutland; and there also

to have acquired the name of Odin, whose religion he introduced amongst them. It was a common superstition amongst the northern nations to imagine, that the souls of their most eminent leaders revisited the earth and animated new bodies, and from this notion he is said to have been confounded by the authors of Hervarar saga, Vegtam's quida, and other works, with the older Odin, from whom he was descended. The tale runs that he subdued the greater part of Jutland, and contended even with Frode the third for the crown of Denmark; but found a powerful enemy in Hoder, by whom his son Balder was killed after a long contest, and that after this misfortune his influence was much diminished, and he retired with his adherents into Russia, where he espoused Rinda, and acquired considerable power.

P. 264. "*Afflict.*" In the Swedish edition it is thessari; but the right reading is thia, from ek thiae, I afflict.

P. 264. "*Agnafit.*" The spot, where Stockholm now stands. "Agnafit, lingula terræ ad Mælerum lacum Sueciæ, quam Olaus sanctus freto Kongsund hodie dicto perfodiebat." *MS. Lex. in the British Museum.*

Saint Olave, who reigned over Norway in the eleventh century, sailed with his fleet through Stocksound, and plundered the coast of the Swedish lake without opposition; but on his return he found the narrow passage completely blocked up by his enemies. In this dilemma he resolved to cut his way during the night through the narrow neck of land, called Agnafit: the waters of the lake, which were swollen by rain, assisted him in opening a channel, through which he made his escape; and on the next morning the Swedes, who had thought themselves certain of their prey, had the mortification of seeing the Norwegian fleet in the Baltic. See *Mallings St. og G. Handl. p.* 282.

P. 264. "*Sota.*" Part of the Swedish coast so called from Sote a famous pirate, who was defeated there by king Olaus.

P. 265. "*Faithful friends, &c.*" The reading in the Swedish edition is corrupt. "Mesta sinni med holvinum." That given in the Copenhagen edition is probably right; "Hinsta sinni med holvinum," *i. e.* for the last time with true friends. There is a similar expression in the lamentation of Starkader; "Adr fœri ek Hinsta sinni til Haurdalands," *i. e.* "Before I went for the last time to Hordaland;" and in Holmveria saga,

"Thu hefir hingat i seinsta sinni
Feigum fotum folld sporada."

i. e. For the last time hast thou here
Trod the ground with fated feet.

In the MS. of Hervarar saga in the British Museum the line stands

thus, Fyrsta sinni fra holvinum, *i. e.* for the first time from my true friends.

P. 265. "*Sigtuna.*" This was the spot, where Odin first established himself in Sweden and built a temple, on the side of the great lake Mœleren. "Sigtun betyder Siges bolig, &c." *i. e.* "Sigtun signifies the abode or place of Sige; from which it may be readily concluded, that Odin's right name was Sigge, which is given to him in the Edda amongst many others." *Suhms Hist. af Dan.* 1. 35.

P. 265. "*Destroyed herself.*" The particulars of the death of Ingebiorg are related in the 31st chapter of Orvar Odds saga, where it is stated, that, when Oddur arrived with the body of Hialmar, and presented the ring to her, she was working a garment for Hialmar. The news of his death shocked her so violently, that she fell back, and instantly expired. Oddur raised her up and smiled, saying, that he rejoiced, that those were coupled in death, who were prevented from uniting in life. They were buried in one tomb at Upsala.

THE SIXTEENTH CHAPTER

OF

SOGU THATTUR AF ALFE KONGE OG RECKUM HANNS,

CONTAINING

THE SONG OF HROKE THE BLACK.

From the old Icelandic in Biörner's Nordiska Kämpa datter.

1803.

HROKE the black was at the court of king Haco; Brynhilda was Haco's daughter. King Swein the victorious had been a suitor to Brynhilda, but rejected by Haco. Swein made a vow to destroy the man, who should marry Brynhilda, and her father also. Vifill, the son of Hiedin one of king Haco's earls, asked for the hand of Brynhilda, and it was promised to him on

condition, that he should defend the realm against Swein. Hroke the black was unknown, and therefore he was received without honour, and seated amongst the strangers. It happened one day, when the court was employed in the chase, and the women gathering nuts, that Brynhilda beheld a man of large stature standing against an oak tree, and heard him sing thus:

"By Hamund's son now be it told,
That two we were in battle bold;
Greater was our father's fame,
Mightier, than thy Haco's name.
Let Vifill be to none preferr'd,
Of those who wait on Hamund's herd!
Never swine-herd saw I there
Mean of soul, as Hiedin's heir.
Happier was my active fate,
When I followed Alfur great.
In war united did we stand,
And haried* each surrounding land.
Dauntless warriors then we led
Where glory crowns the valiant head.
In polish'd helmets did we shine,
Roaming through mighty regions nine.
In either hand without his shield
The sword I've seen that monarch wield;
Nor warrior lived, or near, or wide,
With stouter heart and nobler pride.
Yet some have said, who little wiss'd,
Haleyga's lord all reason miss'd.
I never saw the valiant king
Lack, what prudent counsels bring.

* *Haried*, pillaged. Icel. herlade, from *her*, an army.

He bade his warriors never quail,
Nor in pain of death bewail;
None beneath his banners wait,
Save who embraced their leader's fate;
None groan upon the battle's ground,
Though pierced and gall'd by many a wound;
Nor pause to bind the sores that burn,
Before the morning sun's return;
None afflict the captive foe,
Nor work the matron's shame and wo;
Maidens chaste their honour hold,
Ransomed by their parents' gold.
Never bark, though stoutly mann'd,
Garr'd* us fly the hostile band;
Small our force, but firm and good,
One against eleven stood.
Where'er we moved in arm'd array,
To conquest still he led the way;
No chief so swift to wield the sword,
Save Sigurd famed at Giuka's board.
Warriors many, good and proud,
Did to the monarch's vessel crowd;
Bork, and Bryniulf's hardy might;
Bolverk, Haco fierce in fight;
Eigill and Erling young were there,
One mother both to Aslac bare.
Foremost of the martial crew
Alf and my brother Hroke I knew;
Styr and Steinar did I ken,
Sons of Gunlad, warlike men.
Hring and Halfdan bravely stood,
Right-judging Danes, and Dag the good;

* *Garr'd*, made.

Stare, and Steingrim, Stafe, and Gaut;
Doughtier would be vainly sought.
Vale, and Hauk, sea-rovers bold,
Did to our monarch firmly hold.
Champions more sturdy, than the twain,
Few live in Haco's wide domain.
Nor I amid that warlike race
Did e'er my father's arm disgrace;
They said, none earn'd a higher name,
For each upheld his comrade's fame.
Wo worth Vemund, who did slay
Berse and Biorn upon a day,
Before the king, who boldly train'd
His dauntless troops, while life remain'd.
That precious life was not preserved,
Long, as fearless deeds deserved;
Scarce twelve years old he first gan fight,
Just thirty on the fatal night.
'Tis this, which gars* me little sleep,
And watchful bids me nightly weep;
Still mindful of my brother's fate,
Burnt alive with Alfur great.
Of all the hours that mortals know,
This caused me heaviest deepest wo;
Taught since then by angry Heaven
To follow friendly counsel given.
Vengeance for my fallen king,
Alone can joy and comfort bring;
If I through Asmund's recreant heart
Might drive the sword, or piercing dart.

* *Gar*, Icel. glöra, or gera; Swed. gora; Dan. glöre; Cornish, gurey; facere.

Vengeance for Alfur brave be ta'en,
Deceived in peace, and foully slain!
Murder was wrought in evil hour
By treacherous Asmund's baneful pow'r.
Mine the task in arms to prove,
When Swein and I to battle move,
Which is most in combat brave,
Hamund's son, or Haco's slave.
Thus have I sung to maiden fair;
Thus to Brynhilda love declare:
If Hroke, great Hamund's son, may know,
That she to him ill favor shew.
Hope should I have, if we unite,
Of offspring wise and bold in fight;
For maid more peerless, well I ween,
Than Haco's daughter, ne'er was seen;
With every charm and virtue fraught,
That e'er my youthful wishes sought.
Now seem I here unknown to stand
A nameless wight in Haco's land;
Higher rank his vassals hold,
Than the kemps of Alfur bold."

NOTES.

Suhm in his Hist. af Danm. bears testimony to the merit and antiquity of the song of Hroke the black. "This song, which is found in Alfs saga, is very excellent; and, as it is quite simple and historical, I am of opinion, that it is very old; perhaps even composed by Hroke himself." v. 1. p. 409. According to him, King Alf or Alfur was

* *Kemps*, warriors.

killed in 585. Hroke afterwards married Brynhilda, overthrew and killed Swein the victorious, and in company with Utstein revenged the death of Alf, by slaying Asmund in battle. Haco was king of Scania, and Swein the victorious ruled over the Danish island Fyen.

V. 29. "*Haleyga.* Haleyga, Helgeland, or Halogaland, so called from the old king Haloge, was the north-western coast of Norway, including all Norland. Trondhiem and Nummedal were sometimes comprehended under the name. Alf was not properly king of Helgeland, but of Rogaland and Hordaland in the neighbourhood of what is now Hardranger; but he invaded Helgeland, and probably conquered a part of it. See *Schön. Norsk. Hist.* 1. 315. and 333. Hiorleif the father of Alf was king of Hordaland and Rogaland, and conquered Seeland from king Reidar. See *Alf's Saga*, c. 5. and 8.

V. 44. "*Sigurd.*" Sigurd Sigmundsson, surnamed Fafnisbana, and married to the daughter of Giuka, king of Burgundy. See *Norna Gesters saga*, c. 6. *Torfæus Ser. R. D.* 337. *Volsunga saga*, c. 33, and the unpublished historical odes in *Sæmund's Edda.* My reasons for holding Sigurd to be a name for Attila in Scandinavian romance, are stated in Attila king of the Huns, p. 522-30.

V. 52. Hroke the white

V. 67. "*Vemund.*" He was the standard-bearer of king Alf. See *Alf's Saga*, c. 10. I believe, the circumstances of the death of Bersé and Biorn are not known; they were two of Alf's warriors.

V. 78. "*Burnt alive.*" By Asmund, who treacherously invited them to a feast, and having set fire to the house, attacked those who attempted to escape.

V. 82. "*Friendly counsel.*" This probably alludes to the advice of Innstein, who had warned them of the snare, but was disregarded. He was killed, as well as Hroke the white, by the side of king Alf. The following lines are translated from his dying song in the 13th chapter of Alf's saga.

Hroke is slain by Alfur's side,
Swift of foot, the army's pride.
Ill hath Odin's power decreed,
Which bade so good a monarch bleed.
Eighteen years to dye the sword
Follow'd I that generous lord;
Other king I ne'er will have,
Nor live to seek a peaceful grave.

To earth shall Innstein's faithful head
Bow, where his valiant monarch bled.
This let men in story tell,
That good king Alfur smiling fell.

Alfs Saga contains many other stanzas in the same simple style, and of equal antiquity.

V. 94. "*Haco's slave.*" Vifill, who had promised to defend the kingdom against Swein.

THE DEATH OF HACON,

A. D. 963.

From the old Icelandic by Evind Skaldaspiller.

1803.

Gondul and Skogul swiftly flew,
To chuse what king on battle-plain
Of Yngva's race to Odin's hall
Should go, and dwell with heroes slain.

Unmail'd beneath his banner bright
They saw Biorn's valiant brother stand;
The javelins flew: the foemen fell;
The storm of battle shook the land.

The army's lord had warn'd the isles;
The bane of earls, stout Denmark's dread,
With gallant suite of northmen bold
High rear'd his eagle-crested head.

The king of men (before he hied
To stir the war with fearless might)

To ground his iron mail had cast,
The cumbrous harness of the fight.

He sported with his noble train,
When roused to guard his native land;
Joyful beneath the golden helm
Now did the dauntless monarch stand.

His glittering brand the hauberks clove,
As if it fell on liquid waves;
The falchions clash'd; the bucklers broke;
The armour sung beneath the glaives.

The chief of Northmen's iron foot
Trod down the war-shields' glossy rings;
Strife shook the isle, and noble gore
Distain'd each bright-edged shield of kings.

Keen burn'd the swords in bleeding wounds;
Long axes bow'd the struggling host;
Loud echoing rang the bossy shields;
Fast rain'd the darts on Storda's coast.

Behind the buckler warriors bled;
In fight they joy'd from thirst of gold;
Hot flow'd the blood in Odin's storm;
The stream of blades whelm'd soldiers bold.

With helmets cleft, and actons pierced,
The arm'd chiefs rested on the plain;
Ah! little thought that valiant host
To reach the palace of the slain.

Couching her lance quoth Gondul fair;
"The crew of heaven be now encreased;
"Stout Hacon with his countless host
"Is bidden hence to Odin's feast."

The monarch heard the fatal words,
The steel-clad maids of slaughter bore;
All thoughtful on their steeds they sate,
And held their glittering shields before.

" Why thus" (he said) " the war divide?
" From heaven we merit victory!"
" Thy force" (quoth Skogul) " we upheld,
" We bade thy mighty foemen fly.

" Fair sisters" (cried the virgin bright)
" Ride we to heaven's immortal domes!
" Hear, Odin! Lo, to grace thy court
" The king of men, the victor, comes."

" Haste, Braga, and Hermoder, haste!
" To meet the chief" (quoth Odin) " go!
" He comes, the prince, whose sturdy arm
" Has wrought full many a champion wo."

From war return'd, the battle won,
His limbs shed fast a gory stream;
" Odin," (he cried) " fierce Lord of death,
" Thy fell decrees full savage seem!"

" The peace of heroes shalt thou have;
" Quaff with the Gods the sparkling beer!
" Proud bane of earls," (great Braga said)
" Eight valiant brothers hast thou here."

" Our arms" (the generous king replied)
" These war-worn hands shall never yield:
" Helmet and mail be well preserved;
" 'Tis good the trusty blade to wield."

Then was it known, that Hacon's hand
Due offerings to each Power had giv'n;

Who to their blissful seats was hail'd
By all the glorious host of heav'n.

Hallow'd the day, and famed the year,
That bore a king so largely loved!
His memory be for ever saved,
And bless'd the land, on which he moved!

Fenris the wolf from Hell unchain'd
On mortals shall his fury pour,
Ere monarch great and good, as he,
Visit this desolated shore.

Wealth perishes, and kindred die;
Desert grows every hill and plain;
With heathen Gods let Hacon sit,
The people's lord is with the slain.

NOTES.

THIS ode, which is called Haconarmal, was written immediately after the death of king Hacon, in 263, by his bard Evind Skaldaspiller, and is deservedly esteemed one of the most beautiful relicks of Northern poetry; for there is an inimitable harmony in the original lines. It is preserved entire in Heimskringla. An English prose translation from the Latin version of Peringskiöld has been published by Dr. Percy in his Runic poetry, which is not quite so inaccurate, as the rest of that book: his translation of Regner Lodbroc's ode teems with * errors, and indeed scarce a line of it is properly interpreted. Mr. Johnstone has

---

* The geographical errors are particularly singular. "Processimus ad terram prostratorum," (*i. e.* the field of slaughter,) is there translated, "We marched to the land of Vals;" and, "In Skioldungorum prælio," "At Skioldunga." The Skioldungi were in fact the descendants of Skiold, king of Denmark.

had the merit of publishing the original text of that ode more accurately, than Worm or Biörner, with an English and Latin prose version, in which he has rectified many of Dr. Percy's errors, though his style is very indifferent: for instance, the last line, "Lægiandi skall eg deyia," (which is simply, *smiling shall I die*) he has translated, "The smiles of death compose my placid countenance;" and, "Vultu subridens moriar." There is however a celebrated passage in Regner's ode, which has been completely misunderstood by all its translators.

"Varat um eina ottu	"Erat circa matutinum tempus
Olldum tharf at flya	Hominibus necessum erat fugere
Hilldar-leik, thar er hvassir	Ex prælio, ubi acutè
Hialm-tun bitu skiolmar.	Cassidis campos mordebant gladii.
Varat sem unga ekkiu	Erat hoc veluti juvenem viduam
I ondveige kyssa."	In primariâ sede osculari."

Worm. Literatura Runica.* And in another stanza,

"Varat sem biarta brude	"Erat sicut splendidam virginem
I bing hia sier leggia."	In lecto juxta se collocare." *Ib.*

"It was about the time of the morning, when the foe was compelled to fly in the battle. There the sword sharply bit the polished helmets. The pleasure of that day, was like kissing a young widow at the highest seat of the table." *Percy's Runic poetry.* "The pleasure of that day was like having a fair virgin placed beside one in the bed." *Ib.*— "The sight was pleasing to my heart, as when my blooming bride I seated by me in the chair of state." *Johnstone.* What notion the learned translators entertained of kissing young widows, I cannot pretend to say; but it is singular, that they should have imagined, Regner Lodbroc could have thought it like breaking heads with a broadsword. The fact is, that the lines mean the very reverse. *At*, added to an Icelandic verb, has the force of a negative, and is frequently used. *Var* means was; *varat*, was not. *Otta* is the earliest morning when the cock crows, before sunrise; or more accurately, three hours after midnight. See *Torfæi Vinlandia*, and *Jenssön's Norske Glosebog*. The lines ought to have been thus rendered. "It was not early in the morning, when men were compelled to fly from the sport of battle, where sharp swords bit the surface of the helmets. This was not like kissing a young widow in the highest seat." By which he

* This is an inaccurate title; *Runer*, from which is formed the adjective *runic*, is simply the Icelandic word for letters, literature, or charms wrought by means of letters.

meant, that they had a long and hard contest, and that the sport of war was very different from the pleasures of peace. The other lines contain the same negative. There is a passage in Fridthiofes saga, which will illustrate these. Fridthiofe, who carried on a secret amour with the sister of his enemy Helgi, being forced to fly, is overtaken at sea by a violent tempest; and, after describing the force of the waves and the miseries of a seafaring life, he adds, "Er ei sem biarta brudi I Balldurs haga kyssum;" *i. e.* It is not like kissing the fair maid in the sanctuary of Baldur:—and shortly after his companion says,

"Erat sem eckia	Sollt ero augu
A thig vilie drecka,	Syckut i laugu;
Biort baugvara	Bilsterka arma
Bidie nær fara;	Bytur mer i hvarma."

"Non est, ut si vidua tibi vellet propinare, vel splendidus comitatus nuptialis te socium invitaret; madet mihi oculus salsâ et tepidâ aquâ; exercitium brachiorum fortium palpebras dolere facit." *Biörner in Frid. sag. p.* 17.

V. 1. "*Gondul and Skogul.*" Two of the Valkyriæ or virgins of slaughter, whom Odin despatches from Valhalla to invite the principal warriors, who are about to fall in battle. See the notes on the combat of Hialmar, &c. p. 269. The invitation from Odin was only sent to the most distinguished chieftains, and at other times (as is stated in the Fatal sisters) "the Valkyriæ possess the option of slaughter, Eiga Valkyriur vals um kosti." *st.* 6.

V. 5. "*Unmail'd.*" Or bryniu. It was not unusual for the leaders to fight without coat of mail or shield, for the purpose of shewing their contempt of danger, and enjoying the free use of their limbs. But there is another reading, *i bryniu*, in his coat of mail; which is confirmed by the line, "Hialm og brynio skal hirda vel, Helmet and mail be well preserved."

V. 9. "*Isles.*" In Schöning's edition it stands, "Het a Holmrygi, sa er her kallar;" *i. e.* He, that summons the army, had warned the inhabitants of the islands belonging to the province of Rogaland. In Peringskiöld's, "Het a Haleygi, sems a Holmrygi;" *i. e.* He warned the inhabitants of Halogaland, as well as the islands, &c.

V. 12. "*Eagle-crested.*" Und ar hialmi. The word *ar* has various significations. Schöning has translated it *maturè*. In that sense it is the root of the English word *early*. Peringskiold translates it *aquilino*

signe notabili, from *are*,* an eagle. *Ar* (with which the Latin word *ara* is probably connected signifies also fire, (see *Gudm Andreas*,) and I am inclined to think Ar hialmi means here a glittering helmet. A subsequent line says that he stood "Und gull hialmi," under a golden helmet.

The two first lines of this stanza, if not corrupt, are so obscure, that they have never been properly interpreted,

Trauddoz taurgur fyrir tys og bauga
Hialta hardfotom hausi Nordmanna;
Roma vard i eyio; rudo kongar
Skiarar skialdborgir i skatna blodi.—*Per. edit, I.* 164.

The two last lines are very plain. "The conflict was in the island; the princes stained the bright edges of the shields in the blood of nobles." But the two first have been variously explained. "Tyri (*i. e.* Martis) et Bogonis arma conculcabantur præ duris tegumentis induto Norvægicorum cranio." *Peringskiold.* "Concussa sunt scuta, viri regis, et dure gladii mucrone, crania Nordmannorum." *Schöning*, who reads Lauser, instead of Larsi. Dr. Percy, who followed Peringskiold, asserts, that Bauga was a subordinate God of war; but no such person is mentioned in either Edda, and I can find no account of him. I believe that Peringskiold, who was puzzled by the word, got rid of the difficulty by translating it Bogonis, and that Bogo was deified by the learned bishop. The words cannot bear the construction or meaning given to them by Schoning. It does not appear, whether he takes the hialta to be the gen. plur. of hialt, the hilt of a sword, or the gen. sing. of hialte, a hero: but it seems to have served him for both. If I may venture to propose a new interpretation, I think the grammatical order of the words, to shew the construction of the sentence, would be this, "Taurgur tys og bauga trauddoz fyrir hialta hardfotom hausi Nordmanna. Scuta Tyri, (*i. e.* bellica et annulorum (*i. e.* rotunda, vel annulis munita) conculcabantur

* From *are* I believe our word *eyrie* is derived; Johnson derives it from *ey*, an egg: properly *ei*, German: but I do not believe, there is a word in the English language (unless very modern) of German origin, and the Germans have no word to express *eyrie*, which in French is spelt *aire*. In Anglo Sax. *æg* is an egg; in Icel. *egg*; in Galic *ubh*, or *ugh*. *Ey* is an island in Icel. The words, which we have in common with the Germans, are not borrowed from them, but drawn from a higher source.

ante virum duripedem caput (*i. e.* ducem) Nordmannorum." Tyr was the God of war. Baugr, a ring, signifies in poetry, anything circular; and is sometimes used to express a shield, either on account of its form, or of the rings, by which it was attached to the arm. See *Nials saga*, and *Edda Sæm. p.* 306. I should therefore prefer reading the nom. plur. baugar, in which case the interpretation would be, Scuta bellica et clypei; but at any rate shields of rings, for shields adorned with or in the shape of rings, is a usual form of expression in Icelandic. The introduction of words between the preposition and its substantive is not unfrequent, nor does the position of the genitives, tys og bauga between fyrir and hialta produce any confusion, as fyrir never governs a genitive case.

V. 32. "*Storda.*" A small island on the coast of Norway.

V. 57. "*Braga and Hermoder.*" Braga was the God of poetry. Hermoder was the son of Odin, who was sent on the embassy to redeem his brother Balder from hell. See *Gör. Edda, p.* 85.

V. 81. "*Fenris the wolf.*" He was son of the mischievous Loke, and so formidable to the Asi on account of his strength and ferocity, that they contrived to bind him with a chain of materials, which could not be broken. He revenged himself by biting off the hand of Tyr; but his chain will not be loosed, till the twilight of the Gods, when Fenris will break forth and devour Odin. See *Gör. Edda, p.* 53. *and* 91.

V. 85. This line will be found also in Havamal.

V. 87. "*Heathen Gods.*" Heidin God. When this ode was written, the Christian religion was beginning to spread into Norway. King Hacon was the son of Harald Harfager, and had been educated in England at the court of King Athelstan, where he was instructed in the Christian faith. See *Torf. Hist. Norv.* and *Pontop. Gest. Dan.* 2. 69. He was attacked in the island of Storda by the sons of his brother Eric, whom he had driven from the throne of Norway. With very inferior forces he gained a complete victory, but in the pursuit he was struck by an arrow, and died afterwards of his wound. A better interpretation of the last line has been suggested to me, than that which I first adopted.

THE

COMMENCEMENT OF BIARKAMAL.

A fragment printed in Heimskringla, in Bartholinus Ant. Dan. and in Stephanius's notes on Saxo Grammaticus.

1803.

THE day has dawn'd; the plumed helms sound;
'Tis time to tread the battle's ground.
Wake and ay wake each friendly head,
The latest prop of Adils dead!
Strong Har, and Hrolf, whose darts ne'er fail,
Men nobly born, who never quail,
For wine, or women wake ye not!
Wake for the battle's hardy lot!

* * * *

NOTES.

THESE lines are stated by Schoning (*Nork. Hist.* 1. 322 and 468) and in *Heimskr.* 2. 347, to have been composed in the sixth century by Bodvar Biarki, one of Hrolf Krake's warriors, and were the commencement of a famous Icelandic song called Biarkamal from his name. The rest of the original, except a few lines, is now lost; but Saxo Grammaticus has given a Latin imitation of it in his history. It is a dialogue between Biarke and Hialto, on the fatal night, in which they were treacherously killed by the Swedes together with Hrolf Krake and all the rest of his warriors. Saxo's translation is very free, and varies also in not mentioning any names, and stating, that it was night, not morning. It seems to have been admitted, that Biarke himself was

the author of this spirited poem; but, as it must in that case have been composed the very night, on which he was surprised and killed with all his companions, I do not understand, how, if they had been his lines, they could have been preserved. I am inclined to believe, that they were composed by some other poet after his death, and have since been attributed to him, because a great part of it is supposed to be spoken by him; as Havamal has for the same reason been esteemed the work of Odin.

Adils was the son of Ottar king of Sweden, whom he succeeded; his principal residence was Upsal. See *Yngl. Saga*, c. 32, and *Hrolf Krakes Saga*, c. 14. He was dead at the time, when these lines are said to have been written; and had before his death been hostile to Hrolf, whose mother he had married.

V. 2. "*It is time, &c.*" Mal er vilmogum. Bartholinus translates vilmogum, milites; Schöning, servis; Stephanius, Vili filiis, *i. e.* Suecis; and Peringskiold omits the word in his translation, as I have done. I am inclined to think, that Stephanius was right, and that the first lines were supposed to be spoken, before the attack, by the Swedes; who might properly be called the followers of Adils, their late monarch. In Hrolf Krake's saga his champions are enumerated, but the name of Har does not occur amongst them. Hrolf Krake was killed in 552.

THE

DYING SONG OF REGNER LODBROCK.

Translated from the old Icelandic.

1804.

Regner Lodbrock was killed in 794, by vipers applied to a wound in his breast, having been taken prisoner by Ella, in Northumberland.—These lines are supposed to be spoken by Regner in the hour of death, and by many persons they are believed to have been really his composition; but probably the account is true, that they were written by the Scald Brage, after his death, at the request of his widow Aslauga. N. B. I have omitted eight stanzas, giving an account of various engagements, which, from their similarity, might be thought tedious.

1.

We * smote with swords; nor long, before
In arms I reach'd the Gothic† shore,
To work the loathly serpent's death.
I slew the reptile of the heath;
My prize was ‡ Thora: from that fight
By warriors am I Lodbrock hight.
I pierced the monster's scaly side
With steel, the soldier's wealth and pride.

2.

We smote with swords; in early youth
I fought by Eyra's billowy mouth.
Where high the echoing basnites rung
To the hard javelin's iron tongue,
The crop was glean'd by wolves that howl,
And many a golden-footed§ fowl.
Dark grew the ocean's swollen water:
The raven waded deep in slaughter.

3.

We smote with swords; ere twenty years
Were number'd, in the din of spears
I rear'd my armed hand, and spread
The tide of battle fierce and red.
Eight earls my weighty arm subdued
Eastward by Dwina's icy flood;
There the gaunt falcon lack'd not food.

---

* *Hiuggum vier*, we hewed. † Gothland, in Sweden.

‡ Thora was guarded by a serpent, which Regner slew, having protected himself against its poison, by fleecy brogues, whence he was called Lod-brock. He espoused Thora.

‖ The Sound. § The eagle.

The sweat of death distain'd the wave;
The army tined* its warriors brave.

4

We smote with swords; fierce Hedin's† queen
Mid the hot storm of war was seen,
When ‡ Helsing's youths to Odin's hall
We bade, and garr'd her prowess fall.
Our vessels plough'd through Ifa's flood;
The arrows stung; the stream was blood.
Brands grated on the mail, and through
Cleft shields the death-fraught lances flew.

5.

We smote with swords; none fled, I trow,‖
Ere on the masted galley's prow
Bold Herraud fell: no fairer earl
Did e'er his bellying sail unfurl
On winged § steeds, that spurn the main
Cleaving the seafowl's lonely reign;
No lord in ¶ stour more widely fear'd
To distant port his vessel steer'd.
That glorious chieftain's glowing heart
In fight ay sought the foremost part.

6.

We smote with swords; in fierce affray
The warriors cast their shields away:
By rifling steel with fury driven
Many a fearless breast was riven;

---

* Tined, *lost*, Icel. *tyndi*.

† Hilda, goddess of war; see the tale entitled Hedin.

‡ *Helsing*. Part of the coast of the gulph of Bothnia.

‖ *I trow*; Icelandic, *Hygg ec*, I think.

§ Ships. ¶ *Stour*, Icel. *styr*, war.

And, midst the din, from Skarpa's* rock
Echo'd the falchion's sounding shock.
The iron orbs with blood were dyed,
Ere sunk king Rafen's youthful pride.
Hot streaming from each valiant head
Sweat upon coats of mail was shed.

7.

We smote with swords; near Inder's† shore
A sumptuous meal the ravens tore;
Nor carnage lack'd to glut those ‡ steeds,
On which the sorceress Vala speeds.
'Twas hard to 'scape unharm'd that day:
When peer'd the sun's first dawning ray,
Shafts saw I starting from the string;
The bent bow made the metal ring.

8.

We smote with swords; loud clang'd the plain,
Ere Ulla's‖ field saw Eysteinn slain.
Adorn'd with gold our conquering band
Strode o'er the desolated land;
And swift to meet each helmed head
The pointed flames of arrows sped:
Down many a neck the purple gore
Trickled from the burning sore.

(St. 9, 10, 11, and 12, are omitted.)

---

* *Skarpa or Skarfa skerium.* Probably Skarp-ey on the coast of Norway. From sker, a rock, and skarpr, sharp, or skarfur, sea-fowl.

† *Inder.* Probably an island near Trondhiem.

‡ Beasts of prey, on which the sorceresses were supposed to ride.

‖ *Ulla's.* The site of Upsal.

13.

We smote with swords; near Hadning's * bay
(Hilda's † sport and Hilda's fray)
Every noble warrior held
High in air his charmed shield.
Bucklers brast, and men were slain;
Stoutest skulls were cleft in twain.
'Twas not, I trow, like wooing rest
On gentle maiden's snowy breast.

14.

We smote with swords; the iron sleet
Against the shields with fury beat.
On Northumbria's hostile shore
Heroes welter'd in their gore:
Our foes at early dawn of light
Fled not from the sport of fight,
Hilda's sport, where falchions keen
Bit the helmet's surface sheen.
'Twas not like kissing widow sweet
Reclining in the highest ‡ seat.

(St. 15 and 16 are omitted.)

17.

We smote with swords; at dawn of day
Hundred spearmen gasping lay,
Bent beneath the arrowy strife.
Egill reft my son of life;

---

* *Hadning's bay.* Perhaps in the Orkneys.

† *Hilda,* goddess of war.

‡ The old Northern houses consisted of one large habitable room, in which was an elevated stage for persons of rank, at the end opposite the door; like the dais or high table in our College Halls. This was called Aandveige.

Too soon my Agnar's youth was spent,
The scabbard*-thorn his bosom rent:
The whiles each warrior's clashing steel
Contentious rung a dreadful peal
On the grey hauberks, Hamder's† pride;
And our bright standards glitter'd wide.

(St. 18th is omitted.)

19.

We smote with swords; at morn I view'd
The ‡ fair-hair'd prince by fate subdued,
Gay Aurn, (whose voice the widows loved,
Whose charms the blooming virgins moved)
Fainting, waning to his end.
In Ila's§ sound that day he kenn'd
Other sport; 'twas not, I wean,
Like quaffing from the goblet sheen
Fuming wine by maidens pour'd:
Yet, ere he fell, the battle roar'd,
The fulgent orbs in twain were cleft,
And lifeless many a kemp‖ was left.

(St. 20th is omitted.)

21.

We smote with swords; the sounding blades,
Ruddy with gold, assail'd our heads.

---

* Slider-Thorn, i. e. sword.

† *Hamder.* An ancient warrior, who had been famous for his armour.

‡ Fair-hair'd, *Harfagran.* Wormius says, that this means Harald Harfager; but Harald Harfager, the founder of the Norwegian monarchy, whose reign forms an important æra in the history of that country, died peaceably in his bed. Bishop Percy, in his prose translation, has copied the mistake of Wormius. Fair-hair'd is here applied to Aurn.

§ *Ila's sound.* Between Scotland and that island. ‖ *Kemp*, soldier.

In after times on Anglesey*
Shall mortals trace the bloody fray,
Where Hilda's† iron vesture rung,
Where kings march'd forth, and spears were flung.
Like winged dragons, red with gore
Our lances hiss'd along the shore.

22.

We smote with swords; what fairer fate
Can e'er the sons of men await,
Than long amid the battle's blast
To front the storm, and fall at last?
Who basely shuns the gallant strife
Nathless must lose his dastard life.
When waves of war conflicting roll,
'Tis hard to whet the coward soul
To deeds of worth; the timid heart
Will never act a warrior's part.

23.

We smote with swords; this deem I right,
Youth to youth in sturdy fight
Each his meeting falchion wield;
Thane‡ to thane should never yield.
Such was ay the soldier's boast,
Firm to face the adverse host.
Boldest, who prize fair maidens' love,
Must in the din of battle move.

24.

We smote with swords; I hold, that all
By destiny or live or fall:

---

* *Anglesey*, Aungols-ey. † *Hilda's vesture*, coats of mail.
‡ Thane, Icelandic *Thegn*.

Each his certain hour awaits;
Few can 'scape the ruling Fates.
When I scatter'd slaughter wide,
And launch'd my vessels to the tide,
I deem'd not, I, that Ella's blade
Was doom'd at last to bow my head;
But hew'd in every Scottish bay
Fresh banquets for the beasts of prey.

25.

We smote with swords; my parting breath
Rejoices in the pang of death.
Where dwells fair Balder's father dread,
The board is deck'd, the seats are spread!
In *Fiolner's court with costly cheer
Soon shall I quaff the foaming beer,
From hollow skulls of warriors slain!
Heroes ne'er in death complain;
To †Vider's hall I will not bear
The dastard words of weak despair.

26.

We smote with swords; their falchions bright
(If well they kenn'd their father's plight,
How ‡venom-fill'd a viperous brood
Have gnaw'd his flesh and lapp'd his blood)
Thy sons would grasp, Aslauga§ dear,
And vengeful wake the battle here.

---

* *Balder's father*, *Fiolner*, and *Vider*; various names for Odin.

† Vider was Odin's war name. *Vidr at vigom*, I am called Vider in battle.—*Grimnismal*, *st.* 48.

‡ *Venom-fill'd*, Eitor-fillir.

§ Regner's wife by a second marriage. She has been identified with the illegitimate child of Brynhilda by Sigurd, who lived in the time of

A mother to my bairns I gave
Of sterling worth, to make them brave.

27.

We smote with swords; cold death is near,
My *rights are passing to my heir.
Grim† stings the adder's forked dart;
The vipers nestle in my heart.
But soon, I wot, shall Vider's ‡ wand
Fix'd in Ella's § bosom stand.
My youthful sons with rage will swell,
Listening how their father fell:
Those gallant boys in peace unbroken
Will never rest, till I be wroken.

28.

We smote with swords! where javelins fly,
Where lances meet, and warriors die,
Fifty times and one I stood
Foremost on the field of blood.

Attila, and in truth was Attila himself. That is a gross and absurd anachronism. Concerning the falsehood of the Norwegian genealogies in Fundinn Noregur, and the blending of the adventures of Regner in the eighth century with some of the celebrated Attilane reminiscences, I refer the reader to what I have stated on the subject in Attila king of the Huns, p. 528-9.

* Literally, "It is quickly passing away to inheritance."

† *Grim*, Icel. Grimr. ‡ Odin's wand, i. e. a war-spear.

§ "At the east end of the town, (*Ripon in Yorkshire*,) and not far from the Minster, is a remarkable *tumulus*, called Alli's Hill or Alla's Hill; its shape is conical, the circumference at the base being 900 feet, and the height of the slope about 222 feet. Tradition ascribes the raising of it to the Danes. From its base to the apex, it is said to be composed wholly of sand, gravel, and human bones. Thoresby asserts that it takes its name from Alla, a Northumbrian king, slain in the year 867." *Works of E. Dayes, p.* 121.

Full young I 'gan distain my sword,
Nor fear'd I force of adverse lord;
Nor deem'd I then, that any arm
By might or guile could work me harm.
Me to their feast the Gods must call;
The brave man wails not o'er his fall.

29.

Cease, my strain! I hear a voice
From realms, where martial souls rejoice.
I hear the Maids* of slaughter call,
Who bid me hence to Odin's hall.
High-seated in† their blest abodes
I soon shall quaff the drink of Gods.
The hours of life have glided by;
I fall; but smiling shall I die.

THE

SONG OF HARALD THE HARDY.

From the old Icelandic, printed in Bartholinus, (Antiquitates Danicæ) from Knytlinga Saga.

1805.

My bark sail'd round Sicilia shore;
Then were we gallant, proud, and strong:
A youthful crew the wing'd stag bore,
And high in hope we skimm'd along.

* See page 134, 269, and 283.

† *I aundveige;* in the high seat, or at the high table.

My prowess, tried in martial field,
Like fruit to maiden fair shall yield!
  With golden ring in Russia's land
  To me the virgin plights her hand.
Fierce was the fight on Trondhiem's heath;
I saw her sons to battle move;
Though few, upon that field of death
Long, long, our desperate warriors strove.
Young from my king in battle slain
I parted on that bloody plain.
  With golden ring in Russia's land
  To me the virgin plights her hand.
With vigorous arms the pump we plied,
Sixteen (no more) my dauntless crew,
And high and furious wax'd the tide;
O'er the deep bark its billows flew.
My prowess, tried in hour of need,
Alike with maiden fair shall speed.
  With golden ring in Russia's land
  To me the virgin plights her hand.
Eight feats I ken; the sportive game,
The war array, the fabrile art;
With fearless breast the waves I stem;
I press the steed; I cast the dart;
O'er ice on slippery skates I glide;
My dexterous oar defies the tide.
  With golden ring in Russia's land
  To me the virgin plights her hand.
Let blooming maid and widow say,
Mid proud Byzantium's southern walls
What deeds we wrought at dawn of day!
What falchions sounded through their halls!

What blood distain'd each weighty spear!
Those feats are famous far and near!
With golden ring in Russia's land
To me the virgin plights her hand.
Where snow-clad Uplands rear their head,
My breath I drew mid bowmen strong;
But now my bark, the peasant's dread,
Kisses the sea its rocks among.
Midst barren isles, where ocean foam'd,
Far from the tread of man I roam'd.
With golden ring in Russia's land
To me the virgin plights her hand.

NOTES.

No relic of Icelandic poetry has been so mangled and misconstrued by its learned translators, as the song of Harald. The Latin by Bartholinus, is partly erroneous; it was, however, rendered into French uncorrected by Mallet, from whom the bishop of Dromore drew his prose translation. The errors were naturally multiplied in the progress; and at last, in the poetical translation by Mason, (which he informs us was intended as a "*specimen of the first ballad, properly so called, now extant of the Northern tongue;*") not only the ideas of the original, but the historical facts alluded to in the poem, are so completely perverted, that very few vestiges of the Icelandic ballad are discernible in the English.

I have not been fortunate enough to procure a sight of Knytlinga Saga, which is very scarce; the manuscript copy in the British Museum is imperfect, and the chapter, which should contain these stanzas, is wanting.

The first of the stanzas is quoted in Heimskringla. They are said to have been composed by Harald on his return from Constantinople to the court of king Jarisleif in Russia, where he married his daughter, to whom the burthen of the stanzas alludes. Tho lætr gerdr i Gordum Gullhringa vid mer skolla. These lines are carelessly translated by Bartholinus, *Attamen virgo Russica me respuit.* A doubt has arisen, whether the Russian damsel had rejected or accepted his proffered love, from the

ambiguity of the verb *lætr*, which has the same opposite senses as the English word *to let*, meaning sometimes *to hinder*; the Icelandic word *Tho* has various significations; Peringskiold understands it as I do. Bartholinus's translation is very loose; *gullhrings* is quite overlooked, and *skolla* not explained. Schoning, in his edition of Heimskringla, translates the lines, *Attamen se præbet puella in Gardis aureis annulis ornata in me frigidam.* It does not appear by that vague interpretation, what he understood *skolla* to mean. I can meet with the word no where, but in this song, where *Lætr skolla vid* occurs twice; and I am persuaded that the words mean, *consents* or *suffers to kiss.* In the MS. Lexicon in the British Museum, *Skolla hliod* is interpreted *gannitus; hliod* means *silence.* The second passage, where the expression occurs in these stanzas, is *Nu læt et skeidr skolla vid sker*, i. e. *Now I let my ship kiss the breakers;* Bartholinus renders it *crepitare ad saxa in mari latentia.* In that passage *læt* means clearly *permit*, and it seems very improbable, that in the same song, coupled with the same words in another line, it should mean the reverse. I shall briefly relate that part of the history of Harald to which these stanzas allude.

After the death of Saint Olave, king of Norway, in the battle of Sticklastad (situated in the interior of Norway N. E. of Trondhiem) in 1030, Harald Hardradr his brother on the mother's side, then 15 years old, remained concealed in the hut of a peasant, till the wounds were healed, which he had received in defence of his brother. The next summer he fled to the court of Jarisleif king of Garda-rike, (a part of Russia,) where he was well received, and remained some years. In 1034 he proceeded with the followers he had collected to Constantinople, about the time when the empress Zoe raised Michael* the Paphlagonian to the throne and bed of her murdered husband. He was received into her pay, and served in company with Georgius Maniaces, whom the Scandinavians call Gyrgir; but Harald soon became the favourite of the army, and he retained the sole command, Georgius having returned with the few, who adhered to him. Harald passed over into Africa, where he made considerable conquests; and, subsisting his army by plunder, he continued to remit the surplus of his booty by trusty messengers to the court of Jarisleif. His victories in Africa were followed by an at-

* Snorro calls him Michael Catalactus, which seems to be a confusion between his name Paphlago, and that of his successor Michael Calaphates. Their reigns having been very short, and both Emperors associated with Zoe, the confusion was natural.

tack upon Sicily, in which he was equally successful. Having spent several years on this expedition during which he fought 18 pitched battles, and reduced many fortified places, he returned to Constantinople; whence, after securing his stipend from the imperial treasury, he undertook a journey to the Holy Land, where he made magnificent offerings, and bathed in the waters of the Jordan. On his return from that pilgrimage, hearing that his nephew Magnus had obtained the crown of Norway, he solicited his discharge from the imperial service. The profligate empress, who in her sixtieth year espoused a third husband, and associated his concubine to the throne, is supposed to have entertained a lawless passion for Harald; and, though his crime was perhaps only the desire of quitting Constantinople, he was accused of peculation and imprisoned. On the ensuing night his escape was effected by the assistance of a lady of the first rank, who is said to have had no other motive for his deliverance, than obedience to a vision of Saint Olave. He immediately rejoined his followers, and stormed the imperial palace. According to Snorro he put out the eyes of the Emperor Constantine Monomachus on this occasion; but that is a mistake, for Constantine continued to reign after the death of Zoe. Gibbon says that in the tumult, which paved the way for Constantine to the throne, the eyes of the son of Calaphates were extinguished, and Snorro may have easily confounded the names of his son and his successor. Harald left Constantinople in 1044, according to Schöning's table, and Constantine was raised to the imperial throne in 1042, according to Gibbon; those dates will not correspond, if it is supposed that Harald's contest was with Calaphates; on the other hand the fact seems false, as applied to Constantine. Harald carried off from the palace Maria the niece of Zoe, who had formerly refused to give her to him in marriage; and, having joined his ships, he fled with precipitation towards the Black Sea. Before he proceeded on his voyage, he dismissed the unhappy princess, ordering her to return to Zoe, and tell her how fruitless had been her attempts against him, and the vain refusal of her niece's hand. He then continued his voyage through the Hellespont, and composed sixteen stanzas, of which only the foregoing six are extant, alluding to Ellisif or Elisabeth, daughter of Jarisleif. He proceeded to Holmgard, where he was joyfully received by Jarisleif, and espoused Elizabeth. In 1346, a treaty was concluded between him and Magnus, who dreaded an attack from Harald, by which the latter received an equal share in the crown of Norway, and delivered up to Magnus half the immense wealth, which he had brought from Constantinople. After the death of his nephew, Harald remained sole monarch.

Constantine Manasses says that a popular tumult took place against Michael Calaphates, in consequence of his confining Zoe; and that he tried to appease it by setting her at liberty; but he adds,

Πλὴν ἀλλὰ πάλιν ἡ πυρὰ	Πάλιν ἀνερριπίζετο
τῆς στάσεως ἀνῆπτο,	κατὰ τοῦ καταπτύστου.

and afterwards,

Καὶ κόρας ἐξορύττουσιν	Καὶ σὺν αὐτῷ τὸν δυσσεβῆ
αὐτοῦ ταῖς μαχαιρίσι,	πατράδελφον τυφλοῦσι.

According to Michael Glycas, after the tumult, εἰς τὰ ἄδυτα τοῦ ναοῦ καταφεύγουσιν, ἀλλ' ἐκεῖθεν ἁρπάζονται, καὶ διὰ τῶν ποδῶν ἐν τῇ ἀγορᾷ σύρονται, κατὰ δέ γε τὸ Σίγμα τοῦς ὀρθαλμοὺς ἐκτυφλοῦνται, ὡς ἡ Θεοδώρα ἐνίσκηψεν. Both these accounts differ from that of Gibbon. Theodora was the sister of Zoe.

V. 2. "*Gallant*, &c." Prudir, a more expressive word than *proud*, meaning adorned with every excellence.

V. 3. "*Winged stag.*" Brun vængis hiortr; literally brown winged hart, i. e. ship.

V. 4 and 5. "My prowess, &c."

"Vætti ec minnr at motti Mani enn thinnig nenna."

These lines appear to me to have been quite misunderstood; I translate them thus. *Spero memor in conventû Virgini porrò ad eum modum operam præbere.* Nenna is an amatory verb. In *Scirnis for*, where an assignation is made between Gerda and Freyr, the word occurs; Nenna Niardar syni, *operam dare* Niordi nato. *Vætti ec*, I expect. "Sá er vid vættom af vegi löngom, Quem expectavimus de longâ viâ." *Hym. Qv.* 11.—*At nenna*, spontaneam alacritatem habere ad aliquam rem peragendam. *Scirn. f.* 38. 6.—*Mani*, dative from *man*, a maid; Manna glaum mani, hominum gaudia virgini. *Ib.* 34. *Mot*, a meeting, conventus. *Minnr*, or *minnugr*, mindful. Schöning translates it *minus*; but the comparative, *less*, would be *minne* masc. or fem. *minna* neut. nor could it take an *r*, if used adverbially.

V. 13. "*My king.*" His brother Saint Olave, killed in the battle of Sticklastad against Thorer Hund, whose army consisted chiefly of the inhabitants of Trondhiem. "Hafa Threndor hier mann mug mestann." *Olaf. Helges S. c.* 231. Harald was wounded in supporting his brother, and fled the country. The English translators, from ignorance of the history, as well as the language, have made Harald victorious, and state that he slew a king.

V. 17. "*The pump we plied.*" Josum ver svanna.—Ec eis, *haurio*; præterit. sing. joos.—I take svanna to be a pump, upon the authority of Bartholinus.

V. 20. "*Billows.*" In Bartholinus it is printed *Hum*, which would be *the twilight*; it should be *humr*, the sea.

V. 25 and 26. "*Eight feats, &c.*"—

Ithrottir kann ek atta
Ygs fet ek lid at smida
Færr ek er hvast a hesti.

Bartholinus translates the second line carelessly, *Strenuè dimicare audeo*, leaving some of the words uninterpreted; and thus in the detail he and the other translators, who have followed him, make out only six exercises; instead of eight, as stated in the first line. *Ek fet*, is I place firmly or fortify. MS. Lex. *To fet or fettle*; is to fashion; *fettle*, condition; *Yorksh. dial.* *Lid*, an army. *At smida*, to forge; whence our word *smith*. *Færr*, strong; fortis, *Hickesius*. *Ek er hvast a hesti*, I am keen on horseback. There should therefore be commas after *lid* and *færr*. I am unacquainted with the word *ygs*; but *ygge* is pinna, MS. Lex. and I imagine that the word here stands by itself, meaning *at ninepins*, or some game of that sort; which, with the addition of the forge, would make up the eight exercises. In a passage quoted by Bartholinus, p. 420, Regnvaldus Kolson boasts of nine exercises, which are chess, runes or charms, reading, *forging*, skating, shooting, rowing, playing on the harp, and composing verses.

V. 33. "*Maid and widow.*" Perhaps alluding to Zoe and her niece.

V. 34. "*Byzantium's southern walls.*" Literally, the city in the South. I have ventured to add the name Byzantium.

V. 41. "*Uplands.*" Part of Sweden and Norway so called, as we say The Highlands, in Scotland

As my version differs very widely from that of Mason, I think it right to subjoin a literal prose translation together with the original lines, that the reader may judge how far it is faithful.

Sneid fyrir Sikiley vida
Snd; varum tha prudir.
Brunn skreid vel til vanar
Vengis hiortr und drengium.
Vætti ek minnr at motti
Mani enn thinnig nenna.

The ship sailed wide round Sicily.
Then we were magnificent. The
brown winged stag (i. e. ship) glided
well according to our hopes under
the youths. Mindful I hope in the
meeting to be equally active in love

Tho *lætr gerdr i Gordum
Gullhringa vid mer skolla.

Fund var thess, at Thrændir
Their hofdu !id meirra ;
Vard su er ver ofgiordum
Vist errilig snerra :
Skildumz ungr vid ungan
Allvalld i styr fallinn.
Tho, &c.
Senn josum ver svanna
Sextan, tha er brim vexti,
(Dreif a hladna hufa
Humr) i fiorum rumum.
Vætti ek minnr at motti
Mani enn thinnlig nenna.
Tho, &c.
Ithrottir kann ek atta.
Yga, fet ek lid, at smida
Færr, er ek hvast a hesti ;
Hefik sund numit stundum ;
Skrida kann ek a skidum ;
Skyt ek oc ræk sva at nytir ;
Tho, &c.

Enn munat eckia....
Ung ne mær at værim,
Thar er giordum ‡ svip sverdum,

to the virgin. Hence the maid of the gold ring in Russia consents to embrace me.
Such was the conflict, that the men of Trondhiem, they had the largest host. That fight, which we executed, was certainly terrible. Young I was separated from the young king fallen in stour. &c.

Together sixteen we worked the pump, when the tide waxed, (the sea rushed into the laden planks) on four benches. Mindful I hope in the meeting to be equally active in love to the virgin. &c.

I ken eight exercises. Ninepins; *(Quære.)*——I can array an army; strong in working at the forge; I am keen on horseback; I have sometimes taken the sound; *(as we say, to take the water ;)* I can slide on skates; I shoot and row, so as to be useful; &c.
But nor widow nor young maid may *(denyt)* that we were (where we made the clash of swords) south-

* *Lætr* is either *permits*, or *hinders*. Coupled with a passive participle or an infinitive it is an auxiliary and adds nothing to the sense but its tense; as *lætr sodinn*, for *sydr*, he boils. If *lætr* is taken in the negative sense, the translation will be, *But the maid of the gold ring in Russia refuses to embrace me.*

† Bartholinus inserts *negabit* in his translation; a word is wanting not only to the sense, but to the metre, of the first line in this stanza.

‡ " Hvoriar eru bestar, ef berias skall,
Heiller at *sverda svipan* ?
Quænam sunt optima, si pugnandum est, Consilia cum *gladiorum collisione*."—Quoted from the unpublished Edda in *Norna Gests Saga.*

Sudr i borg um morgin.
Ruddumz um med oddi;
Eru merki thar verka.
Tho, &c.
Fæddr var ek, thar alma
Upplendingar bendu;
Nu læt ek vid sker skolla
Skeidr bumonnum leidar.
Vitt hefi ek sizt ytum
Eygard skotid bardi.
Tho, &c.

ward in the city at morning. We were reddened round with weapons. Those works are notorious. &c.

I was born, where the Uplanders bend the bow; now I let my war-ship, hated by the countrymen, kiss the breakers. Wide at a distance from men have I frequented the abode of islands *(i. e. the sea)* with my ship. &c.

THE

LAMENTATION OF STARKADER.

From the old Icelandic, printed in Bartholinus Ant. Dan. p. 391. *and in Björner's Nordiska Kämpa Dater.*

1803.

THAT chief I follow'd, whom I knew
Mightiest in battle's strife;
Those were the happiest fairest days
Of all my varied life:

Before, (as angry fate decreed)
Where evil spirits led,
For the last time in joyful trim
To Hordaland I sped.

There, by each hateful curse pursued,
To work a deed of shame;
And (such, alas! my bitter lot)
To gain a traitor's name.

Vikar my king (stout Geirthiof's bane
And famed in deadly stour)
Aloft, sad victim to the Gods,
I hung in evil hour.

My weapon to the chieftain's heart
Thrust deep the deadly blow;
Of all the works, my hand hath wrought,
This caused me keenest wo.

Thence hapless have I wander'd on
A wild ill-fated road:
Abhorr'd of every Hordian boor,
And bent by sorrow's load:

Without or wealth to soothe my cares,
Or joy of honest fame!
No king to guide my pathless way,
No thought, but wo and shame.

NOTES.

THESE ancient lines are said to have been composed by Starkader himself. He was a warrior of great reputation, and by his assistance the dominion of Vikar was established over a great part of Norway. The following extraordinary account of the death of Vikar, said to have taken place in 390, is given in the Saga af Gautreki oc Hrolfi, printed at Upsal in 1664, with a Swedish translation by Verelius.

"Starkader accompanied king Vikar to Hordaland; he was the most distinguished warrior in the army, and dearest to the king. The wind proving boisterous and unfavourable, after the oracles had been consulted, it was deemed, that Odin required a man, drawn by lot from the army, to be hanged as a sacrifice; the lot fell upon Vikar, which

produced great sorrow amongst his followers. A little before midnight Starkader was awakened by his foster-father Hrosharsgrani, who bade him rise and follow him. They took a small boat, and rowed to an island; there went they up into the woods, and found a spot, from which the trees had been cleared. Eleven men sat there upon stools, and a twelfth seat was unoccupied. They advanced into the assembly, and Hrosharsgrani seated himself in the vacant place. They all saluted Odin, who said, that the judges should decide the fate of Starkader. Thor began, and said: "Alfr, father to Starkader's mother, gave his daughter to a houndlike Jotun, rather than to Thor the God. And on this account I decree, that Starkader shall have neither son nor daughter, and shall so end his life." Odin said: "I decree, that he shall live three ages of men." Thor said: "He shall perform a foul action in each." Odin said: "I decree, that he shall have the best of weapons and armour." Thor said: "I decree, that he shall possess neither land nor territory." Odin said: "I decree, that he shall be rich in chattels." Thor said: "I ordain, that he shall never think his wealth sufficient." Odin said: "I give him victory and skill in every combat." Thor said: "I condemn him to be wounded in every encounter." Odin said: "I give him ready skill in poetry, so that he may versify as fast as speak." Thor said: "He shall never remember, what he hath composed." Odin said: "I decree, that he shall be highly esteemed by the most illustrious and the best of mankind." Thor said: "He shall be hated by the people." The judges then confirmed all that had been said concerning Starkader, and the assembly was thus dissolved. Hrosharsgrani and Starkader returned to their boat; then said Hrosharsgrani; "Now, foster-son, thou shouldst repay the assistance, which I have afforded thee." "Well," replied Starkader. "Then shalt thou incontinently send me king Vikar," (said Hrosharsgrani) "and I will lay the scheme for this." Starkader assented. Hrosharsgrani took a weapon in his hand, and said, that it should appear like a reed. Then returned they to the army, and it was already daybreak. The next morning the king's council assembled to deliberate; they were all of opinion, that some show of sacrifice should be made, and Starkader published their decision. A fir tree stood near them, and a stem was lying by it: from the lower part of the fir grew a slender twig, which reached up to the limbs of the tree. The servants were then preparing meat, and a calf was cut up and opened. Starkader took the calf's intestine, and mounting the stem, he bent down the slender twig, and tied the calf's intestine to it. Then said Starkader to the

king; "Now is there a gibbet prepared for thee, king; and it does not seem very dangerous. Now come thou here, that I may lay the snare round thy throat." The king said: "If this does not prove more dangerous, than it seems to me, I expect, that it will not hurt me; but, if it be otherwise, fortune must decide what shall happen." Then he mounted, and Starkader layed the noose round his throat, and descended from the stem. Starkader then thrust the reed against the king, and said; "Now I give thee to Odin." He then loosed the twig of the fir; the reed was changed into a spear, and pierced the king; the stem slipped from under his foot, and the calf's intestine was turned into a strong halter, and the twig sprung up, and raised the king to the branches; and there he died."

V. 6. *Enn thri flaugd ollu;* the evil spirits were the cause of my going there.—Flaugd is the plural of flagd, a monster, or evil genius. There is a similar expression in the dying song of Ingimar of Ask in Orkneyinga Saga, p. 172.

"Flaugd hauttu mic til Fyrileifar;
Æ var ec úfuss til orosto;
Mic bittu örfar af álmboga;
Mun ec aldrigi á Ask koma."

i. e. "The evil spirits excited me to go to Fyrileif; I was always disinclined to war; the arrows from the bow sting me; I must never return to Ask."

V. 8. *Hordaland* was the old name for a part of Norway in the neighbourhood of Hardanger.

V. 12. *Nidings nafn;* an infamous name.—Nidings verk is an infamous deed; Nidingr, a man branded with infamy for such a deed. See Bartholinus, (1. 7.) who has expatiated on this subject, and stated the different actions, which were reckoned infamous.

V. 13. *Geirthiofs bana;* the slayer of Geirthiof.—Herthiof murdered Halfdan the father of Vikar, and was afterwards defeated and slain by Vikar with the assistance of Starkader. The same person is probably here intended by Geirthiof.

GRYMUR AND HIALMAR.

From the old Icelandic in the Rhyme of Karl and Grymur.

1805.

In the preceding part of this rhyme, Grymur, son of a valiant earl, asks for the hand of Ingegerda, daughter of Karl, king of Sweden; and she is promised to him, on condition that he shall first overthrow Hialmar, son of Harek, king of Biarmaland. Grymur sails in quest of Hialmar, whom he finds proceeding towards Sweden, with the intention of wooing the same Ingegerda.

GRYMUR stands on Gothic land;
Wolves shall lick the bloody strand,
If the sturdy warriors fight
Proudly for the virgin bright.
On the shore each eye was bent;
The land was deck'd with many a tent;
Bright the host with princely show;
Hialmar ruled that host, I trow.
Loud he cried, "Ye strangers free,
"Whose you fleet, that stems the sea?"
Forth stepp'd, and named him, Grymur strong;
"Thee have I sought this summer long."—
"Now welcome, Grymur! good thy fare,
"Health and honor be thy share!
"Gold, and wine of fairest hue,
"Will I give thee, not untrue."
"Thy bidding fair, I take not, I;
"My heart is firm to win or die.

" Gird thee, gird thee, for the fight!
" We must feed the wolves to-night!"
" Peaceful rather let us dwell;"
(Hialmar courteous spoke him well)
" Let us be, like brothers sworn,
" Join'd in friendship night and morn!
" Wake we not the strife of shields!
" Well this arm the falchion wields,
" But the lovely virgin's hand
" Now I woo from Swedish land."
Fierce and furious wax'd the knight;
Loud he cried with wounded spite,
" Bowne* thee quick to smite my shield;
" Shrink not from the martial field!"—
" Costly rings I give to thee
" With my sister fair to see,
" Biarmaland and princely sway,
" So we feed not birds of prey."—
" I thy sister will not see;
" Bid not thou such gifts to me!
" Cowards linger, slow from fear;
" This the noble maid will hear."
Hialmar cries with passion sore,
" Youth, I scorn to soothe thee more!
" Stand the fight; on bucklers sheen
" Prove we straight our weapons keen!"
He has ta'en his hauberk white,
Trusty blade, and helmet bright;
And his buckler gleams afar;
Stouter ne'er was held in war.

* *Bowne*, make ready.

First by lot must Grymur smite;
Arm'd he was to stir the fight.
He clove the buckler with his brand,
And struck to ground Hialmar's hand,
But never flinch'd that warrior true,
Nor deign'd, tho' maim'd, for peace to sue.
His glaive, upraised with dauntless main,
Split Grymur's helm and mail in twain.
Streaming flow'd apace the gore;
The sharp-edged sword had smote him sore:
His breast and entrails felt the wound,
And the blade shiver'd on the ground.
Hialmar cried, "The stroke is light;
"My trusty falchion fail'd to bite.
"Had both mine arms discharged the blow,
"Warrior, thou hadst now been low."
Grymur fierce, with either hand,
Reckless upheaved his deadly brand;
He smote the helm; his iron blade
Thro' head and brain quick passage made.
Clang'd in the steel the ringing sword;
The host beheld their prostrate lord.
Nor long the fainting Grymur stood,
For gushing well'd the stream of blood.
Hialmar good lies buried there;
Grymur home his soldiers bare.
As he near'd the Swedish ground,
Swell'd apace his burning wound;
Strength and life began to fail:
The king, the maiden, heard the tale.
Whence, but from her, the leech's aid?
And who, but Grymur, claim'd the maid?

Wassail* was kept in the monarch's hall,
And proudly dight were the courtiers all.
Each heart was brisk, as the wine did flow;
No goblet of water was pour'd, I trow.
The nuptial feast was blithe and gay;
The gifts of the king were large that day:
Bracelet, or necklace, or ring of gold,
Must every trusty liegeman hold.
The virgin bless'd the youth of her choice,
And bridegroom and bride did both rejoice.

NOTES.

THESE lines are translated from a part of the *Rimur af Karl og Grym Suia kongum, og af Hialmar Hareks suni a Biarmalande*, which was published by Biörner with a very loose translation. Indeed it is rather a summary of the contents, than a translation; for he has moulded many Icelandic sentences into one Latin period, and given the whole a different cast. I have rendered it line for line, and nearly in the metre of the original, which has however a triple alliteration to each couplet, as well as rhyme. It may be sufficient to quote the four first lines of the Icelandic.

Grymur kiemur a Gautalad, | Ef thar stryda sterker nu
Giefast mun vargi nockr brad, | Stoltar menn fyrer biarta fru.

The Biarmians did not speak the Northern language, and were probably Finns or Laplanders. In king Alfred's Periplus it is stated, that their language was like that of birds.

V. 49. "*First by lot, &c.*"—It was an old custom amongst the Northern nations to fight their duels with alternate blows. The striker generally wielded his sword in both hands, and discharged the blow on his antagonist, who stood firm to receive it, under the protection of his shield. The first stroke was not always however decided by lot. See the first duel between Gunlaug and Rafen in page 259, and that of Angrym and Svafurlami, page 270.

V. 87. "*Bracelet, &c.*"—See the note on the word *Jewels* in page 190.

* *Weitzla*, Icelandic; a banquet, or carousal.

INDEX

PAGE.

Hedin 3

Helga 26

Song of Vala 143

Brynhilda 149

Sir Ebba 157

Preface to translations 167

The Song of Thrym 175

The Descent of Odin 192

Skirner's Expedition 197

The Third Song of Sigurd 203

Brynhilda's Ride to Hell 215

The Song of Attila 224

Volunder's Song 235

The Battle of Hafur's Bay 247

The dying Song of Asbiörn 251

Gunlaug and Rafen 256

The Combat of Hialmar, &c. 260

The Song of Hroke the Black 272

The Death of Hacon 278

Fragment of Biarkamal 286

Song of Regner Lodbrock 287

Song of Harald the Hardy 296

Lamentation of Starkader 304

Grymur and Hialmar 308

HORÆ PIERIÆ,

OR

POETRY ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

PIA DELLA PIETRA.

1820.

Ricorditi di me, che son la Pia;
Sienna mi fè, disfecemi Maremma.
Salsi colui, che 'nnanellata pria
Disposanda m' avea con la sua gemma.

DANTE, PURGAT. 5. 133.

THE four lines which are quoted from Dante, have furnished the ground-work of this tale. I believe that few of the particular circumstances of the real story have been transmitted to us. It is well known that Maremma is the maritime district of Italy subject to the *malaria* which is gradually extending into Rome itself.

CALM sea, whose beauteous waters gently lave
The shore of Italy with tideless wave,
How still and lovely on thine azure breast
The evening ray's unclouded splendors rest!
The purpled landscape blushes, like the bud
Of opening beauty, by thy glowing flood.
Unpruned here myrtles bloom; the orange there
Flings its rich fragrance on the tranquil air.
Fields of the luscious grape and golden lime!
Delightful valleys of a balmy clime!
Soft smiles your land! But why, mid scenes so fair,
Are man's heart-gladdening roofs so lone and rare?
Why bears the tremulous zephyr o'er the plain
No flute's clear sound, or woman's blither strain?

Mournful and mute, though Nature's peaceful glow
Seems to induce forgetfulness of wo!
Have busy cares, have vice and folly made
No habitation in the desert shade?
Have man's adventurous hands not yet displaced
The rank profusion of the fruitful waste,
Giving new voice and strains of other tone
To its rude echoes? On her solemn throne,
Wrapp'd in that loneliness, does nature hear
No voice, save the herd's lowing? or the deer
Rustling the coppice, and the nightbird's lay
From the thick jasmine's odoriferous spray?
Or the hoarse rush of waters, and the hoof
Of countless steeds, from human haunts aloof,
Spurning the virgin glebe, an untamed brood
That crop the flowery turf of solitude,
Where the bee murmurs, and the night-fly's light
Cheers with pure lamp the lovely brow of night?
  There is a breath of fragrance on the gale,
A voice of warbling in the beauteous vale;
The wild luxuriance of its native wealth,
But not to man the breath of life or health.
There is a soothing freshness; but the breeze
Wafts the slow poison of unseen disease.
Death's angel lurks beneath your flowery screen,
Maremma's groves and mountains evergreen!
The charm of stillness, which those waters wear,
The beauteous light of that transparent air,
Are Death's deceitful vizor; the fell bait,
Which but to taste, to breathe, to view, is fate.
  Faint traveller, wearied with the noontide's ray,
Who hailest with delight the close of day!

The cool refreshment of yon breezy plain,
The very charm that soothes thee, is thy bane!
Sure as the shaft that slayeth in the night,
The Pestilence glides onward, robed in light.
All-glorious Italy, o'er thy fair champaign
The smiling fiend extends her silent reign,
And desolation follows. Lo! she stands
On the proud Capitol, with noiseless hands
Showering the secret ruin on the dome
Of thy great temple, everlasting Rome!
Immortal city, beautiful and strong!
The queen of empire, and the boast of song!
Whose huge magnificence has still defied
Barbarian rage and Time's o'erwhelming tide!
Shall e'er thy dwellings, like Palmyra, stand
A lonely spectre in a desert land?
Shall the wolves howl in halls where Maro sung,
Shall forests darken, where thy trophies hung?
The deadly fiend creeps sure and unrestrain'd,
Where Power once fulmined, and where Wisdom reign'd,
Slowly exterminating wins her way,
And one wide wreck of glory marks her sway.
  The sun, all-cloudless, threw his parting gleam
Over thy gulf, Livorno! With slant beam
His western rays in liquid radiance steep
The gilded landscape and the azure deep,
And shew, far streaming thro' the woodland's shade,
A mansion bosom'd in the leafy glade.
Nature had wreathed its walks with every sweet;
It look'd like Love's own temple, a retreat
Fitting fond thoughts; yet a neglected air
Of mournful loneliness it seem'd to bear;

Grief dwelt within, and beauty's loveliest flower
Bloom'd unregarded in that silent bower.
Two female shapes, in gloomy raiment clad,
From its gilt portals issued, mute and sad.
One, whose dark lashes veil'd her downcast eyes,
Shew'd the high port of noble destinies;
Her comrade wore the print of elder years,
And wistful gazed on her with boding fears.
The younger lady was of beauty rare,
A form that seem'd to float upon the air.
She had a lip of love, which but to kiss
Might have been deem'd extremity of bliss.
Her dark eyes were all tenderness; their ray
Spoke the fond memory of a happier day;
A charm of witching mildness in their light
Told how they would have sparkled with delight,
A gentle aptness for sweet mirth and joy
Which not Despair's cold touch could quite destroy.
The beam of love was not extinguish'd, though
Shrouded and quell'd by some o'erpowering wo.
Pallid the hue of her transparent skin
Shew'd Death was mining his fell path within,
Languid decay: a fix'd and burning flush,
Not melting like soft Beauty's healthful blush,
Mid the surrounding ivory, betray'd
The baneful fire which on her vitals prey'd,
The deep oppression of some mastering ill
Slowly destroying life, but sure to kill.
Silent, almost unconscious where they stray'd,
They seated them beneath a chestnut's shade:
Whose giant trunk once echoed to your praise,
Pan or Pomona, sang in Latin lays!

The strain of Romans, when the subject world
Saw their bright standards on each coast unfurl'd!
Majestic, strong, its stately ruin stood;
Still its scathed form o'er-brow'd the Tuscan flood;
And, like Rome's self, all-glorious in decay,
Stretch'd its broad arms with solitary sway.
Realm of past glory! still it seem'd to reign
In lonely pride o'er thy deserted plain!
  The youthful mourner on that lovely scene,
The beautiful expanse of blue serene,
(As the sun sank beneath that splendid ocean,
Which glow'd all tranquil without shade or motion)
Gazed in dejection; drops of pearly dew
Swell'd in her lids, but did not struggle thro',
Nor stain'd her beauteous cheek, nor brought relief
Unto the pang of that consuming grief.
Her look was utter hopelessness; it told
Affections warm, but joys destroy'd and cold;
Total prostration of that anxious strife,
Which is the energy and zest of life,
That charm which vibrates, till all hopes are dead,
Even in the thrilling agony of dread.
There was not in its beam one tremulous ray;
It did not one weak thought or fear betray:
No faint expression in that visage pale
Mark'd one last wish within this worldly vale.
  Long did her fond attendant kindly bend
Over the features of her silent friend;
She watch'd with look of love and pity blent
The face serene which on her bosom leant,
And seem'd in heart-felt contemplation lost
Of youthful visions so untimely cross'd.

Her joyless thoughts were roaming far away
To thy blithe streets, Sienna bright and gay;
To scenes of former happiness and pride
When the song waked to greet the envied bride;
Till a cold shiver stealing o'er her frame
Told of the evening's breath, which freshening came
From the far Apennine, whose chilly wind
To present cares recall'd her wandering mind.
There was a rustling of the aged trees,
A mournful sighing of that nightly breeze,
Which ever motionless and silent lay
Lull'd on earth's bosom by the spell of day.
Tighter upon her breast the shawl she drew,
And part around the mourner gently threw,
Then with kind warning sign'd her to beware
Of the cool night-dew and that baneful air.
The lovely sufferer spoke not; at the hest
She rose obedient to the fond request,
Not as if fearful of the nightly chills,
Or yielding any thought to present ills;
But calm, indifferent, careless of delay,
Because it was most easy to obey,
With an unconscious shudder as she went,
Homeward her melancholy steps she bent.
O strange reverse of every youthful joy!
All-powerful fates, which every bliss destroy!
Why moves that airy form so meek and slow,
A shape of loveliness enshrined in wo?
What doth she there? with beauty made to bless
Man's ardent wishes, not to know distress!
So born, so cast away, tho' born to win
All that the heart can give, and pure of sin!

Gay are thy fields, Sienna, gay the site
Of the rich mansions on thine airy height!
Health crowns thy fruitful vineyards, and the slope
Of thy green hills, where Joy with young-eyed Hope
Frames his blithe visions; the light dance is there,
The harp, the viol, and the willing fair;
The spirit of youth and love is in thy walls,
And hearts of gladness bound within thy halls.
Thy goodliest shapes were trimm'd in rich array,
When Della Pietra hail'd his bridal day:
Of all thy maids, that wreathed their flowing hair,
There was no form so graceful and so fair,
No face so glowing, as the timid bride
Crown'd in her hopes and blooming by his side.
No bridegroom with high bliss so proudly flush'd,
As he who kiss'd that cheek where beauty blush'd,
Those eyes with coy reluctance fondly bent
On him whose wishes woo'd her to consent.
Her bridemaids of that city were the flower,
Rich in youth's charms, and conscious of their power:
But which, though seeming kindly to rejoice,
Pined not at glorious Della Pietra's choice!
And is not Pia blessed of the blest,
Envied by beauty, and by pride carest!
Her lord, of Tuscany the strength and boast,
In council eloquent, in war a host!
Quick in conception, powerful in need,
Ardent and irresistible in deed!
Her spell has charm'd that spirit; she alone
Has won that soul, and made its strength her throne.
On him her hopes, her joys, her wishes rest;
Her very life is center'd in that breast.

Whate'er of kindness in his nature glows
Seems on her pure affection to repose;
And she has breathed into that heart of stone
A gentler pulse, a spirit like her own.
To soothe his thoughts, to mitigate the fire
Of aspirations strong and proud desire,
To draw him from their trouble to the calm
Of milder passions, the mind's quiet balm,
Was her heart's joy and glory; thus entwined,
Their thoughts were wedded, and their pleasures join'd;
And she on Della Pietra's bosom lay
As the sweet blossom of his happier day.
  An orphan, long had she lost bliss deplored;
None shared her chaste affections; her high lord
(Like him of old who mourn'd Troy's boded fall)
Was to his partner father, brother, all.
Her parents, of Sienna's purest blood,
Sojourn'd ere while where Venice woos the flood,
And perish'd there untimely. One blithe boy
With his dear Pia shared each early joy,
Her brother, partner of each young delight,
With active form, and keen eyes black as night;
She had no friend, save him, who long before
In a frail barque had sail'd from Smyrna's shore,
And the hoarse waters whelm'd him; from that hour
Silent and lonely was her cheerless bow'r;
Till the black Plague assail'd her father's hall,
And, quite forlorn, she saw her parents fall.
Return'd to Tuscan halls in beauty's prime,
She mourn'd, a stranger in her native clime.
Sienna's mansions to her thoughts were strange,
For hard seems it for childhood to exchange

The home of hearts, which in dear union blend,
For the cold welcome of a distant friend.
Her years pass'd joyless, till love's thrilling beam
Stirr'd the bright fancies of a happier dream.
The bridal dawn'd auspicious, and she found
In blest reality youth's visions crown'd.
It chanced one eve, the merry wilds were ringing
With birds unto the sun their farewell singing;
All nature's face was beautiful and still,
Though clouds were gathering on each distant hill;
And Pia, joyous in that balmy hour,
Through the lone groves had sought her favorite bow'r.
Shrouded by sweets, a stranger blithe as May
There sate, reposing from his toilsome way.
She started; on her mind tumultuous rush'd
The memory of griefs long past and hush'd.
Her brother's image dawn'd upon her sight,
As she had often view'd it in the night,
When all life's scenes were mute, and on the thought
Came other forms by witching memory brought.
For there had e'en been moments, when her mind
Had cast the certainty of fate behind,
And she had gazed upon the crowded quay
Of Venice, striving his loved shape to see;
And oft upon the marge of Adria's flood
With burning thoughts and wistful eyes had stood,
Straining the sight in anguish, to descry
His gleaming sail upon the distant sky,
And stretch'd her look across the waters blue,
Till she had fancied the illusion true:
And now it flash'd upon her, like the blaze
Of morn on one just startled by its rays.

He rose before her like a waking dream;
Seven years the sun had cast its burning gleam
On his toil'd brow: enslaved by Mahound's clan,
His slender form had ripen'd into man.
She could not err: the features stamp'd by time
On her mind's tablet had defied the clime.
Her brother's soul was sparkling in his eye,
The [illegible] thoughts of their past infancy.
She knew him, felt him on her bosom prest,
With scarcely credulous emotion blest.
She [illegible]: but link'd in that embrace
She [illegible] her cheek against her brother's face;
[illegible] memory of early days
[illegible] was breathing thankfulness and praise.
[illegible] transport, clasp'd in chaste delight,
[illegible] as innocent as bright.
[illegible] sense for other sound or sight.
[illegible] mark'd the rising storm,
[illegible] for Pia's cherish'd form:
[illegible] wander was abroad.
[illegible] on the dusty road.
[illegible] of tenderest love.
[illegible] through the grove.
[illegible] she heard not. Through the side
[illegible] anxious haste he spied.
[illegible] smile him, but his cheek
[illegible] breathe, or speak:
[illegible] the levin-brand
[illegible] he stand
[illegible] never undo.
[illegible] could have scarce deem'd true!

He saw his Pia in the daring grasp
Of man! He choked; he had no breath to gasp.
By heaven! she kiss'd him, and her slender waist
With rapturous joy a stranger's arm embraced;
Another's pulse was throbbing on the breast
Of her by whom his whole of life was blest;
Those eyes, which were to him his only heaven,
Beam'd with new transport, ne'er to be forgiven:
And yet the rapture of that fatal kiss
Seem'd all too radiant for unholy bliss.
He stood, like one, that instant reft of hope,
On the precipitous and fiery slope
Of the rent earth, which had engulf'd the whole
Of his life's joy, the treasure of his soul.
It was an eye's glance, rapid as the gleam
Of the red thunderbolt—a thought—a dream—
A stroke of vengeance, swifter than the speed
Of agonized love in beauty's need.
He knew not (ne'er could tell) how the fell brand
Flaming and naked came into his hand;
But it was done; in a convulsive sob
The murder'd youth had breathed life's latest throb;
His heart's blood spouted on the thin white veil,
A brother's blood on Pia, as he fell.
She moved not, spoke not, did not understand
That bleeding brother or that naked brand;
But the world reel'd around her, as her lord
Stood like Fate's angel with his blood-stain'd sword.
She shrinks; she shudders; on that corse she falls,
(Like those sad victims in Pompeia's halls,
Fate-stricken in the hour of thoughtless youth)
The kiss of joy still trembling on her mouth.

The sword was raised to slay her, but the hand
Yet linger'd, though it held the vengeful brand.
What were his feelings? Was there whom to smite?
The powerless foe lay bleeding in his sight.
To curse? but her, whose loveliness to save
From breath of harm he would have hail'd his grave!
Her, whom to gaze on was his soul's delight!
Whom but to screen from the rude blast of night,
He would have hewn his flesh! yet there she lay
Deluged with murder, cold as lifeless clay,
And his fierce weapon was outstretch'd and bare
To hurl her unrepenting to despair.
The thoughts of hours and days and months and years,
The memory of hopes and bliss and fears,
Were crowded, hurried, in the rapid stream
Of that one instant's musing: a swift dream
Of mingled joys and anguish. That strong mind,
Which was but now to all but vengeance blind,
Is a wild field, wherein the varied thought
Is maddening into agony of doubt:
A shrine, where helpless beauty pleads for life,
Where fiends and dove-like mercy are at strife.
He could not, dared not slay her, as she lay
So pale, so beautiful: yet that delay
Was but the lingering of ruthless pride
Striving with love, and to stern deeds allied
He had sent one before the throne of heaven
Boiling in sin, unhousel'd, and unshriven:
A settled gloom o'erspread his mournful eye:
Murmuring he spoke, "she shall repent and die."
Eight days unseen he fasted, nor renew'd
His stain'd apparel, by dread thoughts pursued.

Dark were those feelings, once so proud and hot;
Despair and loneliness became his lot,
And the deep frown of silence: ne'er again
Was his voice heard amid the buzz of men.
Revenge held fatal sway: but with that sun
His hopes had set, and his youth's race was run;
His days of bliss were number'd and foredone.
  But lovely Pia from that bloody deed
They bore, where her lord's mandate had decreed;
Senseless they bore the death-devoted bride,
One faithful maiden weeping by her side.
When life revisited her pulse again,
A burning fever throbb'd in every vein.
The seat of reason swam; the mind was hot
With some strange sense of ill, but knew not what.
She shriek'd, as one whom outrage was pursuing,
Struggling with force, and striving against ruin.
She call'd with wildness on her brother's name,
Screaming for mercy, trembling her whole frame;
Then shrunk, and hush'd each sound, and veil'd her head,
As if for safety, in her fever'd bed.
Somewhile in that still guise she would abide
With deathlike silence, fearing to be spied;
Then creeping forth, as if with cautious dread,
Talk'd in strange tone, with who had long been dead;
And sobb'd and laugh'd alternately, or smiled
With frightful mirth, unnatural, and wild.
At length the pulse wax'd feebler; and the glare
Of her bright eyes had a less ghastly stare;
She held less converse with things long gone by,
With viewless forms of those she ne'er might spy;

And the sad dawn of reason slowly rose
On that long night of her distracted woes:
Exhausted nature sank in short repose.
That awful pause of phrensy seem'd to steep
Her burning temples in refreshing sleep.
She oped her lids: the beauteous eyes were mild;
The accent of her voice was nothing wild;
But all around the chamber with amaze
And wonder-breathing look she seem'd to gaze,
Seeking some form familiar to her view,
Which might of memory the web renew:
But nought that she had ever known or seen
Could the mind trace in that sequester'd scene,
Save one kind mourner faithful to the last,
The only link that could recall the past,
Her sad attendant; her, with anxious eye,
Of that strange place she question'd: the reply
Was meekly given with low half-stifled breath,
"Maremma;" but in that brief word was death.
Then dawn'd upon her mind the blackest morn
Of horror, that e'er burst on wretch forlorn;
The frightful vision of the past was there,
The dread futurity of black despair;
She saw, she understood, both what had past,
What was for ever gone, and what must last.
A brother murder'd in the hour of bliss,
His death-shriek mingling with a sister's kiss:
Her fame for ever blighted; and the curse
Of her loved lord e'en clinging to her hearse:
Herself cast off, a thing for every maid
To point with scorn's proud finger, and upbraid:

Her wrathful husband blasted by the guilt
Of blood so innocent, so madly spilt.
Absent she views (and shudders with affright)
Him raised by fancy at the dead of night.
Her terrors lend strange horror to his shape;
He seems a fiend, forbidding her escape,
And his stern countenance gigantic grown,
Livid, and cold, and stiffen'd into stone.
It was a vision, that might well renew
The burning shapes of phrensy to her view;
But the slow certainty of death behind,
Maremma's baneful prospect, soothed her mind.
Irrevocable vengeance was achieved;
Her doom was stamp'd, and could not be relieved:
There was no issue, but the narrow gate
That leads from wo to everlasting fate;
And through that darkness gleam'd a ray from heaven,
Where innocence might plead and be forgiven.
  She knelt, and raised unto the God of life
A heart where feelings were no more at strife;
A heart so pure, that angels might have wept
To see how meekly every passion slept.
  But there was one, a stern man, by her side,
Array'd in garb of holiness, who cried,
" Daughter of sin, thy worldly dreams are past;
" Wake to repentance, while life's mercies last.
" Thy cup of guilt is measured; and the bowl,
" Mantling with passion, has o'erwhelm'd thy soul.
" Kneel for no earthly blessing! let the mind,
" Chasten'd mid sin's foul revel, be resign'd!"
  He ceased; a blush dyed deep her pallid cheek,
The last that ever tinged that visage meek;

But the high thoughts of innocence and pride
Swell'd for one moment, and her heart was tried:
Fluttering they pass'd, as Pia with a sigh,
Her hands on her breast folding, made reply.
" Father, it is not for a child of earth
" To plead before the God that gave her birth,
" As if chaste innocence from deadly sin
" Were real worth, or should give peace within:
" Helpless I bend before the throne of grace,
" And here, a weak frail being, bow my face.
" My prayer is not for happiness below:
" With hopeless heart I kiss the rod of wo.
" But by the burning blush upon my cheek,
" By my soul's anguish, and my bending meek,
" I am reproachless of that hateful guilt,
" For which my brother's stainless blood was spilt.
" I never named that brother; seven years dead,
" I thought the wild waves beat upon his head,
" And, heart-pain'd, spoke not of that vision dear,
" Whose slightest memory drew forth a tear.
" That was my wrong: perchance if he had heard
" I had a brother, he might not have err'd.
" I know there is in life no hope of good;
" My husband's judgment has been seal'd in blood.
" The limbs of him who died are in the tomb,
" Stript of life's semblance, moulder'd in their bloom.
" E'en were he living, there is no one near
" Save me, to whom his form was known and dear.
" 'Tis not in human skill to wipe the stain
" Which, fix'd on Pia, must till death remain.
" I have no wish surviving, no desire,
" But to appease my God, and to expire."

'Tis said that he was stern, that holy man,
And so he seem'd, when his harsh words began;
But there is that in innocence, which bids
Soft pity's dew suffuse the sternest lids.
His look grew mild; a strong emotion made
His voice one instant falter, as he said;
" Life's charms are fleeting, daughter; I believe
" Thy thoughts are chaste: nor is it thine to grieve.
" The flattering dreams of earthly joys are past,
" And in short suffering thy lot is cast.
" The storm has borne thee trembling to the view
" Of that blest haven, where all hopes are true.
" Thine heart has pass'd through pleasures, which allure
" By joy's frail path to sin, and thou art pure.
" The port of bliss is won; and shall the mind
" Reluctant stretch one longing look behind,
" Through shoals and billows to those flowery isles
" Whose treacherous sunshine flatters and beguiles?
" Repine not, gentle sufferer! but raise
" Thy thoughts to heaven with tenderness and praise!"
And Pia did not murmur; from that hour
Her bosom felt religion's healing power.
One boon she mildly ask'd, and on her cheek
The full tear trembled, and her voice was weak.
" 'Tis not a proud desire to leave the name,
" Which I received, untouch'd by evil fame;
" Nor sickly yearning to be mourn'd when dead
" By the dear partner of my stainless bed,
" (Though haply that fond thought might be forgiven)
" That swells my fluttering breast: except in heaven
" We may not meet; and from the eye of love
" Immortal light will there all doubts remove.

"Be it not deem'd that the last boon I crave
"Savours of wishes on this side the grave!
"But O, when Pia's form is cold and still,
"When this heart's anguish shall no longer thrill,
"Bear one sad blessing from his hapless bride
"To my lord's breast, and tell him how I died.
"That merciful tale may win him to repent,
"Mercy may dawn, and vengeance may relent!"
It was a wish so sacred and so pure,
That its attainment might have seem'd secure:
But the meek spirit trembled in her breast,
As if it were to some dread judge addrest.
The boon was granted; and one care remain'd
To trace the letter, with dim tears distain'd;
But, ere the wax was cold, in saintlike mood
Her soul was settled, and weak thoughts subdued.
The world was calm around her: in thy vale,
Maremma, there was neither mirth nor wail:
But e'en that fatal stillness had a charm
For one both dead to hope and to alarm
Disease prey'd slowly on her wasting frame:
The climate's poison mined it, and became
With the mind's suffering leagued; that tainted air
Would have defied man's skill and nicest care:
But she, without reluctancy or fear,
Imbibed the poison of the waning year.
Life faintly ebb'd: and e'en her friend inhaled
That languor, which o'er youth and health prevail'd:
For link'd in willing service to her doom
She trod the same slow journey to the tomb;
And scarce by love was strength enough supplied
To close the eyes of Pia when she died.

It was upon a still and breathless eve
Her spirit seem'd about to take its leave.
The church's rites were ended; and, resign'd,
She felt sweet comfort beaming on her mind,
All that religion can of peace bestow,
To calm the heart, and soothe the throb of wo.
The holy man had spoke his latest pray'r,
Foul spirits from the bed of death to scare;
And, like grief's image, that desponding maid
Was bent in pity o'er her dying head.
Her limbs wax'd cold, though sultry was the night,
And darkness dimly grew upon her sight.
She ask'd for light, the taper's cheering ray;
But 'twas her light within that did decay:
Four tapers gleam'd, and on her features wan
Their pallid blaze, as in a death-wake, shone.
With melancholy mien and smother'd breath
Mournful they watch'd the sure approach of death;
When dark, and dimly by that light reveal'd,
A stately form half enter'd, half conceal'd:
And Pia raised her look, and (as her eye
Turn'd on that shape majestic) with a cry
So piercing, that it seem'd to rend her heart,
Uprose erect with stiff and sudden start.
In that dread agony on her bosom prest
She held the mournful scroll, love's last request;
And fell, death-smitten in that fearful throe,
Pale, cold, and lifeless, on her couch of wo.
It was himself, that wretched man of blood;
Like a dumb spectre Della Pietra stood
At his wife's feet: the beautiful, the meek,
Lay lapt in death, no more to move or speak.

Came he with deadly views? The work was done,
The race of innocence was past and won.
Came he repentant, doubtful of his end?
Too fond for murder, and too proud to bend?
It matters little, whether thoughts he bore
Darkling with hate, or whether he forbore.
His face was muffled; and they could not spy
The feelings which there strove for mastery;
The scathed, the desolate, and ghastly look:
But they could see how fierce the passion shook
His limbs, (as if the fever's shivering fit
Convulsed them) and the strange wild gleam that lit
His fixt eye gazing on that lovely shape,
Whose spirit from his wrath had made escape.
The scroll was by her hand; with doubtful dread,
Trembling he tore its covering, and read.
" Fate is fulfill'd: thy Pia's soul is gone
" To yield account before its Maker's throne.
" Her life is past, a tale of sorrow told;
" The breast, that pillow'd once thine head, is cold.
" All, that blind anger will'd, has been achieved;
" Now, only now, may Pia be believed:
" Without suspicion the proud heart may hear
" The voice that whispers from the lowly bier.
" Loved husband, start not: let the beam of truth
" With mild conviction win thy soul to ruth!
" Let thy strong mind from passion's cloud be freed!
" Thy Pia lives not for herself to plead.
" But, by the cross of Him who meekly died
" To bear our sins and humble human pride!
" By that dread throne, unto whose radiant light
" Thy spirit soon must wing its trembling flight,

" At life's still close, when passion's storm is o'er!
" By the pure vows which to thy love I swore!
" It is a brother's blood that stains thy blade;
" Upon a guiltless wife thy curse is laid.
" Chaste, uncorrupted, innocent of aught
" That touch'd thine honour even by a thought,
" Thy Pia died; of all life's charms bereft,
" But the dear memory of the bliss she left.
" Her joys but bloom'd and flourish'd in thy sight:
" Absent, they mourn'd from very lack of light.
" But, O! loved husband, in the tenderest hour
" When our hearts throbb'd and fondest thoughts had power,
" Was e'er my love so free, my wish so wild,
" That thou shouldst deem me passion's lawless child?
" Could Pia's breast have woo'd man's rude approach?
" I write to bless thee,—and will not reproach.
" The scene of life is closed: and now thy heart
" Will yield me justice, and in love we part.
" We part, O grant it heav'n! to meet in joy,
" Where no false doubts confiding faith destroy.
" Lorn heart, despair not, nor for me repine!
" My pangs are past, and they were light to thine.
" But thou, though reft of bliss, thy course pursue,
" Through life's sad vale to faith and virtue true!
" Raise the deep anguish of thy struggling grief
" To heaven's blest mercy, and there find relief.
" One boon, one trembling prayer! before I close
" Grief's latest scroll, and sink in death's repose.
" O best beloved, the glory of thy bride,
" In life my hope, my blessing, and my pride!

" Whene'er strife wakes, and angry passions stir,
" Remember Pia! let the thoughts of her,
" Whom wrath, too hasty, to the tomb has sent,
" Win thy stern heart to mercy!—and relent!"

JULIA MONTALBAN.

THE story upon which this Tale is founded is altered from that of Julia de Roubigny. The subject was taken from a general recollection of that interesting little volume, to which I have not had an opportunity of referring. Some important alterations have been intentionally made in the story, and perhaps others inadvertently, as I had no particular wish to adhere to it.

SWEET bird of night, that on the loneliest spray
Like an inthralled angel pour'st thy lay,
Earth has no strain to match thy plaintive notes,
Whose mournful tone upon the moonbeam floats.
Near thee, all other warbling of the grove
Seems heartless; thine the very soul of love.
Some secret tie thro' nature's spacious bounds
Unites the sweetest with the saddest sounds,
And gives to sorrowing loveliness a spell,
Which in its radiance mirth can ne'er excel.
Thee, first, and fairest of the nine I woo,
Majestic Muse, to sorrow ever true!
Thee oft entranced my fancy has descried,
Thy stately mien, thy step of graceful pride;

The shape of perfect mould, the glossy hair,
The forehead smooth, the neck of beauty rare;
The robe of jet that girds thy breast of snow,
Making the whitest bosom whiter glow;
The witching eloquence of thy dark eyes,
Where the love-lighted smile half-kindled dies;
And from thy coral lip the melting strain
That makes grief bliss, and lighter pleasures vain.
Long shall the mind's rapt eye enamour'd dwell
On thee, chaste Muse, and own thy powerful spell.
From thee my verse proceeds; O be it thine
To fill the fancy, and exalt the line!
Stamp thou thine own bright image on my page,
And it shall live beyond Time's latest age!
  Wintry and bleak was the Sierra's brow,
And, Cordova, thy mountains capp'd with snow.
Deep sigh'd the gale; thro' swift-borne clouds, serene
The moonlight stream'd upon that lonely scene,
Silvering the glens beneath; while far and wide
Night's shadows flitted o'er the mountain's side.
Full on a cheerless chamber fell its ray,
Where, pale and almost spent, a matron lay.
Mournful her look; upon her bosom prest [breast.
Both hands were clasp'd; the breath scarce heaved her
Fixt upon one, who neither moved nor spoke,
Her eyes seem'd heaven's last blessing to invoke.
One painful thought alone appear'd to stay
The parting soul, and crave some brief delay;
While he, her partner in each earthly care,
Sat chain'd to grief, and conquer'd by despair.
Behind stood one, whose mien some pity wore,
And, though unblest his office, still forebore,

By his sad prisoner, waiting for the close
Of life's last scene in that abode of woes.
E'en the hard hand of justice dared not strive
To break that tie which nature soon must rive.
Nor long the pause ; her glass was nearly run,
Her limbs unnerved, her strength almost foredone.
'Tis said, strong wishes can in Death's despight
Arrest the spirit and deny his right ;
But soon that spell must pass ; the weak pulse ceased ;
Without a groan her spirit was released.
Then rose the shriek of one, to whom the view
Of death and the heart's agony were new,
Her own young Julia ; she who o'er her bed
Had watch'd desponding, and now saw her dead.
Each moment had foretold it : but that grief,
So sure and present, now was past belief.
Say ye, who early o'er a mother's grave
Have seen the plumed pomp of burial wave,
How oft your fancy unconstrain'd by wo
Has seem'd to hear her cherish'd accents flow !
View'd her loved couch, void room, or wonted chair,
And almost thought to see her image there !
Perchance that incredulity of grief
To desolation brings some faint relief,
Deludes the pang, and soothes the youthful heart
With the fond hope from which it will not part.
  Sweet childhood, in the lap of kindness rear'd,
How are thy careless sports by love endear'd !
Thine is the love, that knows no timid blush,
The heedless brow, which changeful pleasures flush :
The gentle confidence, that fears no harm ;
The breast, which gaily throbs without alarm !

O that so manhood could securely sail
On the smooth tide adown life's pleasant vale!
O that the dreams of childhood could remain,
When years steal on and reason grows with pain!
  Joys cheerful as the spring had o'er the head
Of infant Julia their best influence shed.
There was a light of mirth in her blue eyes,
The liquid azure of her native skies;
Her cheek was radiant with the hue of joy,
Unmixt enchantment, hope without alloy.
Young Roderic, by her parent's bounty rear'd,
Her toils partook, and every sport endear'd;
Together did their opening minds explore
The sage's precepts, and the poet's lore:
So closely link'd in infantine delight,
They were but happy in each other's sight.
No tremulous thought (if such they knew) of care,
No bliss had one, the other did not share.
  Time fled too swiftly, bearing in its flight
Those precious days of sunshine ever bright.
The sylphlike form grew ripe with woman's charms,
The bosom throbb'd with undefined alarms;
That eye of cloudless mirth now veil'd its gleam,
And bashful mildness shed a gentler beam.
The hour of parting came, and keenly proved
To each pain'd breast how tenderly it loved.
That love was mute; not e'en Rodrigo dared
Outpour the thought, which both in silence shared.
Call'd in youth's morning to a foreign clime,
He then first learnt that poverty was crime.
A noble orphan by Velasquez fed,
His lot seem'd cast to press a barren bed.

Till wealth, hard-earn'd by toilsome length of years,
Should raise him to a level with his peers.
Forth he must fare, where fortune's smiles invite,
While richer suitors woo his lost delight.
But though that pang had well nigh forced the blood
From his life's fountain, still it was withstood.
Love spoke in the flush'd cheek; it lit the eyes;
It pour'd the soul's strong passion in its sighs;
But, unrecorded by one daring word,
Its vows were breathed in silence, and unheard.
To Cuba's coast he went, and with him bore
A mind as ardent to that burning shore.
  But Julia, from Valentia's beauteous vale,
With mournful eye beheld his gliding sail.
Her troubled bosom heaved; a busy thought
Rose in her heart, by treacherous fancy brought,
Which murmur'd painful doubts within her breast
Of cold unkindness or of love supprest.
In him had all emotion seem'd to sleep;
She long'd to fall upon his neck and weep;
There was reserve and pride in his adieu,
And something to her feelings strange and new;
And yet, before he bounded from the strand,
His quick convulsive grasp had press'd her hand;
And one last look seem'd rashly to confess
What the proud soul had labor'd to repress.
She gazed upon the flowers, whose laughing birth
Show'd as if bliss alone were upon earth,
The trees in stateliest beauty round her growing,
The sea so clear, the hills with sunshine glowing,
And the unclouded firmament on high,
The pure immeasurable depth of sky;

But the world seem'd untenanted and lone,
And she amidst that bliss the only one,
The lorn, the hopeless. He, whose breath had given
To earthly joys a sweet foretaste of heaven,
Was floating fast upon the perilous wave
To other climes, perchance a foreign grave;
And there was none beside to understand
The voice that whispers from sky, sea, and land,
The secret charm which from thebreeze's wing
Steals o'er the heart mid nature's blossoming.
Time pass'd, and yet arose no blither view;
Her eye its lustre, her cheek lost its hue.
Why was she sad? She knew not; this alone
Her bosom felt, that all its mirth was flown.
But soon with weightier blow substantial care
Made her of that grief's vanity aware.
Man little prizes what each day bestows,
While fancy builds a frightful pile of woes;
Till, reft of joys that were his daily food,
He learns by loss that what he held was good.
The wheels slow rolling thro' Valentia's walls
Bore her for ever from her native halls.
Law, like a harpy, with its ravenous train,
Had stripp'd her father of his rich domain,
Remote from splendor now, and doom'd to hide
His sorrows near the dark Sierra's side.
There yet one humble mansion own'd him lord,
But sorrow scowl'd upon his frugal board.
O sweet Contentment, what art thou, and where?
In what wild covert is thy tangled lair,
That man can never reach thee? Dost thou dwell
In the low cabin or the rocky cell,

Or lay thee stretch'd beneath some gilt alcove,
Where perfumes breathe and music whispers love?
Art thou the proud concomitant of wealth,
The prize of beauty, or the child of health?
Say, dost thou lavish in the peasant's cot
Thy cherub smiles to cheer his rugged lot,
And are the rich, the honor'd, and the gay,
In fruitless search for ever doom'd to stray?
Or, still to place and fortune unconfined,
Is thy sole harbour in the peaceful mind?
Those vales are fair, those hills are evergreen,
The careless rustic joys that lovely scene.
Why does Velasquez scorn his humble hall?
Why is the bread, that daily feeds him, gall?
Save that, regardless of what sweets remain,
His bosom turns unto the past with pain.
Two years dragg'd slowly on with heavy wing,
And Julia's fondness could no comfort bring.
Peevish and doubly jealous of respect,
He seem'd past hope, and all his pleasures wreck'd.
The wife, who with him trod the summer ways
Of fortune, soothed him in his wintry days,
Watch'd o'er his fretful mood with patient love,
Too sad to cheer, too gentle to reprove.
Grief was young Julia's portion, and she seem'd
As one who woo'd not pleasure, but had dream'd
Unutterable bliss, whose radiance spread
Peace in her soul, to worldly wishes dead:
But still her pensive smile might cast a shade
On Seville or Valentia's sprightliest maid;
And, as if born to deck some higher sphere,
She trod life's walk with little hope or fear.

For all her griefs were certain; in her sire
The mind's adversity had quell'd its fire;
Her mother, stricken by that helpless doom,
Look'd to the peaceful haven of the tomb;
And he had vanish'd as a morning dream,
Who held the dearest place in her esteem.
Herself, that lightsome child of infant mirth,
Seem'd now unfitted for the joys of earth;
Like those pure sylphs, that bend in mild distress
Over the couch of dying loveliness,
And, school'd in that unfriended house of wo,
Sat patience, like a glory, on her brow.
But other pangs drew nigh: fate had not shed
Its utmost malice on Velasquez' head.
E'en on that night of mourning, while his wife
Still press'd the fatal couch, just reft of life,
Stern justice dragg'd him from the house of gloom,
To linger cheerless in a living tomb;
And Julia shared his lot, content to dwell
A self-devoted victim in his cell.
With none but her, his sufferings to assuage,
Disease fell heavy on the brow of age.
His pallet was of straw, and Julia hung
O'er his uneasy sleep. Carelessly flung
On her white bosom, the dishevell'd hair
Made her more beauteous even in despair.
She sat entranced, while memory round her drew
Forms of the past in long and sad review.
In her heart graven with unerring truth
She traced each pastime of her earliest youth;
And, in that dungeon, free and unconfined
Valentia's charms came beaming on her mind:

Rodrigo's smile: the mutual joys and fears
Which had endear'd him in her infant years;
And then the clouded brow, the constrain'd look;
The pleading eye, when that last leave he took;
The hasty pressure of her yielded hand;
The barque, that bore him from his native land.
Next rose the grief, that reft her of her home,
Torn from the shades where once she loved to roam;
Her mother's failing strength, her kind caress
Foreboding thoughts which she would fain repress:
The paleness that betray'd life's dwindling flame,
The slow decay of that exhausted frame.
Then keener thoughts arose: the pang, that prey'd
Like poison on her heart, to none bewray'd;
The tale, which dagger-like had pierced her soul,
"Rodrigo wedded to a rich Creole."
Faithless she fain would hold him, and forsworn;
Was not his image in her bosom worn?
Had she not scorn'd for him all wealth beside,
Montalban's rank, Montalban's honest pride?
But of reproach the comfort was denied:
How had he woo'd her? by what promise tied?
Her tears stole slow, and that heart-humbling thought
To its sad home her sickening memory brought.
Her eyes were fixt upon her father's face,
On which despair had stamp'd its fatal trace.
Its hue was alter'd, and approaching death
Was almost striving with his smother'd breath.
Her heart was well nigh bursting, as she saw
His grey hairs sunk upon that couch of straw.
Deep self-reproof assail'd her: and a pang,
That roused her, through the conscious bosom rang.

Her mother lay unburied, and her sire
In his damp prison ready to expire;
Yet she, his only solace, for the toy
Of fancy lavish'd on a reckless boy,
Had scorn'd the good, the glorious and the brave,
Whose name might honor, and whose wealth might save.
She had forbade Montalban, though her mind
Judged him the best and noblest of mankind.
How now recall him? how her wish unfold,
And seem to sell her loveliness for gold?
She look'd upon her father, and his fate
Seem'd past relief, and penitence too late.
She gazed, and even then steps hurrying broke
His unrefreshing sleep, and he awoke.
His debts were cancell'd; but the call in vain
Roused him to freedom, and he stirr'd with pain.
Then pale and half-upraised, with earnest look
Foreboding death, his Julia's hand he took.
"One friend alone," he said, "of human kind
"Sought me when fallen, to my failings blind;
"And, proud himself, yet strove to be allied
"To me, who, wreck'd in fortune, still had pride.
"The secret bounty, which unbars my chains,
"Flows from that fountain, and the debt remains.
"One gift I have; one only can repay
"The heart-felt boon, and that vast debt outweigh."
He ceased; she hardly felt the young blood rush
Suffusing o'er her face the kindled blush,
Or how each nerve was to the utmost bent,
While hastily she pour'd her rash consent,
Her thoughts were so exalted; and her voice
Declared the boon she granted was her choice.

'Twas all Velasquez' lingering soul required;
Smiling he blest their union, and expired.
Montalban's prime was past, and days of ruth
Had cast some painful cloud upon his youth,
Which left a sad impression; and his mind
Was high and gloomy, but his feelings kind.
Adversity, the bane of blither cheer,
To him had made Velasquez doubly dear;
And, scarce perceived, fair Julia's influence stole
With undisputed empire o'er his soul.
Fixt in so proud a bosom, from that hour
Love sway'd his passions with resistless power.
O thou stern god! imperious, fearful Love!
In thy deceitful cradle as a dove,
Thro' the wide universe thy strength is spread,
And nature quivers underneath thy tread!
Whether a child of darkness or of heaven,
To thee strange power on this our world is given.
Bright hope, and pure delight, and fatal bane,
And bliss, and guilt, are mingled in thy reign.
The steps are viewless as the lapse of time,
By which thou lead'st from ecstacy to crime.
Thy lip thou clothest with an angel's smile,
Bewraying every charm that can beguile,
And gently lurest the wretch thou wilt destroy
With such sweet rapture, that to fall is joy.
But, in thy passion roused, thou art of might
To make man's essence shrink before thy sight.
And the mild look, which late serenely shone,
May like a gorgon turn his heart to stone.
The sun-beams dawn'd upon their bridal bed;
There all her youthful phantasies lay dead;

For love is wayward as the mountain flower,
Which blooms spontaneous on its rocky bower,
Sheds dewy odors on the barren earth,
Where, fann'd by fitful gales, it had its birth,
And first, amid wild glens and woodlands green,
It blossom'd in its loneliness unseen;
But sickening pines beneath the hand of care,
And yields no sweets, but in its native air.
Languid her look, and grief was at her heart,
Yet had not sorrow shot its keenest dart.
A letter came; she paused; her eyes grew dim,
The characters uncertain seem'd to swim.
Rodrigo's hand, Rodrigo's heart was there:
Read on, thou wretched victim, and despair!
Deep blush'd her cheek, but next a pallid hue
Death's veriest semblance o'er her features threw.
For her unheard beyond the Atlantic main,
His faithful wishes had been breathed in vain!
For her, though hopeless, and to fate resign'd,
The proffer'd hand of wealth he had declined.
Now lavish fortune his firm truth repaid,
And a rich heritage his will obey'd.
Again elate he trod the Spanish shore;
He came to sue; he came to part no more;
And high in hope, in ignorance still blest,
Unveil'd the rapturous passion of his breast.
As her heart shrunk, she met Montalban's eye;
The blush return'd, and she suppress'd a sigh:
Then shuddering started, and in haste conceal'd
The dangerous scroll, too dear to be reveal'd.
Tears had full scope within her secret bower,
And love resistless re-usurp'd its power.

Life was her bitterest burthen ; but she stood
In her uprightness firm and unsubdued.
She dared not see Rodrigo: with the thought
Of what she was, her feelings were distraught.
  Then came another scroll; Rodrigo's ear
Had learnt her fate, had nothing left to fear.
How had he found her ! to what fate consign'd !
Not in the grave; they might have there been join'd !
But spoil'd and fetter'd in a rival's bed,
More lost to love's embraces than the dead !
Few words to her the ill-omen'd scroll address'd,
Few, but with passion's burning touch impress'd.
By every joy which they had hoped or known,
She was adjured to meet him once alone.
From her she cast it shrinking and afraid,
Then bending meekly to her God she pray'd ;
And sadly strengthen'd in her purpose rose,
Firm in her duty, calm amidst her woes.
  There is a spirit in each gloomiest wild,
To love allied, lone fancy's shadowy child ;
And he, who mourns beneath the oak's broad arms,
Hath strange society with nature's charms.
The tangled brake, the waters still and clear,
The rock's deep shade, are to his humor dear ;
Far from wealth's canopy and burnish'd dome
The interminable forest seems his home ;
E'en the hoarse voices of the wave and wind
Speak a known language to his troubled mind ;
In every moss-grown trunk he hails a friend,
And nature's rudest forms some solace lend.
Julia was flush'd with fever ; all her frame
Quivering and parch'd with an internal flame.

She loathed her chamber, and, opprest with heat,
At evening sought the garden's still retreat.
A trelliced bower invited her; within,
Stood the loved youth, whom now to love was sin.
Seeing, she started; how could she foreknow,
Such rash intrusion on her secret wo?
Had Roderic named that place, she would have made
No dangerous visit to its lonely shade.
She wish'd to fly, but trembling (as her feet
Denied their office) sank upon a seat.
She would have bade him leave her, but each word
Died on her lips unfinish'd and unheard.
She would have struggled with the hand that squeezed
Her hand, which it had passionately seized;
But powerless, witless, on his neck she fell
With such a burst of sorrow, as might tell
The agony which swell'd within her breast,
Too strong to yield, too big to be represt.
  Montalban sought her at the fall of day;
The fatal scroll upon her pillow lay.
He saw, he read. A sudden film came o'er
His sight amazed; he judged not; he forbore.
With hasty voice he call'd, enquired her path,
And follow'd, more in wonder, than in wrath.
Just when broke forth her sorrow's whelming flood,
With startled horror by the seat he stood.
There Julia, clasp'd in young Rodrigo's arms,
Sobb'd on his bosom, heedless of her charms,
While the full soul seem'd pouring thro' his eyes,
And his delighted spirit drank her sighs.
Enough, enough! O too much had he seen!
O that impervious gloom had wrapp'd the scene!

Backward few steps he stagger'd, both hands clasp'd
Upon his forehead, and for breath he gasp'd.
Him they observed not, by one grief possest,
And in that throb of torment almost blest.
Rodrigo ask'd but that one short farewell,
That solace in despair, and he would dwell,
In wilds untrodden, of all joy forlorn,
And waste a life too blasted to be borne.
But Julia's heart was rived; she could not speak:
He press'd his burning face against her cheek,
And from that trance she started. One farewell,
One sad eternal parting! and the spell
Dropp'd from her eyes; stood sinful love unveil'd
In full deformity, and faith prevail'd;
As homeward like a panting dove she flew,
Scared from the peril of that last adieu.
Four things the wise man* knew not to declare,
The eagle's path athwart the fields of air;
The ship's deep furrow thro' the ocean's spray;
The serpent's winding on the rock; the way
Of man with woman. Into water clear
The jealous Indian rudely thrust his spear,
And, quick withdrawing, pointed how the wave
Subsided into stillness. The dark grave,
Which knows all secrets, can alone reclaim
The fatal doubt once cast on woman's fame.
Night's shade fell thick; the evening was far spent
Ere proud Montalban to her chamber went.
Slowly he enter'd, and with cautious glance
Cast his eye round, before he did advance;

* Proverbs xxx. 18, 19.

Then placed a bowl of liquor by her side,
And thus sévere address'd his sorrowing bride:
" The night advances, Julia: hast thou pray'd
" To Him whose eye can pierce the thickest shade.
" Who, robed in truth, is never slow to mark
" The hidden guilty secrets of the dark?"
" Yes, honor'd Albert, I have duly learn'd
" That prayer is sorrow's balm," the wife return'd.
" The voice of God is awful, when the breast
" Of the weak sufferer is by guilt opprest;
" But mercy dawns upon the patient head,
" The peace of Him who for our failings bled."
Her words some tender sympathy awoke,
But he repress'd it, and thus sternly spoke.
" If morning's dawn must glimmer on our bier,
" Say, canst thou meet the future without fear?
" Is thy soul chasten'd, and resign'd to go
" This night to everlasting bliss or wo?"
His accents falter'd; but unmoved he stood,
And, firm of heart, his beauteous victim view'd.
He wore the ghastly aspect of the dead,
But his lip quiver'd, and his eye was red;
And such dark feelings character'd his gaze,
That Julia shrunk with terror and amaze.
She paused; her eye fell doubtful on that bowl;
O'er all her frame a shuddering horror stole.
Then thus with downcast look; (she dared not raise
Her eye to meet again that fearful gaze:)
" Yes, Albert; I have made my peace with heaven,
" At whose pure shrine my secret thoughts are shriven.
" Whene'er fate calls, this humble soul obeys;
" The tear of sorrow asks no fond delays.

"With tremulous hope the lingering heart may cling
"To life's blest walks, illumed by pleasure's spring.
"Cold duty's path is not so blithely trod,
"Which leads the mournful spirit to its God."
She spoke, half timid, and presaging ill
From his knit brow and look severely still.
The thought of death came o'er her; and the mind
Disown'd her words, more fearful than resign'd.
Love's secret influence heaved the conscious breast
With fluttering pulse, that would not be at rest.
Stern Albert mark'd the tremor of her brow,
And the cheek's fitful colour come and go.
His eye was big with anguish, as it stray'd
O'er all the charms, which her thin robe betray'd;
The perfect loveliness of that dear form
In its full spring of beauty ripe and warm;
And never had she look'd so wonderous fair,
So precious, so surpassing all compare,
In blither hours, when innocent delight
Flush'd her young cheek and sparkled in her sight,
As languid, in that careless garb array'd,
Half lit by the pale lamp, half hid in shade.
He would have given health, life, eternity,
The joys that fleet, the hopes that never die,
Once more in tenderest rapture to have press'd
That shape angelic to his troubled breast;
But pride forbade, and from each living charm
Drew fiercer hate, which love could not disarm.
Upon that form of beauty, now his bane,
Pollution seem'd to have impress'd a stain.
Awhile he paced the floor with heavy stride,
Then gazed once more upon his sorrowing bride;

And, parting with his hands the glossy hair
On the white forehead of the silent fair,
Look'd wistfully; then, bending sad and slow,
Fix'd one long kiss upon that brow of snow.
It seem'd as if love's spirit in his soul
Was battling with his passion's fierce control.
He sat before her; on one hand reclined
His face, which told the struggle of his mind;
The other held the bowl: she raised her head,
As, slow his hand extending, thus he said:
"Drink, Julia; pledge me in this cup of peace;
"Drink deep, and let thy tears of sorrow cease."
Her eye was fixt and motionless; her cheek
Had lost its changeful hue; she did not speak.
Her nerves seem'd numb'd, and icy horror press'd,
Like a cold weight of lead, upon her breast.
"Drink, Julia;" spoke again that dreadful voice:
"Drink, Julia, deep; for thou hast now no choice."
A fatal shiver seem'd to reach her soul,
And her hand trembled, as it touch'd the bowl;
But duty's call prevail'd o'er shapeless dread;
She look'd with silent terror, and obey'd.
I know not, whether it was fancy's power
Which smote each conscious sense in that dread hour,
Or whether, doom'd at mortal guilt to grieve,
Thus his good angel sadly took his leave;
But he half started, and in truth believed
That a deep lengthen'd sob was faintly heaved,
And some dark shuddering form behind him pass'd,
Which o'er her shape its fearful shadow cast.
Breathless he listen'd by his thoughts appall'd;
(The hour of mercy could not be recall'd.)

Then to his lips in turn the draught applied,
Which should in death unite him with his bride.
'Twas done; a long, and solemn pause ensued,
While Albert speechless his sad victim view'd.
There was not in her chamber sound or breath,
But all was hush'd and ominous of death;
The very lustre, which the dim light shed,
Was like a watchfire burning by the dead.
The darksome tapestry heaved not on the wall,
And like night's spectres stood its figures tall;
They seem'd in shadowy stillness to survey
The twain illumed by the lamp's pallid ray:
And Julia, half suspicious of her fate,
Mark'd the stern aspect of her ghastly mate.
At length with steady voice Montalban broke
That awful silence, and more mildly spoke.
"The hour of thy deceitfulness is past;
"Our lives are waning, and the die is cast.
"Let thy mind turn from frailty, and the heart
"Unveil its bitter secret, ere we part.
"But first, O Julia, once my hope and pride,
"By thine own voice let Albert's deeds be tried.
"Sad memories of earlier years may lend
"My brow a gloom which fondness should unbend:
"Perchance it wants the soft and winning grace,
"The smiling vermeil of a younger face;
"But in what chaste endearment couldst thou find
"Or love more warm, or kindness more refined?
"Have not my cares, with anxious pleasure fraught,
"Outsped thy wishes and forerun thy thought?
"Speak thou my sentence; this lorn heart appeals
"To thine own thoughts and what thy conscience feels.

" O in thy treason, Julia, madly prized
" Above all joys which ever love devised,
" Even in thy guilt so excellently fair,
" 'Tis bliss to gaze on thee in this despair!
" Speak, thou frail angel! be in death forgiven!
" That sinful breast is Albert's only heaven!"
He stopp'd; for passion's overwhelming tide
Rose like a deluge, and bore down his pride;
Full swell'd the flood of agonizing grief,
And in deep sobs his suffering forced relief.
On either hand with strength he press'd his brow,
Torn by remorse his lips would not avow.
Julia rose quick and startled; she had heard
With strange amazement each appalling word.
Her mind misgave her, but she dared not think
That the sad peace of death was in that drink.
How could she dread from him that deed of hell,
Who, to her sorrow, had but loved too well!
Yet conscious thoughts awoke some secret fear;
The deep reproof fell painful on her ear:
For in her heart, tho' innocent of sin,
Vain wishes dwelt, and peace was not within.
" Forbear, my lord," the trembling mourner cried,
" Forbear, nor deem thus harshly of thy bride!
" Thou wilt not kill me? I have chastely worn
" The bonds of duty, and am not forsworn.
" O Albert, thou didst take my hand alone,
" And all I had to yield thee is thine own!
" If, yet unmaster'd, some vain dreams arise,
" Forgive the tears, that trembling veil my eyes.
" The struggling soul shall every wish subdue;
" Thy mournful Julia to her vows is true.

" Believe me, Albert, though the suffering mind
" Pour some weak sighs, the spirit is resign'd.
" No thought lurks there, which needs to be forgiven;
" All that of life remains, to thee is given."
" Short space, dissembler!" wrathful Albert cried;
" Think'st thou, that night thy guilty loves can hide?
" Rodrigo!—Traitress, does the color rise
" To those white cheeks, which thy calm speech belies?"
A sudden blush o'erran her ivory cheek,
As thus with trembling voice she strove to speak.
" Thou wrong'st me! e'en now, exiled from his land
" By hapless love, he seeks a foreign strand."
" 'Tis false," said Albert, and his brow grew dark;
" The moonlight gleams upon him cold and stark."
Uprose the wrathful husband: as he stood,
The lamp's ray shone upon the clotted blood
Staining his garment, and the baleful glow
Of such fierce passion lighten'd from his brow,
That Julia shriek'd, as if his vengeful arm
Had split before her eyes the life-blood warm
Of him her soul adored. A dizzy pain
More sharp than death shot keenly thro' her brain.
And " Hast thou kill'd him, Albert?" loud she scream'd,
Gazing where on that blood the radiance gleam'd.
" I thank thy jealous rage: thro' all my veins
" I feel thy fatal draught and death-like pains,
" The last fell gift of mercy to thy bride,
" First of thy love, now victim of thy pride.
" I do not curse thy phrensy! Canst thou bear
" Of thine own soul the weight and deep despair?
" Albert, I do not curse thee for the slain!
" Two hopeless spirits thou hast loosed from pain."

She said, and sunk in anguish on the floor,
Her white hands wildly clasp'd, to rise no more;
And never did a child of earthly woes
Such loveliness in hour of death disclose.
Her eyes upon the fretted ceiling fix'd
A look of hope with such sharp suffering mixt,
That the pure soul seem'd striving thro' the sight
To find its God, and win its way to light.
Thy thoughts of joy, Montalban, all are past;
And this still hour of murder is thy last!
But canst thou gaze unmoved upon that form?
Those youthful limbs are beauteous yet, and warm;
The eyes, which sparkled once with free delight,
Speak yet the feeling soul, and still are bright;
But thy swift poison spreads thro' every vein,
That tender shape must writhe with inward pain;
Cold and unconscious shall that blushing face,
Which met thy love, lie sunk in death's embrace;
The unzoned breast, which heaves so smooth and white,
Shall be ere morning loathsome to the sight.
Gaze, gaze, thou rash despoiler, till thine eyes
Grow dim with grief, and thine heart burst with sighs!
For thou hast madly dash'd away in scorn
That matchless jewel which thou might'st have worn;
Look on that work of vengeance with despair,
And read the sentence of thy Maker there.
The morn dawn'd glorious upon vale and hill,
But Julia's chamber was all hush'd and still.
The noonday's sultry beam gilt spire and tower,
But no sound stirr'd within her peaceful bower.
Its casements close remain'd in quiet gloom;
Its dark alcove was silent as the tomb.
At length strange whispers ran, that voice or word

Was not return'd by Julia or her lord;
That one who pass'd the garden's private door
Had found a fair youth slain and stiff in gore:
And some within had listen'd with affright
Sounds like last agonies in dead of night:
The bodeful tale grew rife, and at late hour
With anxious fear they burst the nuptial bower.
There, all untenanted the bridal bed,
Upon the floor the twain were stiff and dead.
Loved Julia lay, upon her graceful arm
The cheek reclined, as if in life yet warm;
But cold death's livid hue upon her skin
Show'd what a piteous waste was wrought within.
Her features seem'd, tho' now in slumber deep,
After some painful struggle sunk to sleep.
The aspect of her lip serene and mild,
Perchance death's last convulsion, sadly smiled.
Montalban's strength appear'd more lately spent;
O'er her pale corse his lifeless form was bent,
And inward agony still seem'd to strain
His ghastly features, as if wrung by pain.
His bloody glove, yet clench'd, appear'd to hold
Her hand still press'd unto his visage cold,
As if, deep striving with his latest breath,
His lips convulsed had clung to it in death.
His throes were strong and fierce; and he that slew
That form of loveliness, had most to rue.
Her soul, to bliss awaken'd from despair,
In mild forgiveness pour'd its latest prayer;
It breathed no thought, which angels would deny;
A beam of glory lit her dying eye:
The patient spirit from its frail abode,
By faith upraised, stole gently to its God.

THE GUAHIBA.

THE principal circumstances of this lamentable story, the particulars of the scenery, climate, and Indian superstitions, are taken from Humboldt's Personal Narrative. I fear that the facts which he has recorded concerning this barbarous transaction, and the manner in which Indian children have been hunted by the orders of some of the South American missionaries, must be authentic; at the same time we should remember that he writes (as he himself states) with the feelings of a Calvinist, of course not very favourable to the establishments he visited; and as he tells us that any written attestation in favour of the monks which he might have left amongst them would have been considered as extorted from him under circumstances that made him dependant upon them, so he must allow us to believe that his depositions against them after his return may have been a little coloured by prejudice. With the exception of the modes occasionally employed for obtaining converts or neophytes, I apprehend that the government of the Spanish missions has been mild and patriarchal, though probably indolent and neglectful of stimulating the Indians sufficiently to industrious occupations. The exertions of the Jesuits were much more effective, and, since the dissolution of that distinguished brotherhood, civilization has undoubtedly retrograded in the South American wilderness. Although the particular transaction here recorded cannot be read without indignation, nothing can be farther from my intention than to excite any general odium against the Spanish missionaries, whose meritorious and patient endurance is not to be forgotten, while we lament the faults of their education. Of course it will be understood that the speech of the Guahiba expresses the sentiments natural to an Indian under such circumstances, not those of the writer.

O COULD I lie by Oroonoko's bank,
Where Uniana's solitary peak
Shoots thousand fathom to the cloudless sky,
Dreaming myself in Paradise, embower'd

By some stupendous tree, whose outstretch'd arms
Seem in themselves a world, on either front
Displaying different seasons, bud or fruit,
Springtime or summer, and its glorious trunk
Wreathed and perfumed with odorous parasites
That clothe it like a meadow! while the sound
Of the far waters from Atures' fall
Comes on the breathless moonlight, stealing slow
Like some aërial strain! O could I view
The wonders of that realm! deep rayless chasms,
Where fire-plumed birds hold empire unapproach'd;
Cleft rocks, ingulphing the all-powerful flood
In their fantastic caves; and numberless,
With arrowy boughs emerging from the foam
Amidst a cloud of spray, islets palm-crown'd,
Seeming to float in mist! still herbs, that slope
Their glossy leaves, with thousand living lamps
Resplendent, from whose ray the light serene
Over the deafening water-chaos streams,
As from an angel's smile! There let me lull
Life's passions in delight, and thus reclined
Think peace on earth unbroken, and forget
That violence and guilt can scare the charm
Of such calm solitudes! Does nature view,
In all her wide extent of good and fair,
Scene liker Eden, than the flowery site
Of some mild mission in that stormless clime!
The plain's green carpet, and the leaf-built huts
Mantled with sweet lianas, in the shade
Of plantains spreading wide and graceful palms!
The light mimosa's air-spread canopy,
Which seems depictured on the azure vault

Glowing behind it! and beneath the gloom
Of some majestic Ceïba, that lifts
Its silky cotton into middle air,
The Christian father, with his docile group
Of feather-cinctured Indians, just reclaim'd
From perilous wanderings to the Shepherd's flock!
There, by vast waters, which give back their banks
As from a mirror, of their limpid depth
Revealing to the eye each secret form,
Celestial truth is cherish'd, which imparts,
In that still wilderness, midst earthly joys,
Hope of a brighter Eden. Wo to man,
Who mars that glorious vision, giving scope
To lawless might, unto his perverse will
Likening his Maker's! and, for gentle lore
Breathed by the unadulterate voice of truth,
Yields force the reins, and makes his zeal the law
Oppressing nature, and hopes so to stand
Pure before God! O for a Seraph's might
To whelm the Mother's rock beneath the depth
Of Atabapo, and wipe out the blot
From Christian annals! the stain stamp'd in gore,
Love's purest drops! or rather let it stand,
As, on some awful heath, the accursed tree
Which beacons to posterity the spot [chiefs
Where guilt once triumph'd! Will the plume-crown'd
Bow at the shrine of Christ, in whose great name,
Blasphemed by his disciples, deeds were wrought,
That, whisper'd, turn Religion's cherub cheek
To deathlike hue? The trees are in their prime
Which waved their green arms o'er the ruthless scene,
The rock of the Guahiba. It shall stand

A dark memorial till the wreck of worlds;
The opprobrious name shall to the granite cling,
While Pity hath a tear and Mercy shrinks
Back to her throne in heaven, as blood-stain'd zeal
With murder desecrates the font of Christ.
  O thou vast continent, where nature seems
A wondrous giant on his cradle lull'd
By the hoarse lapse of torrents, in the shade
Of thine immeasurable woodlands, stretch'd
To the utmost Cordillera's snowy peaks,
Where noontide's hottest splendors dart in vain
From the meridian! In thy loneliest wilds
How great, how glorious is thy majesty!
  Girded by torrents, San Fernando stands
Surveying from her walls the mingled swell
Of three huge waters, singly which outvie
Danau or Nile. There in fierce eddy blends
The turbid Guaviare's powerful stream
With stately Atabapo crown'd with palms;
And thee, renown'd of rivers, whose clear strength
Comes roaring from the East, foredoom'd to give
Thy name, great Oroonoko, to each flood
That rolls its thunder from the Western ridge,
Lofty Granada. Thence with proud excess
Shall thy broad deluge rush, wider than range
Of cannon shot, in a long line of foam
From Parima's dark buttress hurrying down,
Till, join'd by Meta and Apure's tide,
It flows, like one vast ocean, thro' the plain
Of Barcelona to the Mournful gulf
Right against Trinidad, that bars its mouth
Four hundred leagues aloof. There cultured scenes

Await thee, regal pomp, and busy cares,
And the mixt hum of commerce ever rings
Thro' burnt Cumana. Here, in wilds scarce trod,
An awful silence thro' thy forest reigns,
Save where the snowy bird of loneliness,
The doleful Campanero, seems to toll
The dirge of solitude. In these rude wastes,
Tranquillest scenes, where Art has never rear'd
Her mimic shapes, stands most reveal'd the might
Of One benign, by whose prolific will
The plain is like a cultured garden gemm'd
With shrubs and flowers; who lifts the towering tree
Unto the sky serene, loaded with fruits
By his spontaneous bounty. Savage minds
Know this, and own their God in loveliness.
Guiana's Indian, underneath the palms,
Which o'er his thicket wave their feathery heads
E'en like a second forest in mid air,
Sees God in all his works, and, thankful, bends
To one great source of life, whose genial power
For him bids plantain and cassava yield
Their sure increase, filling each swollen brook
With teeming wealth. No sounds, save sounds of peace,
Break on his solitude; the wailing winds
Stir not, thro' that wide forest, in their birth
Spell-bound. The unseen Genius of the wild
From out its vast interminable depth
Seems to cry "Peace, peace!" Peace to nature's works,
And glory to their Maker! Ebb and flow
Of seasons come not here; the fiery sun,
Once robed in mist, sleeps in that quiet shroud,
As if he waited till the Archangel's trump

Should rend heaven's curtain. Spring, perpetual spring,
Wafts incense; high o'er the Guahiba's hut
Wave plumy heads surcharged with fruit, that shame
Persia or Babylonian gardens. There,
Lord of the waste, he casts his palm-string net,
Where, far removed from billowy ocean, sport
Huge dolphins, spouting in their noisy play
Water and foam, or lurking by the shade
Of other greens than wreath old Nereus' hair.
Infants and wife, secure beneath their hut,
Expect his coming, when at fall of day
He and his sturdy boys shall bear the spoil
Of those lone floods. Wo waits his next return;
Silence profound and desolation reign
Where welcome should resound. His frugal meal
Lies half prepared; and gaudy parrot-flowers
That sooth'd his fretful child, and leaves, and plumes,
Upon the sod confused. What force profane
Hath made the echoes of the forest mute?
Jaguar, or Boa, or the wily strength
Of scale-arm'd crocodile hath ne'er approach'd
This tranquil dwelling; but at one fell swoop
Fanatic hands have made thee desolate!
The priest of San Fernando and his crew
Of red barbarians, in the faith baptized
Of Him who died to save, yet left not here
Peace but a sword! So works the ruthless zeal
Of man against his God, making that name
A curse amongst the heathens, which should breathe
Infinite bliss, unheard beatitude,
Bidding the wilds rejoice, thro' all their depth
Proclaiming social love, benevolent laws

That bind man to his fellows. Swiftly glides
Down Guaviaré's flood, freighted by force,
The holy reaver's barque. Maternal shrieks
Die on the distance, and the fruitless wail
Of those rapt infants. Past the limpid mouth
Of Atabapo mingling its dark wave,
They shoot amain, to where the Eastern stream
Winds round Fernando, in its gorgeous strength
Rushing from Cerro Duïda, whose front
Gleams to the daybeam with smaragdine hue
Abrupt, and counterfeits the diamond's blaze.
Lorn mother, gaze on the unfathom'd whirl
Of those impetuous waters, and the trees
Which round thee rear their tall and barren trunks
Obscure and boundless! In that solitude
The flood, the desert, are thy prison walls,
Danger and Famine the stern sentinels!
Between thee and thy home two giant streams,
With all their tributary train, deny
Regress or hope. The Southern Cross scarce gleams
Thro' that unchanging veil, the eternal cloud
That wraps the horizon; from thy calm abode
Thou art divorced by more than human power,
Nature's impediments. Yet hope still lives,
The unconquerable throb, the inborn spring,
That swells a mother's heart. Dauntless she mark'd
The rite baptismal, to her tender brood
Suspected badge of thraldom. They the while
Unconscious mourn'd, by cruel force estranged
From their dear native liberty; so will'd
The Christian ravisher, misnamed of Him,
Who, robed in gentleness, forbade his own

Outrage or e'en resistance. In her soul
Determined courage reign'd; the firm resolve
To barter life for freedom, or reguide
The nestlings to her hut. Their toil-burnt sire,
Brothers, and fatherland, were all to her;
All else without them, nought; or, worse than nought,
Loath'd circumscription, tenfold servitude.
Night wrapp'd Fernando's fane; beneath their cots
Mantled with sweets umbrageous, slept secure
Christians, and neophytes by Christian rites
Regenerate, but heathen still in mind.
Not so the sad Guahiba; she forlorn
Watch'd each still hour, forecasting from those bonds
Thro' that untrodden wilderness escape
To her heart-cherish'd home. Beside her lay
The unfledged captives, from a father's love
Sever'd by zealous rapine; one, just skill'd
To lisp his name; one, conscious of her fate,
Joy of his hopes. "My child," with cautious breath
She whisper'd, "night is mirksome, but these wilds
" Are not without their guide; well have I mark'd
" Each globe of fire that studs the firmament;
" And that huge orb, which from the east each morn
" Rolls its illumined bulk to those dark hills
" Whence comes the rain. Behold yon star; it gleams
" Behind thy father's dwelling, a sure lamp
" In trackless deserts. Better to confront,
" Exposed and lone, that shaggy savage form,
" Half-man, half-brute, wide-famed for cruel rape
" In woody solitudes, than bide the curse
" Of this our prison-mansion! Better wade
" Thro' flooded groves obscure, and stem the force

" Of Guaviaré in his turbid wrath,
" Tempting the scaly crocodile! Its waves
" Have seen thee, fearless infant, in thy sport,
" Their glittering dolphins chase, and wreathe thy brows
" With river-lilies: thy life link'd to mine
" Together shall we sink, or burst our chain
" Free as free-born. Dread nothing; thro' the waste
" A mother's strength shall aid thee, little charge!
" Father and brothers from thy native bank
" Shall cleave the well-known tide, breasting its foam
" To rescue us. Myself thro' swampy shades
" Will bear thy tender limbs, warding the harm
" Of thorn-arm'd brake, or the nut's ponderous fall,
" Serpent or jaguar's fang." Forth stretch'd her arms,
Smiling, the lovely maid, and press'd her cheek
Against a mother's bosom, hiding there
The fearful tear; and low she murmur'd, " Haste,
" Ere our fell guards awake." Behind her back
The mother slung love's lesser burthen, hush'd
By kisses into silence; that sweet girl,
Strain'd with firm sinew to her heart, she bore
Into the darksome wilderness (what time
All nature robed in awful stillness lay)
Fearless of toil. Rise, floods, and trackless brakes,
And swamps not trodden by the step of man,
Alone she would o'erpass ye! Her fleet course
Would mock pursuit! But ah! those infant limbs
Dread the rough bindweed, with its thorny ropes
Barring their path. Famish'd they cry for food,
Which, on the tree's high spire, eludes the grasp,
Or shrink from the coil'd snake. Behind them swell
Nearer and nearer on the breathless air,

The voices of their ravishers. She speeds
Phrensied with love, till close beneath her feet
She sees majestic Atabapo glide,
Pellucid, deep, and strong. Loud and more loud
The Christians come. With living cordage, pluck'd
From the green stem, she lashes to her flanks
Her timid cherubs, kissing from their eyes
The starting tear; then fearlessly she glides
Into that crystal gulph, her grave, if not
Her path to freedom. Gurgling o'er them closed
The liquid volume. Soon she breasts the wave;
Her sinewy limbs triumphantly throw back
The glassy tide; amazed the Christians view.
Their barques are on the deep, and oars ply swift
To intercept her. On the adverse bank
Vast trees, that dip their interwoven arms
In the strong flood inhospitable, yield
No refuge, saving to the wily snake
That lurks for blood. Vain all her struggles, vain
Strength desperate, from that relentless crew
To make evasion; so the lavrock, close
Beside the umbrage of some tangled brake,
A tarsel's talons overtake in air
Swift gliding. Captive once again, and bound,
She loses all, save that undying spring
That ever wells within the guiltless mind,
All-radiant hope. Matron, thy foes prevail,
And hearts of stone have sever'd thee from thine,
Their tender limbs with other fetters chafed,
Than when, fast lash'd to thy parental side
By pious love, the precious freight was launch'd
On Atabapo's flood. In vain they shriek

Torn rudely from the hand, which unto them
Was life, protection, nourishment, and joy,
Before their dawn of knowledge, and shall be
Remember'd, above all things, unto death,
Sole image upon earth of that wise care,
Which is, and ever hath been, over all.
The piteous kiss of love, which takes in tears
Sweet compensation for all ills to come,
Is not for her: that agonizing pang
Of lingering disseverment, which draws
From grief enjoyment keener than delight,
The cruel have forbidden her. She sees
Her innocents borne down the rapid stream,
And speaks not; for her heart too well has learnt
That pity dwells not, where fanatic zeal
Has dried kind nature's issues. Untaught minds
Lean least upon the hope of social aid,
And crave no mercy from their fellow men,
But brave the rack, defying all those ills
Which must be borne. But one bright look she threw
To them amid their wailing, which dispensed
Unutterable hope, the flash of strength
That swells superior to all earthly wrongs
To cheer the sufferer; and high she waved
Her manacles above her streaming locks,
And pointed to the wilderness aloof,
Her husband's home, the cradle and the grave
Of all her father's line. The plunderer's boat
Shoots down the torrent to Fernando's keep.
She widow'd, childless, bound, must stem the flood
To lone Javita, where of her beloved

Nor sound, nor sight shall cheer her. Slow and still,
Laboring against the current's might, they pass
The tiger's rock, the rapid's foaming chain,
The cataract Guarinuma. On her view
Plains open vast and drear, part thickly clothed
With giant grasses, thro' whose bosom wind
Streams tributary, part by forest hid;
And ever and anon rise castled rocks
In ruin'd form, pillars and pyramids,
Quaint work of nature, mocking human art;
And oft-times on their summits towering stand
Yucca or palm. Next where the crumbling walls
Of Mendaxari, once the fane of Christ,
Frown o'er the waters, they suspend the oar,
Hymning a strain to its protecting saint;
Then striving fast by Kemarumo's crag
See culture smile, and pause beneath the boughs
Of that far-venerated tree, whose trunk
Enormous, born what time the deeps were staid,
O'erbrows the Indian gardens; next descry
The Christian hamlet, deck'd in beauteous guise,
Balthasar, where the fig and lemon vie
With Americ's treasures. Onward still they pass,
By toil undaunted. Thrice the sun had sloped
His ray thro' feathery trees that fringe the bank
Laving their slender trunks; aloft the clouds
Floated swift-borne; beneath, mute calmness reign'd,
And voiceless solitude. The monkey's howl
Came not from far; the screaming vulture's wing
Was not upon the air; and dark, yet clear,
The glassy depth reveal'd no living form;

The crocodile had shunn'd it, pleased to dwell
In turbid floods. Alone around the barque,
Cleaving the surface with resplendent scales
Dolphins kept pace, or bounding by the prow,
Or in the silver wake. Her eye survey'd
Far hills and mountains in pale distance, oft
Measuring in thought the weary way between
Her and her husband. Moonlight fell so soft
On the transparent volume, its pure stream
Scarce seem'd to flow: and those, who labouring pull'd
The frequent oar, to the blest Virgin raised
Their hallow'd chorus; the soul-melting notes
Seem'd to ascend unto the cope of heaven
By tranquil airs upborne. The slacken'd bonds
Dropp'd unperceived from the sad mother's limbs;
Hope fired her thoughts, as, gliding by, she mark'd
A stony buttress thro' the swampy fringe
Shelve down into the torrent. Heedless pass
That rock the Christians, which man never more
Shall pass unheeded. With impetuous plunge
Down the deep gulph she goes. They see her dive
Five fathom deep; and, near, the water-snake
Writhes his stupendous folds, fierce, yet amazed
To see his haunts invaded: but secure
She rises, floating down the rapid stream,
Till, whirl'd in the swift eddy, lost in foam,
She grasps the dangerous ledge; with wounded limbs
Then labours to its summit, and achieves
The river's lofty bank. Rabid pursuit
Rings on her steps. To holy strains succeed
The unhallow'd war-cry and the hunter's shout,
Fierce and discordant. Morning sweetly dawn'd,

Lighting the lonely plain. They found her, spent
By toil and bleeding wounds, bay'd by their dog
Beneath the thickest jungle; the loud voice
Of triumph echoed thro' that silent waste,
The death-whoop o'er their quarry. Her they led
Faint, hopeless, unresisting, to the rock;
That rock! late witness of her faith, and more
Than Roman valour! Every leaf was still
In the mute forest; on the umbrageous bank
There was no sound, save of the ceaseless flood
That foam'd against the granite, where her foot
First trod the stone; upon that rock they scourged
The wife, the mother, while her innocent blood
Fell drop by drop, reeking to Heaven, which saw
And yet withheld its thunder. Merciful God!
Those were e'en Christians! Those had press'd the cup
Of thy salvation! with their bloody rites
Mingling thy praise, and casting on thy name
The curse of their own hellish outrage! This,
(Weak, uninstructed, helpless!) had no guide
But thy wide book of nature, from each page
Breathing the voice of love; and yet she trod
The steps of our great Saviour, like a lamb
Led to the sacrifice, thro' pious love
For those her little ones. Will not her blood,
Spilt by thy hoary priests, rise against Spain
E'en to thy thunderous threshold? and the stain,
Fixt on that granite, like a furnace glow
Unexpiated in the day of wrath!
  Once more chain'd down and bleeding, in that barque
She sees her hard oppressors plough their way,
Thro' Temi's winding and the auxiliar course

Of Tuamini, to the Lusian bounds
Where stands remote Javita. There forlorn
She chews the bread of grief; but high resolve
Still nerves her heart with unextinguish'd hope.
O fell tormentors, think ye to have quell'd
That spring unquenchable of holy love
Which fires the mother, while her infant brood
Pines in captivity! Floods, torrents, wastes,
And fearfullest vicissitudes of clime,
Unheeded vanish from the thought of her,
Who seeks home, husband, children. Long she watch'd
Occasion meet for flight, thro' pathless tracts
Deem'd unimagineable. Foot of man
Girded in fittest season for such toil
Had ne'er traversed them. Weak, alone, uncheer'd,
She, while rains pour'd their deluge, and the brakes
Yielded no fruit, committed her frail strength
To God and to the desert. Night and day
Wading or swimming, torn by bristled cords
Which serpent-like around her wound their folds,
Defying toil and famine, still she press'd
To one dear gaol, her children's prison; fed
With loathsome insects, gather'd from the stem
Of barren trees, that knit their cumbrous arms.
Nor ceased the while that lesser plague, blood-fed
Zancudoes, and the countless winged tribes,
Morning and eve and in noon's sultry hour
Successive, trumpeting their endless war:
And oft, when twilight's shadows were abroad,
High on some tortuous bough, with grin obscene,
She saw (or dream'd she saw) the man like form

Of hairy savage, the wild's dreaded fiend,
In whose rude haunts, tho' scaped from human wrong,
Worse rape might seize her, brutish violence.
Before, around, unbounded forests rose,
Waters and woods illimitably stretch'd;
But Nature's might was stronger in the breast
Of one lone woman, than in all her works
Gloriously array'd in that wide solitude.
She reach'd Fernando's threshold; and, at first
A vengeful spectre deem'd, found way unblench'd
To her own innocents. Both arms outspread
To clasp those forms, so loved, she sank foredone
In that last, fondest, cherishment. With speed
They tore her from her children, unappeased,
And steel'd by bigot zeal. From the sweet trance
Aroused to chains, serene her holy judge
She fronts, and thus with fearless majesty:
" I stand not here in judgment, haughty priest;
" Nature forbids. Against a mother's love,
" Against a wife's firm faith, there is no law,
" Not e'en to fellest nations gorged with flesh
" Of mangled captives. Whence should we adore
" Thy Deity, who mew'd like one infirm,
" In that low fane, sends forth his ministers
" To deeds of pitiless rape? Our God bestows
" Harvest and summer fruits, chaining the winds
" Which never lash our groves. Ye bend the knee
" To the carved crucifix in temples wrought
" By human hands; ye lift the hymn of praise
" By torches' glare at noon day: but the God
" We serve, best honour'd by the glorious ray

" Of his great luminary, dwells not here
" Prison'd midst walls, frail work of mortal skill.
" We worship him abroad, under the vault
" Of his own heaven; yon star-paved firmament,
" The wilderness, the flood, the wreathed clouds
" That float from those far mountains robed in mist,
" The summits unapproach'd, untouch'd by time,
" Snow clad, are his; too vast to be confined
" He fills his works. Bow ye the trembling knee
" To your own idols and that murd'rous law
" Which bids you seize a mother's callow brood
" In hour of peace! The Carib doth not this,
" The man-devouring Cabre! Are ye slaves
" Unto the spirit of ill who wars with God,
" Iolokiamo, the worst foe to man?
" That, riving thus the hallow'd ties of life,
" Ye work his evil will, and mar the scheme
" Of Him beneficent, whose fostering care
" Amid these wilds is over all his works.
" If there be one great Being, who hears our prayer,
" When that sonorous trump (which but to view
" Were death to woman) thro' each leafy glade
" Ten leagues aloof sends forth the voice of praise,
" O tremble at his wrath! My little ones,
" If e'er, restored, ye reach your father's hut,
" Tell him I live but while the fervent hope
" Of freedom and reunion with my own
" Leaves life its worth. That lost, I welcome death."
She ceased; and they the while wept infant tears,
That might have sway'd the sternest; arms outstretch'd
Pleaded for mercy to the throne of power,
And little hands, that struggled as if life

Were nothing worth without a mother's love,
Reluctant strove for freedom. Had the heart
Of him, who in that priestly conclave ruled,
Beat worthy of its Saviour, not in vain
Had been her proud appeal; but ruthless chains
Are thrown on her worn limbs. Again they waft
Her bound, up ceaseless waters, far away
To Esmeralda, by the sparkling foot
Of Cerro Duïda's huge precipice.
Restrain'd with iron there, in guarded cell
Confined, her eye dwells fixt upon the flood
Of Oroonoko hurrying to the walls
Where rest immured her children. Scorn'd, the food
Lies at her feet. She speaks not, sad and stern.
She had braved famine in the desert, now
She woos it. Death in most abhorred guise,
By frightful inanition, with its train
Of loathsome and disgusting sympathies,
Smiles to her fancy; Death, her comforter.
She views the stream, as who, in burning climes
Where reigns the calenture, misled by love
Of his dear native meadows and the green
Delicious landscape, dreams of leafy glades
Umbrageous, sparkling with fresh morning dew,
Midst the calm ocean fever-struck, and dies
In that sweet error, sinking in the wave
As on a couch of herbage. She, deceived,
Sees in that flood, as fancy fires her brain,
Her hut, her husband, her blithe boys, and those
Two ravish'd innocents, from prison freed
To share that last delight. Her hollow cheek,
Fore-showing death's approach, wears yet a mien

Of such ecstatic rapture, that her eye
Seems lit by saintlike bliss. Silent and still,
As life beat slow and faint, she look'd away
Her soul upon the waters, and it pass'd
In that illusive dream without a sigh.
Peace rest upon her ashes! May the God,
Who sent His Own to gather his stray'd flock
And light the path to heaven, forgive her what
She knew not! and, by his all-saving power,
Guide her to living streams, there to abide
With her beloved by mercy's hand upraised,
Where want, and sorrow, and force shall never come,
Nor voice of her oppressors! May the wilds
Where those foul deeds were wrought, erewhile resound
To purer hymns of praise, and social love
In that huge continent exalt to heaven
Christ's worthiest temple, deck'd with freedom's crown!

NOTES.

V. 2. *Uniana.* "The left bank of the river (Oroonoko) is generally lower, but makes part of a plane which rises again west of Atures toward the Peak of Uniana, a pyramid nearly three thousand feet high, and placed on a wall of rock with steep slopes."—*Humboldt's Personal Narrative*, vol. v. p. 43.

V. 6. *On either front, &c.* "Near Atures the old trees were decorated with beautiful orchideæ, yellow bannisterias, blue-flowered bignonias, peperomias, arums and pothoses. A single trunk displays a greater variety of vegetable forms, than an extensive space of ground contains in our countries."—*Humb. P. N.* vol. v. p. 49. "On quitting the village of Turmero (near Caraccas) we discover a single tree, the famous *zamang del Guayre*, known throughout the province for the enormous extent of its branches, which form a hemispheric head five hundred and seventy-six feet in circumference. One

side of the tree was entirely stripped of its foliage, owing to the drought; and on the other side there remained at once leaves and flowers. Tillandsias, lorantheæ, cactus, pitahayas, and other parasite plants, cover its branches and crack the bark. The inhabitants of these villages, but particularly the Indians, hold in veneration the zamang del Guayre, which the first conquerors found almost in the same state in which it now remains."—*Humb. P. N.* vol iv. p. 116.

V. 11. *Atures' fall.* "The rapids of Atures are found in the part of the valley where the bed of the river, deeply ingulfed, has almost inaccessible banks. The river is every where ingulfed in caverns, and in one of those caverns we heard the water roll at once over our heads and beneath our feet."—*Humb. P. N.* vol. v. p. 53—55. "The cataracts of Atures and Maypures are the only cataracts which, situate in the equinoctial region of the New World, are decorated with the noble growth of palm trees. At all seasons they exhibit the aspect of real cascades."—*Ib.* vol. v. p. 58. "Arrived at the summit of the rock, the eye suddenly takes in a sheet of foam, extending a whole mile. Enormous masses of stone, black as iron, issue from its bosom. Some are pups grouped in pairs, like basaltic hills; others resemble towers, strong castles, and ruined buildings." "Every rock, every islet is covered with vigorous trees, collected in clusters."—*Ib.* vol. v. p. 130.

V. 15. *Fire-plumed birds.* The cock of the rock, or rock manakin, with splendid orange-coloured plumage. "A considerable portion of the Oroonoko was dry, because the river had found an issue by subterraneous caverns. In these solitary haunts the rock manakin, with gilded plumage, (pipra rupicola,) one of the most beautiful birds of the tropics, builds its nest. The Raudalito of Carucari is caused by an accumulation of enormous blocks of granite. These blocks are piled together in such a manner as to form spacious caverns."—*Humb. P. N.* vol. 5. p. 630.

V. 21. *Living lamps.* "An innumerable multitude of insects spread a reddish light on the ground."—*Humb. P. N.* vol. v. p. 623.

V. 33. *Lianas.* Liana, *liane* in French, is the general name for twining or trailing plants which require support. The same extensive signification appears to be given by our colonists to the word *vine*, bindweed having a more confined application; a word exactly analogous to liana is wanting in our language.

V. 38. *Ceiba.* Bombax ceiba. Silk cotton tree. A tree of the first magnitude, with five-fingered leaves, somewhat resembling those of the horse-chesnut, and very large solitary white flowers.

V. 56. *The Mother's rock.* Before we reach the confluence of the river Temi, a granitic hummock that rises on the western bank [of the Atabapo] near the mouth of the Guasacavi fixed our attention; it is called the rock of the Guahiba woman, or the Rock of the Mother, Piedra della Madre. If in these solitary scenes man scarcely leaves behind him any trace of his existence, it is doubly humiliating for a European to see perpetuated by the name of a rock, by one of those imperishable monuments of nature, the remembrance of the moral degradation of our species, the contrast between the virtue of a savage and the barbarism of civilized man. In 1797, the missionary of San Fernando had led his Indians to the banks of the Rio Guaviare, on one of those hostile excursions, which are alike prohibited by religion and the Spanish laws. They found in an Indian hut, a Guahiba mother with three children, one or two of whom were still infants. They were occupied in preparing the flour of cassava. Resistance was impossible; the father was gone to fish and the mother tried in vain to flee with her children. Scarcely had she reached the savannah, when she was seized by the Indians of the mission, who go to *hunt men*, like the Whites and the Negroes in Africa. The mother and the children were bound, and dragged to the banks of the river. The monk, seated in his boat, waited the issue of an expedition, of which he partook not the danger. Had the mother made too violent a resistance, the Indians would have killed her, for every thing is permitted when they go to the conquest of souls *(à la conquista espiritual)*, and it is children in particular they seek to capture, in order to treat them in the mission as *poitos*, or slaves of the Christians. The prisoners were carried to Fernando, in the hope that the mother would be unable to find her way back by land. Far from those children who had accompanied their father on the day in which she had been carried off, this unhappy woman showed signs of the deepest despair. She attempted to take back to her family the children who had been snatched away by the missionary; and fled with them repeatedly from the village of San Fernando, but the Indians never failed to seize her anew; and the missionary, after having caused her to be mercilessly beaten, took the cruel resolution of separating the mother from the two children who had been carried off with her. She was conveyed alone towards the missions of the Rio Negro, going up the Atabapo. Slightly bound, she was seated at the bow of the boat, ignorant of the fate that awaited her; but she judged by the direction of the sun, that she was removing farther and farther from her hut and native country. She succeeded

in breaking her bonds, threw herself into the water, and swam to the left bank of the Atabapo. The current carried her to a shelf of rock which bears her name to this day. She landed and took shelter in the woods, but the President of the Missions ordered the Indians to row to the shore, and follow the traces of the Guahiba. In the evening she was brought back. Stretched upon the rock *(la piedra de la Madre)* a cruel punishment was inflicted on her with those straps of manatee leather, which serve for whips in that country, and with which the Alcades are always furnished. This unhappy woman, her hands tied behind her back with strong stalks of Mavacure, was then dragged to the mission of Javita. She was then thrown into one of the caravanseras that are called *Casa del Rey*. It was the rainy season, and the night was profoundly dark. Forests till then believed to be impenetrable separated the mission of Javita from that of San Fernando, which was twenty-five leagues distant in a straight line. No other path is known but that of the rivers; no man ever attempted to go by land from one village to another, were they only a few leagues apart. But such difficulties do not stop a mother who is separated from her children. Her children are at San Fernando de Atabapo; she must find them again, she must execute the project of delivering them from the hands of the Christians, of bringing them back to their father on the banks of the Guaviare. The Guahiba was carelessly guarded in the Caravansera. Her arms being wounded, the Indians of Javita had loosened her bonds, unknown to the Missionary and the Alcades. She succeeded by the help of her teeth in breaking them entirely; disappeared during the night; and at the fourth rising sun was seen at the mission of San Fernando, hovering around the hut where her children were confined. "What that woman performed," added the missionary who gave us this sad narrative, "the most robust Indian would not have ventured to undertake." She traversed the woods at a season when the sky is constantly covered with clouds and the sun during the whole day appears but for a few minutes. Did the course of the waters direct her way? The inundations of the rivers forced her to go far away from the main stream, through the midst of woods where the movement of the waters was almost imperceptible. How often must she have been stopped by the thorny lianas, that form a net-work around the trunks they entwine! How often must she have swam across the rivulets that run into the Atabapo! This unfortunate woman was asked how she had sustained herself during four days. She said, that, exhausted with fatigue, she could find no other nourishment than those

great black ants called *vachacos*, which climb the trees in long bands, to suspend on them their resinous nests. We pressed the missionary to tell us, whether the Guahiba had peacefully enjoyed the happiness of remaining with her children; and if any repentance had followed this excess of cruelty. He would not satisfy our curiosity, but at our return from the Rio Negro we learnt that the Indian mother was not allowed time to cure her wounds, but was again separated from her children and sent to one of the missions of the Upper Oroonoko. Here she died, refusing all kind of nourishment, as the savages do in great calamities. Such is the remembrance annexed to this fatal rock, to the Piedra de la Madre."—*Humb. P. N.* vol. v. p. 233.

V. 82. *San Fernando.* "San Fernando de Atabapo is placed near the confluence of three great rivers, the Guaviare, the Atabapo, and the Oroonoko."—*Humb. P. N.* vol. v. p. 200. "The missionary of San Fernando has the title of President of the Missions of the Oroonoko."—*Ib.* vol. v. p. 200. "The President of the Mission gave us an animated account of his incursions on the river Guaviare. He related to us how much these journeys, undertaken 'for the conquest of souls,' are desired by the Indians of the mission. All, even women and old men, take part in them. On the vain pretext of recovering neophytes who have deserted the village, children above eight and ten years of age are carried off and distributed amongst the Indians as serfs."—*Ib.* vol. v. p. 215.

V. 86. *Turbid Guaviare, &c.* "The Rio Paragua [or Upper Oroonoko], that part of the Oroonoko which you go up to the east of the mouth of the Guaviare, has clearer, more transparent, and purer water than the part of the Oroonoko below San Fernando. The waters of the Guaviare, on the contrary, are white and turbid."—*Humb. P. N.* vol. v. p. 221.

V. 95. *Parima.* "After a tranquil course of more than 160 leagues from the little *Raudal* of Guaharibos, east of Esmeralda, as far as the mountains of Sipapu, the river, augmented by the waters of the Jao, the Ventuari, the Atabapo, and the Guaviare, suddenly changes its primitive direction from east to west, and runs from south to north; and in crossing the land-strait (formed by the Cordilleras of the Andes of New Grenada and the Cordillera of Parima), in the plains of Meta, meets the advanced buttresses of the Cordillera of Parima. This obstacle is the cause of cataracts, &c."—*Humb. P. N.* vol. v. p. 42.

V. 98. *Mournful gulph.*—Golfo Triste.

V. 105. *Snowy Bird.* The carunculated chatterer.—*Latham's Synopsis*, vol. ii. p. 98. plate 40. Cotinga blanc.—*Brisson* and *Buffon*.

"These birds inhabit Cayenne and Brazil, and are said to have a very loud voice, to be heard half-a-league off, which is composed of two syllables, *in, an*, uttered with a drawling kind of tone, though some have compared it to the sound of a bell. The Brazilian name is Guira-panga."—*Latham.* It is called Campanero, or bell-man, and delights in lonely parts of the forests.

V. 118. *Second forest in mid-air.* "Clusters of palm-trees [of the species called *el Cucurito*], the leaves of which, curled like feathers, rise majestically at an angle of seventy degrees, are dispersed amidst trees with horizontal branches, and their bare trunks, like columns of 100 or 120 feet high, shoot up into the air, and appearing distinctly against the sky, resemble a forest planted upon another forest."—*Humb. P. N.* vol. v. p. 46.

V. 124. *The wailing winds, &c.* "When you have passed the latitude of three degrees north and approach the equator, you seldom have an opportunity of observing the sun and stars. It rains almost the whole year, and the sky is constantly cloudy. As the breeze is not felt in this immense forest of Guyana, and the refluent polar-currents do not reach it, the column of air that reposes in this wooden zone is not renewed by drier strata."—*Humb. P. N.* vol. v. p. 246.

V. 135. *Surcharged with fruit, &c.* The fine pirijao palm bears fruit like peaches in flavour.—*Humb. P. N.* vol. v. p. 239.

V. 137. *Palm-string nets.* The nets of the Indians are made of the petioles of palm-leaves.—*Humb.*

V. 139. *Huge dolphins.* "On beating the bushes a shoal of fresh water dolphins four feet long surrounded our boat. These animals had concealed themselves beneath the branches of a fromager or bombax ceiba. They fled across the inundated forest, throwing out those spouts of compressed air and water which have given them in every language the name of *blowers*."—*Humb.* vol. v. p. 240.

V. 148. *Parrot-flowers.* Heliconia Psittacorum, which bears scarlet and black flowers. The leaves of some species of Heliconia and other Scitamineous plants furnish covering for the Indian huts.

V. 152. *Jaguar.* The South American Tigers. "The jaguars, or tigers, come into the village of Atures and devour the pigs of the poor Indians."—*Humb.* vol. v. p. 76. The name of Boa for the largest snakes is universally known.

V. 170. *Its dark wave.* "The waters of the Oroonoko are turbid and loaded with earthy matter; those of the Atabapo are pure, agreeable to the taste, without any trace of smell, brownish by reflected, and of

a pale yellow by transmitted light."—*Humb.* vol. v. p. 227. "What proves the extreme purity of the black waters is their limpidity; their transparency, and the clearness with which they reflect the images and colors of surrounding objects. The smallest fish are visible in them at the depth of twenty or thirty feet." "Nothing can be compared with the beauty of the banks of the Atabapo."—*Ib.* vol. v. p. 218.

V. 173. *Cerro Duïda.* "Opposite the point [of the Upper Oroonoko] where the bifurcation takes place, the granitic group of Duïda rises in an amphitheatre on the right bank of the river. This mountain, which the missionaries call a volcano, is nearly 8000 feet high. Perpendicular on the South and West, it has an aspect of solemn greatness: its summit is bare and stony; but wherever its less steep acclivities are covered with mould, vast forests appear suspended on its flanks. At the foot of Duïda is placed the mission of Esmeralda, a little hamlet with eighty inhabitants; surrounded by a lovely plain, bathed by rills of black but limpid water."—*Humb.* vol. v. p. 502. "A mineralogical error gave celebrity to Esmeralda. The granites of Cerro Duïda and Maraguaca contain in open veins fine rock crystals, some of them of great transparency, others colored by chlorite or blended with actinote, and they were taken for diamonds and emeralds."—*Ib.* p. 506.

V. 184. *The Southern Cross.* A conspicuous constellation in the southern hemisphere.

V. 224. *Savage form.* "It was among the cataracts that we began first to hear of the hairy man of the woods, called *salvaje*, that carries off women, constructs huts, and sometimes eats human flesh. The natives and missionaries have no doubt of the existence of this anthropomorphous monkey, which they singularly dread. Father Gili gravely relates the history of a lady in the town of Carlos (in Venezuela) who much praised the gentle character and attentions of the man of the woods. She lived several years with one in great domestic harmony, and only requested some hunters to take her back "because she was tired, she and her children (a little hairy also), of living far from the church and the sacraments."—*Humb.* p. 81. "We will not admit, with a Spanish author, that the fable of the man of the woods was invented by the artifice of Indian women, who pretended to have been carried off, when they had been long absent from their husbands; we rather counsel travellers who shall visit the missions of the Oroonoko, to continue our researches on the *salvaje* or *great devil* of the woods; and examine whether it be some unknown species of bear, or some very rare monkey analogous to the simia chiropotes, or simia

satanas, that can have given rise to such singular tales."—*Humb.* vol. v. p. 84. The absurdity of Humboldt's suggestion that the *salvaje* might be an unknown species of bear is too great to be passed over in silence. The accounts of this creature and its violence to women are exactly consistent with the habits of the ourang-outang, and it cannot reasonably be doubted that they are referable to some analogous species of monkey. He adds, "We were every where blamed, in the most cultivated class of society, for being the only persons to doubt the existence of the great anthropomorphous monkey of America."—*Ib.* 82.

V. 241. *The nut's ponderous fall.* The fall of the great nuts of the palm, called the juvia tree (bertholletia excelsa), which contain the triangular nuts known in England by the name of Para nuts, is mentioned by Humboldt as very dangerous to those who walk in the forests.

V. 326. *The tiger's rock, &c.* A granitic pass known by the name of Piedra del Tigre. "This solitary rock is only sixty feet high, yet it enjoys great celebrity in these countries. A little to the south of the mountains of Sipapu, we reach the southern extremity of the chain of cataracts, which I proposed to call the Chain of Parima. The whole of the land extending from the mountains of Parima toward the river of Amazons, which is traversed by the Atabapo, the Cassiquiare, and the Rio Negro, is an immense plain, partly covered with forests and partly with grasses. Small rocks rise here and there like castles."—*Humb.* v. 227. "After having passed the rapids of Guarinuma, the Indians showed us, in the middle of the forest, on our right, the ruins of the mission of Mendaxari which has been long abandoned. On the East bank, near the little rock of Kemaruma, in the midst of Indian plantations, a gigantic Bombax Ceiba attracted our attention. This enormous effort of vegetation surprised us the more, as we had till then seen on the banks of the Atabapo only small trees with slender trunks."—*Ib.* v. 228. "It was night when we arrived at the mission of San Balthasar. A Catalan missionary had planted a fine garden where the fig-tree of Europe was found in company with the persea, and the lemon tree with the mammee. The village was built with that regularity which in the North of Germany, and in protestant America, we find in the hamlets of the Moravian brethren."—*Ib.* v. 230. "The ground from the mouth of the Guaviare constantly displays the same geological constitution. It is a vast granitic plain, in which from league to league the rock pierces the soil and forms not hillocks, but small masses that resemble pillars or ruined buildings."—*Ib.* v. 242.

V. 348. *Trees that fringe the bank.* "The river Atabapo displays every where a peculiar aspect. You see nothing of its real banks formed by flat lands, eight or ten feet high: they are concealed by a row of palms and small trees with slender trunks, the roots of which are bathed by the waters. There are many crocodiles from the point where you quit the Oroonoko to the mission of San Fernando, and their presence indicates, as we have said above, that this part of the river belongs to the Rio Guaviare and not to the Atabapo. In the real bed of the river above the mission of San Fernando there are no longer any crocodiles: we find some bavas, a great many fresh water dolphins, but no manatees. We also seek in vain on those banks the thick-nosed tapir, the araguates or great howling monkeys, the Zamuro or vultur aura, and the crested pheasant. Enormous water-snakes, in shape resembling the boa, are unfortunately too common, and are dangerous to the Indians who bathe. We saw them almost from the first day, swimming by the side of our canoe: they were at the most twelve or fourteen feet long."—*Humb. P. N.* v. 225. "Unaccustomed to those forests which are less inhabited by animals than those of the Oroonoko, we were almost surprised no longer to hear the howlings of the monkeys. The dolphins or toninas sported by the side of our boat." —*Ib.* v. p 227.

V. 418. *Temi's winding.* "Above the mouth of the Guasucavi we entered the Rio Temi."—*Humb.* v. p. 238. "We remained in the bed of the river till day, afraid of losing ourselves amongst the trees. At sun-rise we again entered the inundated forests, to avoid the force of the current. Arrived at the junction of the Temi with another river, the Tuamini, the waters of which are equally black, we followed the latter toward the south-west. This direction led us to the mission of Javita, which is founded on the banks of the Tuamini."—*Ib.* vol. v. p. 243.

V. 444. *Zancudoes.* "After a few minutes repose, you feel yourself stung by Zancudoes, another species of gnat with very long legs. The Zancudo, the proboscis of which contains a sharp-pointed sucker, causes the most acute pain and a swelling that remains many weeks."—*Humb. P. N.* p. 94. "At fixed and invariable hours, in the same season and the same latitude, the air is peopled with new inhabitants; and in a zone where the barometer becomes a clock, where every thing proceeds with such admirable regularity, we might guess blindfold the hour of the day or night by the hum of the insects, and by their stings, the pain of

which differs according to the nature of the poison that each insect deposits in the wound."—*Humb. P. N.* p. 96.

V. 472. *Like one infirm.* "The Indians of the Upper Oroonoko, the Atabapo, and Inirida, have no other worship than that of the powers of nature. They call the good principle Cachimana; it is the Manitou, or Great Spirit, that regulates the seasons and favours the harvests. There is an evil principle, Iolokiamo, less powerful, but more artful, and in particular more active. The Indians of the forest, when they visit occasionally the missions, conceive with difficulty the idea of a temple or an image.—'These good people,' said the missionary, 'like only processions in the open air. When I last celebrated the patron-festival of my village, that of Antonio, the Indians of Inirida were present at the mass. 'Your God,' said they to me, 'keeps himself shut up in a house as if he were old and infirm; ours is in the forest, in the fields, and on the mountains of Sipapo, whence the rains come.'"—*Humb. P. N.* vol. v. p. 272.

V. 493. *The man-devouring Cabre.* The Cabres, or Caveres, celebrated for their long wars with the Caribs, are much addicted to anthropophagy. *Humb. P. N.* vol. v. p. 13.

V. 501. *Sonorous trump.* "There are but a small number of these sacred trumpets. The most anciently celebrated is that upon a hill near the confluence of the Tomo and the Guainia. It is pretended that it is heard at once on the banks of the Tuamini and at the mission of San Miguel de Davipe, a distance of ten leagues."—"Women are not permitted to see this marvellous instrument, and are excluded from all ceremonies of this worship. If a woman have the misfortune to see this trumpet, she is put to death without mercy."—*Humb. P. N.* p. 274. "The trumpets are made of baked earth, and called Botutos."—*Ib.* p. 232.

THE WANDERER OF JUTLAND.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SWENO.
UBALD.
REYNALD.
KNIGHTS,
Guests, Messengers, and Attendants.
BERTHA.
AGNES.
THE WANDERER.

SCENE *in Jutland*—SWENO'S *Castle and its vicinity.*
TIME, *about* 30 *hours.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Sweno's Hall; a Banquet.*

[SWENO, UBALD, REYNALD, BERTHA, AGNES, *Knights, Ladies, and Attendants.*] SWENO.

SIT, lords, and be the draught of pleasure fill'd
E'en to the goblet's brink! We bid you welcome.
And thou, dear lady, whose hand lock'd in mine,
As on this day, twenty blithe years have witness'd,
We pledge thee in this brimming cup of love.

GUESTS, *(drinking.)*

Health and long life to Sweno and his dame!

BERTHA.

Thanks, gentles, for this courtesy.

SWENO. My Bertha,
Time has sped well with us. Our lovely hostess
Wears yet the hue of freshness unalloy'd,
While her ripe scion, our sweet Agnes, glows
With beauty's blush, like a new beam of morning.
We lack not aught, wherewith to tax the fates
As niggards of their gifts, being doubly blest
In our loved daughter and adopted son.
Ubald, thy prowess in each listed field
Speaks no mean lineage. As my child I greet thee.

UBALD.

If to revere you as man's noblest type,
To love you as my worthier self, to prize
The far-famed honours of your noble house
As things most dear, which from ill chance to shield,
I would encounter danger in such shapes
As human daring may but ill assay,
Be a son's duty, it is freely paid,
And Ubald still the debtor. Good my lord,
Your kindness makes me bankrupt of all thanks,
Save the poor service of a faithful arm
To ward your rights.

SWENO. And we dare trust it, Ubald,
Though half our honors hung on the event.
To-morrow, sirs, it is our mind to hold
A gorgeous tournament, and, by my knighthood,
Who wins hath leave to be our daughter's suitor.
Good Reynald, is thy lance as keen and strong,
As when it tumbled the grim Saracen,
Horseman and horse, tilting in Palestine?

REYNALD.

Ay, noble Sweno: and a lovelier prize

Makes not the hand more sluggard in the charge.
I pledge my glove to win.

SWENO. Take it, young Ubald,
And may all guardian saints to-morrow speed thee!
So in the tilt thou dost approve thee victor,
Loud proclamation shall our heralds make
To all who dare impugn thy long-lost birthright;
And, if none answer to that bold appeal,
Valiant we know thee, and shall hold thee noble.

UBALD.

Ay, marry will I. If he cast his gauntlet,
And this arm thrust him from his saddle-bow,
By heaven and good Saint Olaf, he shall eat it,
As that huge dragon, which he slew in Syria,
Would have gulp'd up the princess of . . . Plague on it!
I cannot scan the name of half those regions,
Whence he has scared the devil and his imps.

REYNALD, *(rising.)*

Sweno, I was bred in war, and learnt the laws
Of knightly courtesy which arrest mine anger.
I know both what is due to host and guests;
Nor would I stain thy social board with blood
E'en of one chattering pie; else, taunting youth,
I well remember, how in Holy Land,
When a base renegade provoked my scorn
By some light speech, I slew the turban'd caitif
With his own rapier.

UBALD. And made his bare skull
A bonnet for thy mistress.

SWENO. Peace, peace, Ubald.
Let us have music. Friends, the merry Bacchus

Brims not your flowing cups with wonted glee.
Agnes, we tax thy sweet voice for a song.

Music. AGNES *sings.*

With a turf at her feet,
In her winding sheet,
Shall Elfrid lie where the wild winds howl;
But the deathless shame
Of her lost, lost, fame,
Shall weigh like a stone on the fair one's soul.

There's a curse above
Upon faithless love,
Can turn the morning's ray to dead midnight;
There's a secret voice,
When false lords rejoice,
Can change to dark anguish their soul's delight.

The curse shall cling
To the bridal ring
Of the faithless lord who left her to mourn;
An angel in the sky
Has graven it on high
On a scroll of fire that can ne'er be torn.

His bride is gay,
And his children play,
While Elfrid lies where the wild winds roar;
The fiend has set his mark
On their heads dark, dark,
And the spirit of vengeance is near his door.

(While she is singing, SWENO *appears strangely agitated, and interrupts her when she has just uttered the word* vengeance.)

SWENO.

'Tis a fiend's song. Where gat you that foul strain,
Crossing our mirth with such portentous sounds,
As if the deep could send the unshrouded dead
To scare us from our joys?

AGNES. Father, it bodes not
Evil to us; a wild lay, long since learnt
From a wierd woman that craved alms: the notes
So sweetly rung in mine attentive ear,
Time has not robb'd me of their melody.

(Thunder and lightning, which had begun faintly while she was singing, becomes loud and bright, with noise of violent rain. The agitation of SWENO *increases.)*

SWENO.

The heavens frown on this our festival.
'Tis passing strange, that sounds of such dire omen
Should break upon our wassail; quelling the pulse
Of high-born mirth; turning the cheek of joy
To very paleness. Daughter, thy sad notes
Breathe an infectious gloom, and our kind guests
Have miss'd the scope of that sweet mirth we wish'd them. (*Rising.*)
The tempest waxes, and this ancient castle
Rocks with the blast. May the sun's kindlier beam
Smile on our pomp to-morrow. I crave your leave.
Health and light thoughts attend our welcome friends.

[*Exeunt* SWENO, UBALD, BERTHA, AGNES *and others. Manent* REYNALD *and two other Knights.*]

REYNALD.

Great heaven! is this the man, whose mighty name
Is blown to the four corners of Christ's empire,
Famed for stern valor, marshalling in war

With proud array his feudatory swords
Like a half-king in Jutland! To be thus moved!

FIRST KNIGHT.

'Tis the distemper of his inward nature.
The subtle fluid of that flaming mischief
Which gives the thunder voice, steals to his heart
With secret sickness, curdling all the blood
Till his flesh creeps.

SECOND KNIGHT. Ay; ever since that morn,
Which to his wedded couch gave noble Bertha.

FIRST KNIGHT.

'Twas a rough morn. The curse of that fair maid,
Who perish'd in the flood, hath ever since
Weigh'd like a stone on his distemper'd soul.

SECOND KNIGHT.

By heaven, methinks, when piping winds do blow,
Her form is manifest to his estranged eye,
As when she stood on the rock's slippery verge
That morn by Helen's chapel.

REYNALD. Sirs, to me
Your words speak riddles.

SECOND KNIGHT. Heard you ne'er the tale?
'Tis twenty years by-gone, as on this morn,
Since Sweno led, with pomp and bravery
Of princely cost, his bride unto the altar
In Helen's chapel, built on the beetling rock
Over the torrent, when Saint Mary's church
Lay under the Pope's ban, for a foul murder
Done in the very aisle while mass was singing.

REYNALD.

I have mark'd its site, a wild romantic spot;
And its high tower a goodly structure, now

Half ruinous: 'tis said that evil spirits
Shriek oft at night within its lonesome walls.

SECOND KNIGHT.

'Tis like they may; it hath been long disused,
A darksome fabric now, and the bleak winds
Howl through its broken casements.

FIRST KNIGHT. But that morn
Of blazing tapers there was cost enough.

SECOND KNIGHT.

'Twas a gay pomp; but, as the nuptial train,
Advancing, near'd that huge o'er-shelving rock
Fast by the stream, the shrill winds mustering stirr'd
With such fierce outrage, that each flag was rent,
And the thick clouds seem'd big with lowering tempest.
When, as they 'gan ascend, a form above
Stood with dishevell'd hair, that stream'd upon
The blustering gale. It was the loveliest shape,
My eyes ere then or since have witness'd; pale
As the chaste moon, and sad as sorrow's statue:
But a wild fierceness lighten'd from her looks,
As, with one hand out-stretch'd, she gave her words
To the rude blast of heaven. I heard them not
With clear precision render'd to mine ear,
But it was bruited, that on princely Sweno
And all his race she breathed a deadly curse,
Summoning them to the dread throne of Judgment.

REYNALD.

Whence and who was she?

SECOND KNIGHT. It was never known;
She vanish'd like a wraith; but on a bough,
Which overhung the swoln stream's eddying foam,
Her mantle was found, drench'd by the angry flood;

And 'tis past doubt, she perish'd in the waters,
Which roar'd that night, as they would burst their bed.
REYNALD. How fared the bridal?
SECOND KNIGHT. Sad as a death-wake.
The bridegroom rapt in care, like one distraught
By some dark agony; his lovely bride
Trembling and ashy pale: and all the while
The thunder raved with such rebounding roar,
That the roof quaked, and the blue lightning's blaze
Made every face like a gaunt spectre glare.
FIRST KNIGHT.
Ne'er has good Sweno, since that ominous morn,
Held the mind's peaceful tenor. When winds roar,
And the hoarse thunder makes the welkin tremble,
His heart seems touch'd as by some icy hand,
Shrivelling its core; and some deep cankering wound,
That preys within his soul, bleeds fresh and green.
REYNALD.
'Tis past belief, in one, whose actions swell
Fame's chronicle, far-told; filling the ear
Of expectation with amazing deeds;
Lending new lustre to renowned war.
FIRST KNIGHT.
There doth not breathe a more undaunted knight
Than this same Sweno, saving that touch of weakness,
Unless it be yon flower of chivalry,
All conquering Ubald, fame and fortune's minion.
REYNALD.
Whence sprung that fiery youth, whose haughty eye
Lords o'er this court, as if created man
Was form'd for him, not he to yield man service;
So confident, and reckless?

SECOND KNIGHT. Faith I know not.
The lady Bertha found him, a weak infant,
Cradled midst roses and all summer sweets
In that fair chamber, now young Agnes' bower,
Fast by the blooming garden. The strange elf,
Lapt in deep slumber, smiled, and waking stretch'd
Its little arms as if imploring kindness;
And she, just risen from a matron's throes,
To pitying love by that endearment moved,
Kiss'd its chill'd lips that ask'd the milk of nature,
And on her beauteous bosom bade it hush.
Protection first, then favour he obtain'd,
Waxing in years, and worth, and valor; proud
As if from kingly blood, hot as a lion,
And mastering all spirits by his strength,
The people's darling, and the bolt of battle.

FIRST KNIGHT.
Saving your prowess, I would pawn my sword
He wins to-morrow: for of Denmark's knights
There lives not one can stand this Ubald's onset.

REYNALD.
Is it thus? Yet shall he find one shaft too doughty,
Tried oft at Acre and at Ascalon, [tains,
Which hath beat down the brunt of Mahound's chief-
Though arm'd with spells of Paynim sorcery.

FIRST KNIGHT.
God speed you, sir! 'Twill be no mean encounter
Shall stoop his crest to-morrow.

SECOND KNIGHT. Till then, Reynald,
Let us be joyous, and with some free cheer
Kill lagging time.

REYNALD. E'en so; we have seen no spectres;

And yet methinks all heaven's blasts are stirring,
And its rent bosom seems one sheet of flame. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

A Grove in the Garden before the Castle, which is seen through the trees. The storm is abating.

THE WANDERER, (*alone.*)

Hist! hist! Wild striving elements, be still,
Ominous and still, as brooding mischief is!
When the fell draft of vengeance shall be quaff'd
E'en to its bloody dregs, then, then laugh out,
Thou damned spirit of the storm! Foul fiend,
Hast thou so many years of loneliness,
Whispering revenge, still borne me fellowship,
And now, when fate's retributory curse
Draws nigh to the achievement, canst thou not wait
For hellish joy, till the full spell be woven?
Hist! hist! and thou, bright sun, shine forth in glory,
Until the moment of appointed justice!
The day has been, when I could ill have bided
The pitiless tempest and that strife of nature;
But sold to fiends I dread not now their workings,
Lost in despair, and reft of every gift
That makes life joyous—Hark! 'Tis Sweno's voice!
The morn shall not dawn twice, ere thou be summon'd
To thy doom! life for life!—Away! away! [*Exit.*

(*Enter from the Castle* Sweno, Bertha.)

Sweno. The bolts have spent their fire; yon lurid cloud
Still, and disburthen'd of its teeming wrath,
Hangs like a misty shroud on the horizon.
The air is calm: Bertha, I breathe more freely.

BERTHA.

Nay, good my lord, I needs must hold it strange
E'en to the natural temper of your soul,
That you, so far removed from taint of fear,
Instant in danger, firm in resolution,
Should start, thus from yourself estranged and wild,
At these rude flaws of nature, making such
Unkind divorce between your alter'd thoughts
And that sweet peace they owe you.

SWENO. O loved Bertha,
There be some thoughts too deep for time to medicine,
Which on the seemliest and freshest cheek
Would stamp dread's livery, though the heart were steel.

BERTHA.

What thoughts? strange roamings of the troubled fancy,
Air-blown imagination's empty bubble!
For shame, my lord; this is the bodiless spectre
Of that poor maniac, whose ill-omen'd vision
Comes, like the shadow of a passing cloud,
O'er the bright mirror of your better judgment.
Fie on't, a dream.

SWENO. Would that it were a dream,
That I could shake the wrathful spectre from me!
The curse of that dread hour will live for ever.
Call Agnes forth: I have a fearful thought,
Some secret evil overhangs my child.
Perchance her sight might soothe me.

BERTHA. Be more cheerly;
Sweno, our guests attend us. [*Exit* BERTHA.

SWENO. (*alone.*) Vengeful fate,
Dost thou indeed pursue me! Will not years
Atone for one offence! Last night methought

A voice as from my father's tomb cried, "Sweno,
"Thine hour is come! the curse is o'er thine house!"
To-day, as I approach'd the festive hall,
That flaming cherub seem'd to bar my passage,
Which in my life's most prosperous hours of pride,
A dreadful vision, oft has cross'd my path.

[*Enter* AGNES.] SWENO, (*embracing her.*)
Ever beloved, forefend thee, gracious heaven!
Thy father's heart is sad.

AGNES. My honor'd sire,
This is the very breathing hour of bliss;
The storm is roll'd away, and merry birds
Do trick their plumes, and sing their cheerful welcome
To the mild beam of evening.

SWENO. The heart of youth,
Is ever blithe and buoyant.

AGNES. Good my father,
To-day my wayward strain offended you.
Shall I sing one, which oft has sooth'd your fancy
In the slow hours of sickness? Much you praised
Its melody, and somewhat the poor skill
That gave it voice.

SWENO. No, not a song, my Agnes.
Music itself is out of tune to-day;
Thy gladsomest notes would fall upon my ear
E'en as a passing knell.

AGNES. Yet is this day
Held festive in our annals, chief for me
And my loved father.

SWENO. Beshrew me, noble maid,
If thou shalt lack the joys that well beseem
Thy spring of life. The heyday of my blood

Is chill'd by the mind's winter; nature wears not
That bland aspèct, which to the eye of youth
Shows all her forms in pleasant colors deck'd.
Thou shalt not miss delights or princely state,
While Sweno girds a sword.

AGNES. I lack no joys

In thy kind presence: from thy brow to chase
The gloom, to sing to thee my playful ditties
Winning thy lips to smile, and in thine eyes
To read a father's blessing, these are joys
Enough for Agnes; nor of gayer sports
Is the voice hush'd in bounteous Sweno's palace.

[*Enter* UBALD.] SWENO. How fare our guests?

UBALD. Sweno, we miss thy presence.
Upon my troth thou hast a royal guest!
That knight drinks deep, but yet his boastful speech
Shames his poor draught.

SWENO. The noble Reynald, Ubald?

UBALD.

Ay, he from Palestine. O I could pluck the beard
Of such a vaunter! Pshaw! it moves my spleen
To see a comely knight and stout withal
First praise his wine, then praise himself more largely,
Still giving birth to some amazing tale
Between the cup and lip. Why, sir, this man
Kills you more sultans with each draught he quaffs
Than there be signs in the bright zodiac.—Arthur,
And he who slew the dragon, hight Saint George,
Were puny champions! Agnes, this proud gallant
Will purge all Heathendom, and place his bride
Upon the top-stone of Jerusalem.
A murrain on such talkers!

SWENO. Thy blood, Ubald,
Knows no controul. Reynald stands well esteem'd,
And many a hard field has he fought beside
England's bold lion Richard.
UBALD. Ay, so he has;
And mown the heads of Paynim sorcerers,
As boys slay poppies. So it stands recorded
Even on the faith of his own boastful speech.
Ubald must vail his crest to such high worth.
(*taking off his helmet, and walking impatiently.*) SWENO.
Rein thy rash temper. Something bodes within me
That evil hangs over the house of Sweno;
Perchance from thy quick passion. O my daughter,
If this thy harebrain'd playmate should be victor,
Thou wilt have a wild bridegroom.
UBALD. O good sir,
I am rejected, scorn'd! I have not taken
A soldan by the beard in Ascalon.
SWENO.
God speed thee, boy. Time was the riotous blood
So kindled in my veins: but now the frost
Of years steals o'er my pride. No son of mine
Shall reap my ample honors; when I fall,
My house is lonely. Ubald, it needs a prop,
And who shall take this guerdon from my hand
With her rich heritage, must stand approved
In feat of arms unrivall'd.
UBALD. Princely Sweno,
Forgive the hasty and impatient spirit
Which boils within me. Whom have I on earth
But thee, my more than father? Witness heaven,

If Ubald harbours in his ardent soul
One wish, but to be worthy thee and thine!

SWENO.

And so perchance thou art. That lofty temper
Which gleams from out thy soul, shows some high birthright,
Though unreveal'd.—Agnes, we tarry long. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

[SCENE—*A Grove of Ancient Trees with a View of the Castle. A fine Evening after the Storm.*]

THE WANDERER, (*alone.*)

The storm is hush'd; the turmoil'd elements slumber,
And the fierce gale, which rock'd those battlements,
Is lull'd and motionless. Meek Nature now,
Her fitful passion o'er, sleeps like an infant,
A playful smile bedewing its moist lips
As its eye sinks in stillness.—There is pleasure
In the calm aspect of the firmament
E'en when the mind is phrensied. The gaunt wretch,
Midst hideous shapes that haunt his fever'd couch,
Blesses the day-breeze, and the soothing light
That beams from the blue heaven. How sweet the breath
Of this mild evening? It steals over me
With thoughts that have been long foregone. O Nature,
Parent of our best joys, how have I scared thee!
Through what terrific mazes has the fiend
Led my despairing steps! These aged trees
Spread their green honors to the sun that gilds them

In beauty yet unblighted, as when first
I trod their shade in youth: but vengeful thoughts
Have prey'd upon my vitals; they have gnaw'd
Like the foul worm in secret, till this form,
Once ripe with loveliness, has grown a curse,
A thing for wolves to bay, man's scorn and terror.

(Starting with a look of derangement.)

Hark, hark! It is my mother's shriek! I hear it;
I hear it now: the sob, the frantic laugh
Of my dead parent! They say the devil laughs,
When murder is doing. Mother! Mother! look up!
Know'st thou not me, thine own, thy blighted child?
'Twas thus when she was dying; she knew me not,
Her strange eye fixt upon the vacant air!

(Starting again.)

Hark to that shriek again?—Unquiet spirit,
Hush! hush!—Vengeance is dark and silent; slow,
But certain as the shaft of destiny.
Here, like death's messenger, I yield my being
To the achievement of that fearful vision,
Perpetual inmate of my burning thoughts,
By day my agony, the bitter dream
Of my distemper'd night. [*Enter* AGNES *and* UBALD.]
See, where they come,
Two heedless fowls, into the net of fate?
Be still, weak heart! Hush. Hush.

(She withdraws, and conceals herself in the hollow trunk of an old tree.)

AGNES. The evening star,
They say, is love's sweet harbinger. How its beam,
Ere yet the sun has ta'en his last farewell,
With every pleasant omen bids us welcome!

After her boisterous throes Nature smiles on us.
See, how each dewy flower is wreathed with pearls!
The sun all-radiant is with glory passing
To his bright chamber. Seems it not so, love?

UBALD.

O Agnes, all my thoughts are full of joy;
And the hot blood so tingles in my veins,
Methinks I could outstrip his lazy course,
Unto his orient palaces, and drag
Star-throned Dominion from her seat in heaven.

AGNES.

O rash in valour, as in love most wild!

UBALD.

Nay, Agnes, on my troth I love thee soother
Than the sick miser loves his hoarded pelf,
Than the fat burgher his wine-mantled cup,
Cowards their lives, sleek hypocrites their lies.
I' faith, sweet lass, thou think'st I love thee well.

AGNES.

Thou art a saucy knave to say me thus.

UBALD, (*playfully.*)

Think'st thou, my Agnes, if love's hope were granted,
Hymen his torch just lighting, all joys ready
And fit appliances of blissful state,
The bridal deck'd, chambers with perfume breathing,
That my fond grasp would cling to this soft palm
(*taking her hand*) As its best treasure?

AGNES. Faith, it need not call
The tell-tale blushes to a virgin's cheek,
To cry thee, ay.

UBALD, (*laughing.*) Yet on my word I would not;
So I must creep inglorious to thy couch.

As the worm seeks its mate. My Agnes' husband
Must be enshrined in the full blaze of glory.
O I will place thee in such eminence,
That men shall bow, women miss their proud looks,
And all cry hail, as to the sun of nature!

AGNES.

Ah me! thou art a truant to true love.
'Twas ever thus; Agnes hath scarce a part
In the impetuous yearnings of thy fancy.
There is some charm, some ill-devised spell,
That binds me closer to thy wayward soul,
Else would I . . . . . (*she hesitates*).

UBALD, (*smiling*). What wouldst thou, Agnes?

AGNES. (*after a pause, leaning on him tenderly.*)
Love thee ever!
And more for that untamed rebellious spirit,
Which oft in every day's revolving space
Thrills me with shapeless fears. O Ubald, Ubald,
Agnes hath being but in thy look's sunshine.
To be thine, thine, were bliss: of other union
The thought with icy chill upon my heart
Falls like death's warning.

UBALD. Of another union!
God's mercy! is not Agnes mine? my prize?
My life, my better self? Have I not won thee, earn'd thee?
Taken thee to my soul's core? my crown, my glory!

AGNES.

Would that to-morrow were past! The palm of strife
Hangs on a slippery chance. Thine arm is matchless,
But the weak flutter of a maiden's fear
Draws the blood curdling to the seat of life,

When in the balance hangs all hope of bliss,
And in one scale is death.

UBALD. My blushing trembler,
What arm of man, in tourney or in war,
Has bow'd my crest? Who has withstood my dint?
And when this hand, worth mines of adamant,
Is the high guerdon of the bloodless tilt,
Will Ubald's arm be not itself to-morrow?

AGNES.

I should be fearless, for on thee my trust
Leans with true confidence; my bosom throbs
Responsive to hope's pulse, and still is joyous.

UBALD.

Speak ever thus! If valor could be lull'd,
There is a charm in thy Circëan smile
Might steep it in perdition.

AGNES. Dear Ubald,
I well remember, I was scant thirteen,
A wayward girl scarce witting what I loved,
When one bright morn, beneath the embowering grove
Deep in yon flowery garden, I was stretch'd.
My hair all loose, my wimple cast aside,
And my young fancy was upon the wing
Shaping fond wishes; when, as I mine eyes
Uplifted, by my side there stood a form
Such as I ne'er had seen. Her dress was strange,
And motley; her cheek wore a sallow hue,
But ardent through that dark complexion glow'd
A hectic flush: her look had such a spell
As passes human tongue to tell or liken,
The coiled serpent's spell, that charms its prey
By the eye's glance; nor could I my face withdraw

From the full speculation of that eye
That gazed upon me, sweet, but sadly wild;
A look, that seem'd to tell of other joys
Than were familiar to her present garb.
Her figure, though in guise terrific, show'd
Perfect concordance, well turn'd symmetry,
And the fine features of her tawny face
Seem'd beauty's ruin.

UBALD. Certes a wierd woman;
Such figures sometimes cross our path in life,
Holding deep converse with our destinies,
Which for small price they oft reveal most strangely.

AGNES.

'Twas even so. Silent some while she stood,
Then, with a voice that lack'd not melody,
Pour'd a wild ditty, whose sweet-warbled notes
Still vibrate strangely on my captived ear.
Then gently on my hand she fix'd her touch,
While I lay witched by that harmony,
And with enquiring finger search'd my palm,
Which I half fearful yielded, half content;
And she would tell my fate, for such small coin
As my young means might tender.

UBALD. Did thine ear
Receive her hidden lore?

AGNES. O yes, my pulse
Throbb'd high and quick with expectation.
She said, my soul was weak, but apt for love,
And, if I lack'd not courage, I should wed
My soul's best treasure; but this threat subjoin'd,
If knight or prince should win my fated hand,
Who owed his state to ought save shining valor,

Frightful perdition would o'erwhelm my house
And his that wed me.

UBALD. That strange tale is rife;
And I do well believe, sweet flower of Jutland,
Predicted ruin hath scared many a suitor,
Whose lordly crest and richly purfled trappings
Shrunk from the threat of fate.

AGNES. Blest be that curse,
Which daunts the prowess of unwelcome rivals!

UBALD.

Nay, sweetest, would I had a thousand rivals,
And on each head a princely diadem,
So I might pluck bright honor from their crests,
And place it on my Agnes' brow of beauty!

AGNES.

Insatiable of glory! Will no thought
Of thy loved Agnes win thy soul to mildness?
O Ubald! if thine arm be blest to-morrow,
Our course is level; the fair gales of heaven
Will waft us to that fairy land of hope,
Which we have gazed on, as the mariner
After long peril of the boisterous seas.
But if mischance attend thee, here I vow,
By our best hopes, by all these maiden blushes,
No force shall yield this hand, thine own true hand,
To other lord: and well my soul assures me,
(Though mystery hangs o'er thy secret birth)
That Ubald came not of ignoble race.
Valor and love uphold thine arm to-morrow!
Till then, farewell. [*Exit* AGNES.

UBALD (*thoughtfully.*) Of an ignoble race!
It cannot be! I feel within me that,

Which doth confirm me of proud origin. Else
Why throbs my breast with aspirations
Of such high nature? The steed bred for toil,
Though pamper'd in the stall of lordly knights,
Paws not the field, nor snuffs the air, and neighs,
As the swift Arab, when the din of war
Comes on his ears erect. Yet would I give
Wealth, power, all pomp of pleasure, and all hope
Save thee, loved Agnes, and this trusty sword,
To know my sire. (*He stands thoughtfully;* THE WANDERER *comes forth unobserved.*)

WANDERER. Minion of valor, hail!

UBALD.

Ha! a wierd wanderer of the lonely forest!
If knowledge dwells within that sallow breast,
She shall resolve my fate.——Woman,—if woman,
Nor rather of such beings as in deserts
Have airy habitation!—canst thou call
To thy mind's eye the semblance of the past,
And things still seal'd in the deep womb of time,
Lifting the veil of mazy destiny?
Speak what I am, what I shall be hereafter.

WANDERER.

Ubald, strange fates hang o'er thee. Thou shalt win,
But winning lose, and in one day's short circle
Thou shalt drain all the cup of bliss and anguish.

UBALD.

Foul prophetess, unfold thy hidden meaning.

WANDERER. Peace, peace, rash youth.

UBALD. Wierd woman, name my sire!

WANDERER.

I may not now. There is a spirit nigh,

Which, if that name were breathed, would shriek aloud
With such dire adjuration of revenge,
That thy young heart would shrivel like a scroll
Wrapt in devouring flames.

UBALD. Nay then, my sword–

WANDERER.

O impotent and vain! think'st thou, that death
Has terrors, for who walks night's hideous round
Like a bann'd spirit, to life's joys and light
Than death itself more dead?

UBALD. Fear'st not mine arm?

WANDERER.

As teeming tempest dreads the mutinous thunder;
As the sea trembles when its billows roar.

UBALD.

Terrific woman, I adjure thee, name him.

WANDERER.

Men deem thee valiant, Ubald. Thou didst climb,
A fearless stripling then, (myself did mark it,)
The giddy height to the crag's beetling brow,
And from its eyrie torest the unfledged eaglet.

UBALD.

'Tis true: where never human step had clomb
Upon the perilous edge, self-poised, I slew
The parent savage screaming in mid air
O'er the void chasm, and seized its callow young.

WANDERER.

Did that vain bauble fill thy soul? Below thee,
Strong in its beauty, lay this smiling province
And Sweno's stately dome. What were thy thoughts,
Proud boy, as firm upon the slippery ledge
Thy foot stood fix'd, and the keen eye survey'd
All the wide plain beneath it?

UBALD. Thou hast touch'd
A string to which this heart knows well to answer.
By heaven, I gazed from that rash eminence
With no mean pride. My eye stretch'd wide and far
O'er fields and wastes, hamlets and haunts of men,
Even to the sea all-embodied: and methought
Even then, some heritage as fair and princely
Should own me lord.

WANDERER. And so perhaps 'tis written
In the closed page of fate. A bloody star
Glared o'er thy birth. Deeds must be done, ere thou
Lord o'er the right of thy proud ancestry,
Shall turn the pure sun red. Darest thou obey
The fearful call of thine high destinies?

UBALD.

To the world's verge, though bottomless and unseen.
Light thou the ominous beacon; let thine arm
Point o'er the field of death, and I will follow!

WANDERER.

Valiant!—'tis well: but fame delivers thee,
Though vain and choleric, yet weak withal,
And the frail slave of woman. Darest thou win
Thy way to vengeance, and re-assert thy name,
Though white arms stretch to hold thee, and loved eyes
Weep blood for pity?

UBALD. What beseems a man,
That Ubald dares, though all Circassia's smiles
Were leagued to lure him.

WANDERER. That which vengeance bids
Beseems a man, and thine own wrongs demand it.
Fate has no middle path. Dost thou love, Ubald?

UBALD. Ask you me, prophetess?

WANDERER. Death is in the kiss

Of those smooth lips thou wooest. Durst thou see
That beauteous form which thy weak fancy doats on,
The hair dishevell'd and the white breast bared,
Hang on thine arm for mercy, and yet, true
To the stern call of vengeance, strike thy poniard
E'en to her heart's blood, Ubald?

UBALD. Curst of heaven!
From what abhorr'd spring flows thine hellish speech?

WANDERER.
It *is* hell speaks! It is the voice of judgment
From the deep throne of night! Hist! hist! I tell thee
The eagle soars which soon must swoop in blood!
The lordly eaglet from its eyrie cast
Must plume its wing and flesh in gore its talons!

UBALD.
Woman, thy reason swims; thy thoughts are wild.

WANDERER.
I am not strange; sometimes the dizzy mist
Hangs o'er my brain, and things, long past, seem present.
'Tis the mind's noontide now; the horizon gleams,
And that for which my eyeballs long have strain'd
Glares close within my grasp.

UBALD. Away, wierd woman!
I hold not parley with hell's messengers.

WANDERER.
Thou canst not leave me, save it be my will;
A spell is on thee, Ubald! What fate bids,
Thine arm must execute. The hour is ripe,
The word is gone forth from the throne of judgment:
The spirit of the deep has spoken it.
Hark, Ubald, fear not! To thy bridal feast

Bid the wierd wanderer.—Do I read contempt
In thy keen eye? Ha! do these weeds offend thee?

UBALD. Unearthly form, away!

WANDERER. Impetuous youth!
When thine heart swells with hope, I shall be near thee!
Thou standest blind upon the fiery brink
Of that deep gulph, which it were death to plunge in;
But heaven shall succour and uphold thee, Ubald.
Go forth in pride! go fearless! strike and conquer!

UBALD.

Mysterious prophetess! thy words are awful.

WANDERER.

More shalt thou know hereafter:—this learn, Ubald,
There is a fearful record in the heavens;
Angels have written it; the dead bears witness.
Sweno's whole heritage, this envied province,
And that weak maid withal, were a poor barter
For just revenge. [*Exit* WANDERER.]

UBALD, (*alone.*) Forbidde[n] lore perchance
And sight of visions not for man design'd
Have crazed thee, beldame. Yet was I light before,
And thou hast thrown a load on me. Thy features
Have some strange power which thrills me. This rich province!
Why ay; if Sweno's daughter be my bride,
Who shall gainsay my claims?—Ha! spoke she true?
My name, my sire unknown; the rights, by nature
Stamp'd on this brow, abolish'd quite and lost;
No ancient crest this gorgeous helm adorning;
Shall slaves call Ubald upstart? The blood cries,
This must not be!—O, though unknown, revered!

Father! how longingly my thoughts have yearn'd
To know thy lineaments! If death has snatch'd thee
From this our nether world, look down on me!
For oft thy form has strode across my slumbers!
If treason has foredone thee, and robb'd thy son
Of his best heritage, thy spotless name,
O speak to me, in night's still gloom reveal'd,
Declare thy wrongs! Let Ubald fall, or wreak them!

[*Enter* REYNALD.] REYNALD.

Thou art wrapt in thought. Men speak thee keen and lightsome,
Not given to musing.

UBALD. Each humour hath its hour.
There is a blithe hour for the lip of love;
The sparkling goblet, the bold clamour of battle
Have theirs: there is an hour for deeper thoughts,
When the soul soars alone beyond the clay
That cramps its nature. Be thou welcome, Reynald;
To-morrow must thine helmet bow before me;
This night let us be cheery.

REYNALD. Thou art boastful,
Rash youth! Reynald is little wont to strive,
Save with his equals. His sword strikes down the lofty,
But spares the herd.

UBALD, (*laying his hand on his sword*)
To me? to me this, Reynald?

REYNALD.

To whom it fits. Valor on lordly crests
Sits like a jewel in the diadem,
Giving and taking lustre. On the low
It shines unseemly, like love's rosy chaplet
On the bald front of age, and moves our pity.

UBALD, (*drawing his sword.*)

Thou hast said that which must be rued in blood.

REYNALD.

Not for thy worth, but that good gift of knighthood
By princely Sweno's hand too largely lavish'd,
I will e'en joust with thee to-morrow, Ubald.
So thou shalt learn the weight of that tried arm
Which Pagans shrink from.

UBALD. By heaven, thou liest, to say
'Twas largely lavish'd! Thou darest not for thy life
Brand me with lowly birth, though half my honors
Lie in abeyance, and, and are meekly worn,
Till it shall please high heaven to reveal
My birthright. The pure blood throbs here more warmly,
Caitif, than thine.

REYNALD. That speech has seal'd thy doom;
Thou shalt not live to view to-morrow's tourney.

[*They fight. Enters* SWENO *with his sword drawn.*]

SWENO.

Forbear, Ubald, forbear! I charge thee, cease!
Kind sir, (*to* REYNALD) beseems it ill with such rude broils
To scare our festive joys. Put up, good Ubald.
I pray ye, sirs, on pain to lack our friendship,
Pursue this wrath no further. Let not hate
Lurk in these walls, to rear her deadly front
Amidst our mirth. Pray ye, be friends. Who shivers
One lance in wrath is banish'd from our tourney.

UBALD.

We shall have scope hereafter. Farewell, Reynald.

[*Exit* UBALD.

SWENO.

Reynald, we should this eve be light and gladsome,
But some unfriendly doom o'ertakes and thwarts us.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.

[*The Tournament. A Pavilion in front of the Area in which are the Lists. If it is not convenient to give a Representation of the Fight, the Scene must be so arranged that the Actors may appear to look down upon the Area in the back of the Stage which is out of the sight of the audience.* SWENO, BERTHA, AGNES, *and Attendants.*]

SWENO.

THE eye of day looks cheerly on our meeting,
And the bright bucklers of our helmed knights
Send back his courtesy in gleams of fire. (*flourish.*)

BERTHA.

Who rides so proudly with yon cross of red?

SWENO.

'Tis doughty Reynald, and that black devise
Is the known emblem of illustrious Biorn. (*flourish.*)

BERTHA.

Mark how they charge! how lance and buckler crash!
The red-cross wins: that sable crest is low.

AGNES.

O father, who is yonder giant champion,
Whose lance seems weightier than a weaver's beam,
He of the eagle-crest?

SWENO. Harald of the Isles.

A readier knight hath never buckled steel!
And by my faith a noble wooer, Agnes.
I knew not of his presence. This day's prize
Hath drawn a sturdy suitor to the lists,
And our best gallants quail. By heavens, I miss
Their prompt alacrity: strong Harald rides
Round the void lists as victor, undefied,
And not a lance is couch'd.—See! (*Shout without.*)
Ubald! Ubald!

SWENO.

See, how young Ubald dares him to the proof!
His lance is in the rest. (*flourish.*) On, on they rush,
Like the swift whirlwind; they are lost in dust.
By heaven, 'tis proudly done! (*Agnes screams faintly, looking forward with eagerness.*) *Shout without.*
An Ubald! Ubald!

SWENO.

Why that huge champion of the misty isles
Cumbers a rood of ground,—Right gallant Ubald!
O daughter, thou hast lost a princely bridegroom,
And his broad lands in Orkney. Much I marvel
Who may withstand that dint which unhorsed Harald.

BERTHA. Lo, where the red-cross gleams!

SWENO. High-crested Reynald!
If any strength can bide him, it is thine! (*flourish.*)

BERTHA

What ails thee, child? Thy cheek is blanch'd with fear.
Remember, Agnes, of what blood thou comest.

SWENO.

Lightning is not more sudden than their charge.
Saint Mary! they bear them nobly, both unharm'd;
The area shakes beneath them. See! they wheel,

Like two big clouds careering in mid air.
They clash again. O what a shock was there!
The steeds are riderless upon their flanks,
Shiver'd each lance. The sword must win the day.
(*The clash of swords is heard.*) BERTHA.
Now heaven defend thee, Ubald! thou hast need
Of all thy prowess.
AGNES. O his foot hath slipt!
Eternal mercy, save him!
SWENO. He is up,
He bears him like a lion in the fight.
His blows rain thick as hail.
Shout without. Hurrah! hurrah!
Ubald, brave Ubald is the victor! Ubald.
(Agnes sinks half faint into the arms of Bertha.)
SWENO.
Our lion-cub has gain'd the day, and nobly.
Shout without.
Ubald! brave Ubald is the victor! Ubald!

[*Flourish. Enter* UBALD, *and other* KNIGHTS; UBALD *with his drawn sword in his left hand, and the broken sword of Reynald in his right.*]

UBALD.
A boon, a boon, sir! Bid thy seneschal
Cut heronshaw and peacock with this blade,
This boasted dragon-carver from Aleppo!
SWENO.
Ubald, we greet thee with a parent's joy,
The day is thine; but ere we make thee welcome
As our child's suitor, whose abashed cheek
Has changed fear's livery for a brighter color,
Loud proclamation must the trumpet make,

To all, whatever be their rank or station,
Sounding our summons; so they may unfold
The mystery of thy birth, which we deem noble.
[*Enter* REYNALD *and others.*] UBALD.
Make proclamation for a leech, my sire!
The conqueror of the east, the sultan-slayer,
Has wrench'd his princely sinew. Faith 'tis well,
Else Ubald had been minced by this rare blade,
As trenchermen cleave larks. Say'st thou not, Reynald?
REYNALD.
False boy, thou didst take vantage of my mercy.
'Twas thy foot slipp'd; and, but I staid mine arm
In pity to thy youth, thou wert not here
To taunt me thus. Thou, when I thought thee shent,
Didst, tygerlike, spring on me unawares,
And that tried falchion snapp'd.
UBALD. Aye, this strong weapon,
To which the skulls of infidels were paper,
Broke on the boy's arm. O 'twas foully play'd
To deal the blows too fast upon thee, Reynald!
I cry thee pardon. It behoved me stay
Till Reynald had ta'en breath. 'Twas most discourteous:
I should have waited on my bended knee
Thine own good time.
REYNALD. This is no feud of words;
Thy way of mirth dishonoreth a name
Which brooks no stain. By all the shades of those
Who at life's cost have known me true and loyal,
I do defy thee, Ubald, unto death.
Earth is too narrow for thy spring of pride.
UBALD.
And the nine heavens, my spirit is so buoyant!

Yet deem not, Ubald from thy manly brow
Would pluck the wreath of reputation
By such light speech. I do embrace thy challenge;
But hark ye, Reynald, this morn to arms was given,
Love claims to-morrow.

SWENO. Sirs, these feuds offend us.
Thou, Agnes, as befits thee, with yon cuirass,
Palm of this trysting, gird victorious Ubald.
Nay, by my knighthood, had I bid thee give
Thyself, a worthier palm, thou couldst not change
The clear complexion of thy natural hue
To brighter vermeil. Agnes, on my troth
I think thou fain wouldst give thy blushing self,
The unsunn'd whiteness of this virgin hand,
A brighter guerdon. (*taking her hand, jestingly.*)
Have a care, young trembler!
Perchance, at our citation, mailed Mars
May claim him to his heaven. Have a care, daughter!

(AGNES *lifts up the golden cuirass to offer it to* UBALD. *At that moment the trumpet sounds again. Re-enters* MESSENGER *hurried.*)

SWENO. What tidings?

MESSENGER. Noble Sweno, scarce the herald
Had proclamation made, giving loud breath
To the shrill trumpet's brass, when from the crowd
Stepp'd forth a wizzard shape in female guise,
Craving admittance to this lordly presence.

(*Flourish. Enter* WANDERER, *preceded by a Herald.*)

WANDERER.

Sweno, I come, obedient to thy hest,
Fate's secret to unravel, which disclosed,
Egress unharm'd I claim for me—and mine.

SWENO.

Granted.—What bear'st thou? From what fountain sprung
Did valiant Ubald draw the blood of life?

WANDERER.

From hell's own fount accursed! A fatal spell
Hung on the horned moon, the raven croak'd,
When he was born.—Ubald, behold thy mother!

UBALD.

Base witch, thou liest, to say thou art my mother.
'Tis a foul lie, and thou art wild to speak it!

WANDERER.

What my lips speak, shall my clear proofs avouch.

UBALD.

'Tis false. Produce them, base suborned proofs!

SWENO.

A jewell'd bracelet by his side was left.
Canst thou describe it, giving to the ear
Just apprehension of its form and color?
(*To the Herald.*)
Bring forth the casket, whose lock bears the rust
Of twenty years. (*He unlocks it.*)

WANDERER. The eyes have shrewder judgment
Of nice proportions in the workman's art,
Of shape and size, of color and quaint fashion,
Than the tongue's skill can render to the ear.
Behold its fellow.

(She gives him a bracelet. He opens the casket, and takes out a bracelet, which he compares with it.)

SWENO. On my faith 'tis strange.
Two sister orbs in the most proper face
Shine not with liker water than those gems;

Nor the long lashes cast more equal shade,
Than does the fretted gold wherein they lie,
Like living lights in the fringed eyelids chased.

UBALD.

O treason! O base thief, thou hast purloin'd it!

BERTHA.

'Tis like she hath; with sacrilegious hand
Rifling the vault, where lie entomb'd the bones
Of her who gave thee being.

UBALD. 'Tis like?—'tis certain!

SWENO.

Say, woman, in that helpless infant's cradle
What else was found, by no enquiring eye
Save mine and noble Bertha's ever question'd?

WANDERER.

A scroll, whereon these words, in thy mind's tablet
Long since deep graven.—Run not the couplets thus,
Though the last words be from that legend rent?
" The secret piece from this indenture torn
" Was sever'd at the hour this child was borne
" From its proud mother; when they reunite,
" The valiant son shall meet his mother's sight."
And now I tender to thy judging eye,
Long saved, long cased in gold with precious care,

(taking it out of a small box)

The fragment of that scroll.—See, see!—it fits
The nice indentures of that wavy rent,
Which no art's skill could liken! See the words
Traced by one hand, quaint nature's character!
Comes that untainted scroll from the damp vault
Of charnel-houses? Am I not thy mother?

SWENO.

O past conjecture wondrous! Name his father.

WANDERER.

He has no father! Ask the wandering billows
Of the storm-beaten sea, who made their bosom
Team with the finny myriads! Ask the winds,
Who fill'd their darkling and invisible womb
With blight and pestilence! He has no father.

UBALD.

Dread being! mother not, but fiend, I name thee!
If true the accursed tale, thy child of want,
Safe cradled in the arms of joy and honor,
Why call'st thou now to misery and ruin?
Why dash to earth the wreath, thine art had woven?
Speak, foul witch, speak.

WANDERER. Betray'd, out-cast, abandon'd,
Man's roof has not o'er-shelter'd me; the blast,
Not age, has blanch'd these elf-locks. I have known
Dire want and loneliest savage wanderings.
The fearfullest glens, the tangled precipice,
Have been my lair; the demon of the tempest
My comforter: to sights abhorr'd of men
And fellowship with every cavern's inmate
Use has made me familiar; the gaunt wolf,
The eagle, knows my coming and outgoing,
And in compassion to man's outcast yields
Share of his bloody banquet. Where I roam'd,
The nightdew was my balm, the baleful clouds
My canopy; and, by their sulphurous bolts
Illumed, my rocky threshold gleam'd with splendor
That did outshine the emblazon'd halls of kings.
Nor envied I man's palaces.—But such

Was not fit cradle for weak infancy.
The firm endurance of an injured soul
May smile mid nature's terrors, and even hail
The fiend that nurtures them; but helpless years
Lack milder mother's-milk.

SWENO. What phrensy then,
Mysterious phantom, say, what hateful purpose
Now, in the prime and summer of its growth,
Strikes down that glorious scion, deck'd with honors,
From this exalted station, where thy fraud
Had safely planted it?

WANDERER. Look upon me;
Proud mortal, mark this gaunt and abject being;
These skeleton-like limbs and sun-parch'd skin
Which once had bloom and beauty!—See me now
The haggard child of want, and scorn, and wo!
Whose hope is but despair! The very dogs
Howl after me, as if the mouldering grave
Had cast me from its foul abhorred womb
Polluting with my breath the face of heaven.
Sunk as I am, perchance amid the blaze
Of yon gilt banners, girded with the pomp
Of gorgeous chivalry, some bosom shrinks
From inward horror, to whose nightly visions
My lot were paradise. I would not change
These tatter'd garments for your bravery.—
Ubald, awake! If I have dash'd from thee
This cup of joy, drugg'd deep with smiling mischief;
If all the friends of thy proud-budding youth
Drop off from thee, as from the wither'd tree
The worms that fed on it; if glory's course
Rejects thee, offspring of despair and want;

Know, thou hast friends among the wrecks of nature.
O there is joy amid the crashing storm,
When the rack scuds before the rushing winds,
And all is ruin! Where the sea-mew screams
Mid desert caves may be thy nuptial bower;
The howling wolves shall yield thee minstrelsy.
Ha! ha! ha! (*She laughs hideously.*)

SWENO, (*rising.*)

Out of my sight, accursed of heaven! away!

WANDERER. (*Withdrawing slowly, with a look and action of threatening and savage contempt.*)

The curse of heaven will be soon fulfill'd. [*Exit.*

SWENO.

Brave champions, this our joy is turn'd to sadness.
Ubald, we still uphold thee; and thy deeds
Shall win thee rank and reverence and honors:
But such alliance suits not with our bearing;
And we perforce must name, of those whose rank
May make them bold to be our daughter's suitors,
Reynald, though vanquish'd, victor.—Welcome, Reynald!
Child of my heart, come with me.

AGNES. Ubald! Ubald!

(*Exeunt all but* UBALD, *who remains alone in deep thought. The Scene falls in front representing a Woodland outside the Lists.* UBALD *enters slow and thoughtful, and leans on the point of his sword. He starts suddenly into a defensive attitude.*)

UBALD.

Avaunt! spectre of hell, avaunt!—Stay, Ubald!
Thy brain is madden'd; thy stunn'd senses reel.
(*Starting again.*)
Who dared to call this wretched being Ubald?

There was a time, I well remember me,
When that name sounded in the lists of fame,
Valor's first minion: 'twas a gallant name,
And he who bore it, vail'd his crest to none,
And men would doff their caps, and cry "Live Ubald!"
'Tis past—it was a dream—I am not Ubald!
All, all's unsound! the very earth we tread on
A counterfeit! a faithless sod, that mantles
The bubbling of a bottomless abyss.
Nature itself is false.—There is no Ubald!
He, who usurp'd that name's a slave, an upstart!
A liar, a pitiful, a base-born slave! (*A pause.*)
I have heard tell, that, when the unchaste moon
Peeps with her broad eye glaring from above,
Men's thoughts are phrensied: I do well believe,
That we are drawn like puppets by her power
Through fate's invisible and airy maze,
Even as the tides of ocean ebb or swell
At her strong bidding. Life's a mockery,
And we, that tread this motley earth, are fools,
And madmen. Else, amid the battle's hurley
Why has this arm oft turn'd the flood of war,
Outvying opposition, till the cry
Of victory through all the welkin rang,
Filling the trump of glory? if that name,
Once bright like Lucifer, and like him lost,
Falls as a star from heaven!—O Agnes, Agnes,
What demon from my hand has dash'd the chalice,
Which thou hadst crown'd with bliss!—Ha! if thy faith
Forswear me now,—baseborn—despised—rejected.
I will not, dare not, think it.—Joy of my soul,
I still have trust in thee!

(*He remains wrapt in thought,* THE WANDERER *enters unperceived.*)

WANDERER, (*aside.*) My son!—alas,
In that brief word how many thoughts lie blended!
O long divorced, estranged, from this lone heart,
And yet my son!—I thought my soul was steel'd
Against all fond impression, trebly arm'd
With the keen temper of the merciless blade!
And yet how painfully the name of son
Falls on this wither'd heart!—O Ubald, Ubald,
The cherub peace is waking in my soul,
Which has not caroll'd there since thou wert born!
(*Aloud.*) My son! UBALD, (*seizing her vehemently.*)
Call me not son!—O Satan's mate!
By what foul spell hast thou atchieved my ruin?
What traitor has suborn'd thee? Make thy treason
As manifest as day, or I will tear
Thy shrivell'd flesh, and cast it to the wolves.
Hast thou not told a tale of damning falsehood?

WANDERER.

If I be Satan's mate, thy fury speaks thee
Child of my womb. (*He lets go his hold.*)
'Tis meet that I, fate's tool,
Should be accurst of mine own issue. Smite me,
Fierce Ubald! Bury in eternal night
The secret of thy birth! Slay her, who bore thee!

UBALD.

O terrible of women, I will kneel
Even in prostration meekly to the hem
Of thy rent garment, so thou wilt reveal
The name of him whose stamp I bear.

WANDERER. 'Twould need

A raven's note to name him. Rather ask
That fearful word, which, but once breathed aloud,
Would have dissolved the fabric of this world
And all the gorgeous firmament above us,
Letting hell loose from its eternal chain.

UBALD.

And though the sky should reel, the rock-staid sea
With the foundations of the crazy earth
Quake to their base, I would demand it.

WANDERER. Ubald,
There stands between thee and thy burning wishes
A wide gulph fixt, which to o'erleap were death.
By all heaven's flaming lights thou art my child!——
Wilt thou avenge me, Ubald?—The event
Hangs on my word, whether to uphold or plunge thee
Deep, deep, into that fiery gulph of ruin.

UBALD.

My heart yearns painfully to know my father.

WANDERER.

Thou shalt learn nothing, till I am revenged!
Rave, thou hot youth! Strike rashly, strike thy mother!
Or kneel, and, Ubald, swear to slay the man
Who made thee fatherless! I tell thee, son,
If that thou hast an ear, a heart, a soul,
That cry for vengeance, which appals me nightly,
Must have been heard by thee. Swear, Ubald, swear!

UBALD.

There needs no oath to spur me to that goal,
No, nor blind curse! By heaven, show me the man,
That made an orphan of ill-fated Ubald,
And I will drag him to such strict account,
No second sun shall dawn on him and me.

WANDERER. Swear it!

UBALD. By all heaven's gifts I swear it!—Name him.

WANDERER.

Sweno! proud Sweno made thee fatherless!
Haste, Ubald! slay him!—Wilt thou not avenge me?

UBALD.

The spirit of Satan dwells in thy foul lips!
Thou darest not say it!

WANDERER. Wilt thou not avenge me?

UBALD, (*with great emotion.*)

Say, who! and when, and where! how fell my father?

WANDERER.

Nay, not a word, till that dread debt be paid:
Then shall my speech reveal no humble rights.
Ubald, thine oath! Vengeance on haughty Sweno!

UBALD.

Mysterious Being, thy words fall like drops
Of poison, blistering whate'er they touch.
My soul is horror-struck. Shall Ubald slay
One sire, kind substitute for nature's tie,
At thy strange bidding, unreveal'd the tale
Of his lost birthright, and unknown his father?

WANDERER Wilt thou not slay him?

UBALD. By the living light,
I will not touch his hoary brow with harm,
For all that thou and thy fell crew can tempt with!

WANDERER.

O say not thus—'twere better for thee, Ubald,
To riot in the blood of innocents,
To earn the mark of Cain, than bear the doom
Which must o'erwhelm thee if thou brave this bidding.
Stay! the ground quakes beneath thee!

UBALD. Let it gape:
I will not hurt the head of honor'd Sweno.

WANDERER.
Beware; his lot is seal'd; and thine hangs trembling
In the eternal scale; whether to reap
Thy glorious heritage, or wear a curse,
Which but to whisper would make the horrent hair
Bristle thy youthful brows. Wilt thou kill Sweno?

SWENO.
Not, though the firm earth yawn'd, and from its depth
Fate own'd thy ministry.

WANDERER. O fiends of vengeance,
Sear up my milk of nature! Dry the source
Of pity's womanish tears, or let them fall
Like water on the hissing furnace cast,
Giving new strength to all-devouring flame!
Devoted Ubald, be fate's will atchieved,
Though it must shiver thee! If vengeance move not,
Love shall perforce arouse thee! Shall that Reynald
To-morrow, triumphing in thy disgrace,
Lead Agnes to the altar! Shall Ubald gape,
And cry, "Long live the bride! Health and ripe joys
"Attend their wedded couch!" Go, crave their alms,
And beg some base coin from the lusty bridegroom!

UBALD.
The voice of fiends is in thee. O thy words
Have rush'd like molten fire upon my soul!
Thou canst not say that she will wed with Reynald.

WANDERER.
Will!—nay, she must.—Is not the faith of Sweno
To Reynald pledged? or is that haughty chief
In love a laggard? Know this, by thine abasement

To-morrow Agnes is his bride, unless
She be to-night thine, Ubald.

UBALD. Ha! how say'st thou?

WANDERER.

This night or never must Agnes be thy wife.

UBALD.

To-night?—They say the devil sometimes speaks true.

WANDERER. (*Giving him a key.*)

Take this, love's talisman. The wierd scorn'd Wanderer
May crown thy wishes yet: its powerful spell
Shall yield thee entrance to young Agnes' bower,
When earth is wrapt in gloom.

UBALD. Woman of might,
Give to thy meaning words. If love prevail,
Where and how wedded shall mine Agnes be
At that still season?

WANDERER. In Helen's ruin'd chapel.
When first the moon upon your secret flight
Throws her slant beam, beneath the porch a priest
Shall wait thy bidding.—Speed! arouse her love!
Triumph o'er maidish dread! or the next sun
Must dawn on Reynald's bliss.

UBALD. On Reynald's death,
Or shall see Agnes mine.

WANDERER. Under that chapel
A secret cell is hewn; that obscure vault
Shall be thy bridal chamber.—Fear'st thou, Ubald?
Splendor it lacks, and soft luxurious ease,
To cheer a dainty fair one; but its stillness
Is fitting such a stealth. This night or never!
Ubald, time flies.

UBALD. Befriend me, powerful Love!

My thoughts are all amazed and unarray'd,
I walk as in a mist; be this night, Agnes,
Our first fond entrance into weal or wo!

[*Exit*, UBALD.] THE WANDERER, (*alone.*)

He's gone; he's gone.—Be still, thou coward heart!
I know not whether I am dead or waking.
The world seems dark around me, and such deeds
Are doing, that the sun must shrink for ever.
Methought I heard the voice of one, who drowning
Cried, "Mother, save me! help me, ere I sink!"
And then methought two spirits strongly strove
To drag me diversely; one pure as light,
The beam of radiant mercy on its brow;
The other foul and loathsome, fierce as death,
Mocking the agony of convulsive sobs,
And its fell strength prevail'd. O powers of evil,
There be some hallow'd moments, when this soul
Can wrestle with your might, and dove-like peace
Seems like a lovely vision, seen far off!
Now all is dark: the Spirit of revenge
Knocks, Sweno, at thy gate. Thy knell is rung. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*Sweno's Hall.*

[SWENO, REYNALD *and others.*] SWENO.

We do admit thy claims, but some short space
Crave ere the accomplishment. A troublous star
Lowers o'er our house: we lack the pulse of joy
For bridal revels.—I fear my child had framed
Some hopes which must prove vain; but Sweno's daughter
Will know what fits her station. [*Enter Attendant.*]

ATTENDANT. Ubald craves
Admittance. SWENO. By your leave.

At no mean cost; but higher hopes are wreck'd
By thy base origin.

UBALD. O thou dost not, canst not,
Believe it, Sweno!—It is false as hell;
The tongue that did avouch it is accurst.

SWENO.

Ubald, intemperate wrath does ill become
Thy present station. Be of humbler strain!
We are to blame, who have uprear'd thy youth
In boisterous license. Think, what now befits thee.

UBALD.

It fits me, sir, to guard with jealous honor
The rights you gave me; nor will I renounce
Of those one smallest title, while I gird
This sword of knighthood, which departs not from me,
Save in the grasp of death. Were my race abject,
As the blood cries within me it is noble,
I have earn'd that, in perilous fields of fame,
Which doth outshine the best and loftiest birthdom,
A soldier's rank. Upon thy pledged word
I claim my prize, the hand of Agnes.—Start not,
'Tis truth; there lives not in this realm of Jutland
Who can deny my right.

SWENO. I—Sweno—tell thee,
I, I, would plunge this sword, my father's weapon,
Like he of Rome, into my daughter's bosom,
Abolishing with her each joy of age,
Ere she should soil by such a foul alliance
The blood of my fore-elders.

UBALD. It is false;
It were no stain to wed with Ubald. Hark ye,

Sir—fearless I assert—mark well my words—
Thou canst not, durst not, Sweno, for thine honor,
Uphold that wizzard's tale.

SWENO. Nay, by my sword,
Her proofs admit not doubt or question.

UBALD.

O monstrous! By that self-same speech convicted
Thou wert a murderer. Ay, start now, and learn
What 'tis to have the jewel of thy life
Hang on a traitor's proof!

SWENO. Boy, thou art frantic.

UBALD.

By heaven, I am calm; I speak the things I know,
And I embrace with juster apprehension
Their form and bearings, than thou dost. Take me with thee,
I do not charge on thee that damning guilt;
Here I discard the thought, as loathsome treason
Gender'd in hell. But, if her speech were true,
Thine hate has robb'd me of a princely father.
She speaks; not I. Her voice cries loud for vengeance.
Thou canst not heap her tale upon my head,
And not take home to thine that charge of murder.

SWENO. What ho!

(Reynald, &c. come forward.)

Sirs, we are bearded in our hall;
The whelp, which we have nurtured, turns upon us
With rabid fang. Thus from our love we cast him!
Base-born, away! we brook not thy rash words.

UBALD, *(drawing his sword.)*

Say'st thou? And yet I have no sire but thee.
No other tongue had scorn'd me thus, and lived!

No other eye upon my fallen fortunes
Had glared, as thine does now! I will not harm thee.
Thou, Reynald, thou whose bold pretensions
Assail my rights, stand forth. Let heaven decide
Which be the better and the nobler champion.
Thou didst erewhile defy me unto death.

REYNALD.

I did; and thy bold arm eschew'd the cartel
Even in the shelter of a woman's bower.
That arm perhaps is abject as thy birth.

UBALD, (*fighting.*)

Thus—thus—we shall be quickly weigh'd.

SWENO, (*interposing.*) Stand back!
I do forbid the challenge. Lay hands on him.

(The Knights interpose with drawn swords.)

We have been far too mild; but Sweno's presence
Shall not be braved. Our will is thus determined;
To-morrow, Reynald, thou shalt wed our daughter.
But if thou wieldest sword or lance before,
We cast thee from our love.
(*To* UBALD.) Thou, sir, begone.
We would not willingly let thee down the wind;
But thou, unruly tarsel, quitt'st thy perch
To strike too high a quarry. Lead him forth.

UBALD.

Which is the vassal will lay hands on Ubald?—
I quit thee, Sweno.—Thou hast done me wrong,
Which haply should wipe out the memory
Of all I owe thee:—but it is not so.
Thou, haughty Reynald, mark me. It were safer
To take the fleshless and abhorred death

To be thy mate, than lay the hand of power
Upon mine Agnes. [*Exit.*

REYNALD. Faith, thou bear'st thee nobly;
And I could prize thee rather in its ebb,
Than brook the rash flow of thy better fortune.

SWENO.

We do desire the Lady Agnes' presence.

[*Exit Attendant.*

Reynald, I am much moved. This headstrong youth
Has part in my affections, and my daughter
Regards his worth too highly: if she bewail him,
We must be brief, and use authority,
Though it sound harsh. (*Enters* AGNES.)

(SWENO, *embracing her.*) My child!

AGNES. My gracious sire!

SWENO.

Thou art pale, and yet, believe me, child, I love thee
As my best hope on earth.—Said I my best?
My only hope!

AGNES. Ever my own kind father!

SWENO.

I have no son. A son is to his father
A mirror, in the which his aged eyes
May read their image; ay, a magic mirror,
Which doth give back himself, his form and likeness,
Even in the pride and semblance of his youth!—
Thou would'st speak, but the inarticulate sound
Dies on thy lips.

AGNES. Sir—Something I would say,
But it might savor of presumptuous wishes
To think a worthless maiden could reflect
Ought of her father's virtues, in whom the mould

Of nature's noblest pattern is most perfect:
Yet gazing on them, living in the shine
Of all thy glories, something my thoughts must borrow
From thine high attributes; and store it here,
As the pale ineffectual orb of night
Drinks the sun's lustre.

SWENO. I do esteem thee, Agnes,
Worthy thy blood; one in whom gentle pleasance
With loftier thoughts is wedded! born to grace
Thy noble lord and rear his princely issue
To wear our dignities. AGNES. Sir?

SWENO. We lack an heir
To bear them worthily. Behold the Knight
Whose unmatch'd prowess we have this day chosen,
To uphold our race. Thou art a bride to-morrow.

AGNES.

Say not unmatch'd—O, sir, you are too hasty.

(*Kneeling*)

Pray you, recall that speech! 'Twas but yestre'en
You said, my lord must stand in arms unrivall'd;
I do take sanctuary on those thy words,
The altar of thy truth.

SWENO. And so he does.

AGNES.

O father, I address me to your justice!
I will not plead, as other maids are used,
The dreamings of the fancy. I adjure thee
By thine own blood which throbs within this heart,
Do not that wrong! for Ubald is the victor.
And if that strange tale (false perchance) have thrown
A shade upon his fortunes, and ta'en from him
The sunshine of thy favor, let me bide

E'en as I am, thine own, thy loving handmaid!
Or if that be too blessed, and his fall
Must marr my joys and cast me forth from thee,
O let me in some barren cloister chew
The bread of solitude, but do not curse me
With such worse thraldom!

SWENO. Daughter, thou offendest.
Thou sinn'st against thy name. I bid thee purge
The avenues of thy thoughts, and from that bosom
Pluck the foul image which is nurtured there
With all its baseness. Gods! shall Sweno's child
Stoop to a beggar's wooing?—Leave my cloak.

AGNES. Say not to-morrow, father!

SWENO. Loose me! rise!
The valiant Reynald has my word. Receive him,
As fits thee, courteously.

(Going, while she stretches her arms to follow him.)
I bid thee stay.

[*Exit* SWENO, &c. *Manent* AGNES, REYNALD.]

AGNES.

My father!—He has left me.—Now, good angels,
Arm me with strength. I will embrace my shroud
Ere I prove faithless.

REYNALD. This hand, midst war's alarums,
Has purchased honor in the hazardous field
At my life's hourly venture; but the frown
Of lovely woman I am ill wont to strive with.

AGNES.

There is no strife between us, sir.—What mean you?
I wear my temper evenly, as fits
The daughter of a prince; if thou hast cause
Of strife, declare it.

REYNALD. No cause, fair Agnes,
Saving such war, as oft-times is the herald
Of gentle love. Permit . . .

(*He offers to take her hand.*)

AGNES. Touch me not, sir!
I may not brook thy freedom.

REYNALD. On my knee . . .

AGNES.

Go to, go to; I take no fallen champion,
No knight whose sword is broken. I commend you
Unto that Syrian princess whom you rescued!
You soar too high.

REYNALD. Ha! Dost thou scorn me, lady?

AGNES.

Hast thou ne'er heard, how they of heathendom
Stood back in awe, before the livid corse
Which to their gods was consecrate by lightning?
E'en such am I; amid the joys of youth
Struck by the angry bolt of heaven, and will
Henceforth hold fellowship with nothing earthly.
I do embrace the altar, and will rather
Wear out my years in solitary penance
Than wed with thee. [*Exit.*

REYNALD. 'Tis strange; this baseborn churl
Spreads an infectious rashness. Scornful maid,
This may be rued; for thou perforce art mine
In all thy flood of beauty, and must bend.
This splendid heritage outweighs thy love. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. THE WANDERER, (*alone.*)

THAT thou dost love the maid suits well my purpose;
It is the helm which guides thee to that port
Where vengeance calls; but think not thou shalt take
That viper to thy bed, the child of Sweno!
Lost as I am, and stamp'd by nature's curse,
Thou art my son; and sooner would I wring
The life blood from this heart, than see thee batten
On that abhorred couch. Once have I stood
Between thee and that leap, when fate seem'd fixt,
And thou already in thine ardent hopes
Forejoyd'st her charms. Once more I will arrest thee,
Ere Agnes be thy wife; or, if thou wedd'st,
Thou shalt embrace a corse.—This is fate's seal,
(Producing a phial.)
Love's antidote. This philtre from thine hand
Shall lull her maidish fears in that sound sleep
Which knows no waking. [*Enter* UBALD.]

UBALD. Woman, still thou meet'st me
At each turn like my evil destiny.
What wilt thou?

WANDERER. Aid thee.

UBALD. I would be alone.
The blood is stirr'd within me, and thy sight
Offends my thoughts.

WANDERER. Hast thou seen Agnes?

UBALD. Seen her!
In the broad face of day I have required her,

My prize, my right. Great gods! I have been scorn'd,
Trampled by Sweno's pride.

WANDERER. 'Tis well.—The curse
Will soon o'ertake him. Thou seek Agnes' chamber;
The shades of evening thicken, and the sounds
Of clamorous revelry are sunk in silence;
It is the hour of love.

UBALD. Speak not of love;
I feel a strange and preternatural awe
Thrill through me in thy presence. Leave me, woman.

WANDERER.

Yet will I aid thee, Ubald. Take this phial,
A potent philter, brew'd with secret spells
When the moon's face was full: in man 'twould breed
Aversion, fear, or death; but, given to woman,
Its powerful charm will so enthrall her will
Led by its strong invisible influence,
That she must bend to him who ministers.
Give this, and she is won.

UBALD, (*taking it.*) I have e'en heard
That such things are, and of portentous might.
Thou rosy draught, in which the loves sit smiling,
No sea-tost mariner ere hail'd the land
With its fresh dawn of verdure, no sick mourner
The beam of health, with such heart-stirring joy
As the scorn'd lover, vex'd with hopeless wishes,
Would bless thy perfidy! O most subtle thief,
Canst thou with witching and seductive skill
From the closed issues of the pitiless mind
Draw sweet accordance, moulding the stern thoughts
Even to the form and quality of fondness?

WANDERER.

The virtue is in the proof. Present that philtre,
And thou shalt find the gently kindled heart
Turn quick and tremulously to thy bidding,
As doth the magnet to its proper pole.

UBALD.

These toys are for the humble;—such as crawl,
Content to owe their summer-growth of fortune
To paltry plotting and mean artifice.
Woman, I scorn thy gifts. (*He dashes it on the ground.*)
When Ubald takes
The kiss of love, or unbought wreath of honor
By a wizzard's trick, fall from him, gracious Heaven!
To others thy curst wares! my hopes need no
Unhallow'd aid.

WANDERER. Mad boy, thou art undone!
The fruit, when thou hast press'd its precious savor,
Shall turn to bane: the venemous rind cling to thee,
Loathsome, destroying life. Still take my counsel,
Ere fate shall close her adamantine gate
Thro' which there is no return.

UBALD. I will not, sorceress.
Thine indirect and artful policy
Suits not my bearing.—Come, thou holy parent,
First source of love, with unadulterate speech
Inform my tongue, and show the guileless spell
Of thine own eloquence, resistless Nature!—
Bid thy priest wait me under Helen's porch.
Thus far I use thee. [*Exit.*

THE WANDERER, (*alone.*) O fell Destiny,
With what prevailing and tremendous power
Thou goad'st me to the goal! Thy tread is like

[illegible] waters, [illegible]
[illegible] under [illegible] the ear
[illegible] on [illegible] fare 1405
[illegible] never-ceasing voice
[illegible] the utterance.
[illegible] here, here, here, rising
[illegible]
[illegible] the hollow earth
[illegible] there. See there!
[illegible] she gaves upon me.
[illegible] her death.
[illegible]
[illegible] perdition on her.
[illegible] or thought. [Exit. 1415

SCENE [illegible]

[illegible] Chamber. Dusk.

[illegible]

[illegible] shades, I tread your fragrant lawn,
[illegible] not, as before.
[illegible] like night's marauder.
[illegible] of those joys
[illegible] I am ill used to deeds 1420
[illegible] my firm nerve quakes and trembles,
[illegible] before. Strange thoughts assail me.
[illegible] what a plain and level course till now
My barque has steer'd through this world's stormy ocean,
Breasting its turbulent wave as if in triumph! 1425
Now is my course obscured, and tempest-tost
I roam amid the billows. In thee, Agnes,

Life's only sunshine dwells: joy, fame, and glory,
Are but the rays of one revolving circle,
In which thy cherish'd form is fixt and center'd.
No voice.—The sounds of mirth have ceased within,
And no lights flit along those arched casements.
Now to love's work! Be still, thou murky air,
And shroud with thy soft veil the theft I purpose!
(Holding out the key and unlocking the door.)
O thou quaint minister to daring love,
Do thy kind secret office, and unlock
This shrine of chastity!—Hush!—Agnes! Agnes!
'Tis Ubald's voice that steals upon thy slumber.

AGNES, (*coming out fearfully.*)

What means my Ubald? At this hour! alone!
How couldst thou break the privacy of my chamber?
I dare not speak with thee.

UBALD. Nay, nay, Agnes,
Time yields no season now for doubt or scruples.
I would not trench, no not by one small atom,
Upon that reverence my love should yield thee;
But, while we speak, e'en now wing'd moments fly,
To wrest thee from mine arms for ever. Agnes,
I have not built my love upon the sand?
Thy faith will not fall from me?

AGNES. Sooner, Ubald,
This timid heart would brave the oppressor's sword,
Than fall from thee; but steal not like a thief
Upon the night; I dare not greet thee freely,
My life, my lord.

UBALD. If Ubald is thy life,
Thou must be his, and this night, lovely trembler.

AGNES.

O Ubald thou art wild to say to-night.

UBALD.

I am not wild: and yet I am wild, Agnes,
To think that life's whole joy is on the cast
Of this swift hour. AGNES. This hour!
UBALD. Thou darest not bide
Till the morn break, and with insulting joy
Reynald shall come to tear thee to the altar!

AGNES.

O never, Ubald! by our loves I swear
Sooner to die, than wrong thee!
UBALD. Oaths are vain.
Hands even now are plying, chaplets woven,
To deck thee for to-morrow's sacrifice;
Sweno has vow'd it. Agnes, thou art mine
This night, or blood must stream upon thy bridal.

AGNES.

Merciful heaven! what dost thou meditate?
O Ubald, smite not in thy wrath!
UBALD. 'Tis thou,
Thy cold delay, which goads me to such phrensy.
Say, dearest, thou wilt be my bride to-night.
The priest awaits; thy Ubald kneels to thee.

AGNES.

Ubald, thou wrong'st the chaster thoughts of duty,
Which dare not yield what the weak heart would grant.
I must not hear thee; but the trembling soul
Bleeds to say nay. I may not fly my father.

UBALD.

Then bide, O false one, and be Reynald's victim!—

And yet thou darest not wed him!— Agnes, Agnes,
Thou couldst not yield this hand, thine Ubald's treasure,
And look upon the sun, that lit thy treason.

AGNES. Indeed I durst not.

UBALD. Agnes, this hand is pledged
To me and to my fortunes; it was given
In the fair prime and sunshine of our loves,
Which must abide through every change of season,
Not worn as summer garments, to be cast
When ruder hours assail us. Here I hold it
Before the face of heaven, and those pure orbs
Which heard the pledge. I will not loose this hand,
Till at the altar vows assure thee mine,
Though it were parricide to hold it, Agnes.
Thy sire will come! Despair hath wrought me mad.
(Kneeling, and clasping her hand passionately.)
Say thou wilt be my bride! Have mercy, Agnes;
Blood will be spilt ere morn, if thou deniest me.

AGNES.

O Ubald, I am riven by love and duty.
Would that I durst!

UBALD. O yield thee to my faith!
To say me nay, is to say nay for ever.
Agnes, to-night or never we must wed.

AGNES.

O Ubald, do not tempt me to a deed,
Which shall embitter all our after-joys.
Heaven will not smile on disobedient vows.
My sire will curse us. Spare me, beloved Ubald!
I have not strength to strive against thy wrath.

UBALD.

The priest attends us, love. The solemn rites,

That make thee mine, shall steep thy thoughts in peace.

AGNES.

Dear Ubald, peace can never crown the guilty.
I am too weak, too deeply pledged in love,
To hold that proud demeanor, which I owe
To my own name and to my noble father.
But do not cozen me with empty hopes!
Guilt may have some brief pleasures, great, tho' anxious;
But peace dwells only in the path of duty.
Make me not, Ubald, what thyself will scorn,
An outcast child!

UBALD. Would Ubald cause thee sorrow?
In infant years, whene'er thy heart was sad,
And I had been but one day absent. thou
Wouldst rush into mine arms and there pour forth
Thy gentle sorrows, and they straight would vanish.
And wouldst thou place a bottomless gulph between us?
Thou wilt not tear thee from me? Night is waning;
Come, best beloved!

AGNES, (*yielding.*) I am too weak. (*Stopping again.*)
Hark, Ubald!
There is an angry whisper of the air,
The shivering trees do rustle with each other.
O tempt me not to ruin, loved, loved Ubald!
Let me once see my sire, and press his knees
With burning tears, that he may spare his child!

UBALD.

Agnes, the word of knighthood duly given
Is law to Sweno. There is now no hope
Save in our instant union Footsteps move
Through yon dark corridor. Come friend or foe,
Ubald will not resign thee but in death.

Yield, love; despair and death are in delay

AGNES. (*She leans upon him with a burst of tears.*)

Ubald, I yield me; but my bosom shrinks

With ominous terrors.

UBALD. Fear not! Come, dear bride.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Before the Porch of Helen's Chapel. Night.

THE WANDERER, (*alone.*)

Stay, moon, thy rising! When thy conscious eye
Shall pierce the curtain'd east, fate's bolt must fall,
Blurring thy beams with blood. O I am faint,
And gladly would I lay this fever'd head
On the cold ground, and lull my thoughts in death.
The memories of years rise ghastly round me,
And the soul sickens with the sad review
Of all my wanderings. At such an hour
(I mind it now, although the mist hangs often
O'er my benighted mind) those treacherous joys,
That trembled in it like a beam from heaven,
Stole to my heart, foreshowing bliss and rapture;
But, tasted, turn'd heaven to hell, and made this earth
A howling wilderness. O lost delight!
Time was, that I was fair, and blithe, and lovely:
My heart expanded to the God of Nature,
And every morning, in my humble bower
Of woodbine and wild sweets, I pour'd my strain,
Sweet orisons of praise, to him who bless'd me.
Visions of innocence, where are ye fled?

My brain is like a furnace, and the fiend
Goads me to ruin; yet I dare not waver
Now, on the dizzy gulph of that toss'd ocean
Upon whose brink I stand. But this my cup
Of vengeance will I drink, and then, lost mother,
Thy spirit shall have peace! Blind chaos, come!
O Ubald, O my son! thou art the shaft
Twenty long winters in fate's quiver stored,
And whetted by revenge. I must be brief;
I have upheld thee once; again the pit
Yawns close beneath thy feet, and I have digg'd it.
The hour draws nigh. Yet have I one strong spell
To ward thy ruin, and thou perforce shalt venge me.

Exit. (*Enter* UBALD *and* AGNES.) AGNES.

Stay, best beloved! I heard a voice, dear Ubald;
This place is awful. Let me yet return.

UBALD.

Mine Agnes, cheer thy heart: this loneliness
Is fitting tender thoughts.

AGNES. Too strongly loved!
My father's curse will blast me. I shall hang
Even as a wither'd wreath upon thy neck,
And thy quick temper will upbraid my sadness
Perchance thy love, my only prop, will leave me.
Wilt thou not hate my tears?

UBALD. In mirth or sorrow,
Ever my own! I will make tears my drink,
Ambrosial sighs my food. The very gods
Shall envy me. Our harbinger of bliss
Peers through her misty shroud. (*The moon rises.*)
So radiant love,

Smiling through tears, shall light mine Agnes' brow.
AGNES, (*clinging close to* UBALD.) Ubald, who comes?
[*enter Monk.*] UBALD. A friend! our trustiest friend,
Whose blessing, gentle maid, shall seal our union.
Welcome, kind father! These still rocks are lonely;
No eye shall break upon our privacy,
Save yon pure orb, our hymeneal lamp,
That smiles upon us. Though our modest bridal
Must shun the glare of pompous blazonry,
We make thee almoner of this our largesse.
'Tis fit that gifts should crown the church's rites,
And charity draw down a blessing on them.
(*Giving him a purse.*) MONK.
'Tis fitting, noble youth: and Father Francis
Hath a right trusty hand, and knows full well
Where to apply this cordial; what souls need
The cheering comfort of thine alms, and where
'Twere cast away, like jewels unto swine. (*aside.*)
By our mass, a goodly gift, and well bestow'd!
UBALD.
We are the debtors to your kindness, Father,
And shall not stint our gifts. Bear'st thou the key
Of this lone chapel, through whose color'd pane
The moonlight gleams on the neglected altar,
And chides us for delay?
MONK. When doth the woodman
Forget his ax, or the true knight his falchion?
And think'st thou Father Francis doth not bear
The weapons of his ministry? This key
Unfolds the portal of that massive arch
Into the shrine; this, at love's witching mandate,

Shall ope the cell beneath it, where is strewn
The bridal couch.

AGNES. Ubald, I am dismay'd;
The very rocks and chapel frown on us:
The shrine of God looks awful in this gloom,
And my heart's pulse is chill'd. Thou wilt not guide me
Into the bowels of that ruinous den,
Where fiends perchance abide?

MONK. In truth, fair lady,
Rife is the rumor that these cells are held
By restless spirits far from human tread:
But trust me they are jovial souls that haunt them.
I have known somewhat of their pranks myself.
But fear not, lady; spectres come not nigh
This glen to-night, for I have exorcised it.
Nor flesh, nor spirit walks within these doors
Without my leave. Come, lady, to the chapel.

UBALD.

Lean on me, loveliest burthen! Let this arm
Be now, as ever, the sole prop of Agnes.
Thou wilt not fear while Ubald is beside thee.

AGNES.

Forgive me, Ubald, that each breath appalls me:
My fluttering heart beats quick with guilty terror;
I dread this very darkness which befriends us,
The final breathing hair, and these lone walls,
Lest the mute stones should find a voice to curse me.

[*The Monk [illegible] the chapel door, pushes it open, after [illegible] with a hoarse grating noise.*]

AGNES *shrieks, and draws back.*

O Ubald, let us turn! Nature forewarns us:

As cautiously we cross'd the forest glen,
Beneath each rustling leaf a tongue seem'd lurking;
And now from out these walls, this ruin'd shrine,
Night's ominous bird will scream and flap his wing
Over our bridal. Turn we, dearest Ubald!
My father will relent.

UBALD. Gods! am I mock'd?
Shall Ubald be the jest of every slave?
E'en at the altar's groundsill yield my right,
And see insulting Reynald swoop my bride
In his curst talons? Sooner Chaos come!
By heaven, it is not well, it is not well,
To stir my blood thus, Agnes!

AGNES. Be not angry!
Let not thy wrath destroy me quite with anguish!
What prop, what hope hath Agnes, but thy kindness?
Beloved, forgive my weakness: I am thine;
But, O! what harbour hath the guilty child,
If thou too chide her?

UBALD. It is tempting fate
To dally thus with time. Pursuit may reach us.
By all the honours I have earn'd and proudly,
I turn not living hence, till thou art mine!

MONK.
I like not this mine office. If the maiden
Decline the church's rite, I take my leave.

UBALD, *(stepping before him.)*
Not so, Sir Priest; stay yet! it were not safe
To rouse the wrath of Ubald. Agnes, Agnes,
Assure this Father of thy free consent!
The sacred gate stands open.

(Taking her hand: she leans upon him.)

Thus, beloved!
Lean thus upon my neck, O thus for ever!

AGNES.

I have not strength to tell my Ubald nay.

[*She enters the Chapel, supported by* UBALD, *and followed by the Monk*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Night. Before SWENO'S *Window.* THE WANDERER *alone enters cautiously.*

SWENO'S *voice within.* Bertha!

WANDERER. His voice! his voice! O tones once dear,
With what dread tremor fall ye on my heart!
O that the space of unrecorded time,
Which has crept slowly, withering hope and life,
Could be annihilate: and days, long sunk
In its devouring gulph, rise fresh and fair!
O Sweno, Sweno, that my soul was chaste
Thy conscience knows: that I was mild and gentle
The cursed triumph of thy fraud bears witness:
That I am hideous now as hell's own inmates,
Blotted from honor's book, disgraced, abandon'd,
That is thy work, thy foul and damning deed.
A stranger sits upon my rightful seat,
The bright throne of my hopes: and here I wander,
Given to the slaying tempests, cast in hate
From my lawful bed, to be the scorn
Of things that howl, while thou, a lecherous lord,

Smilest o'er my wreck. The hour of wrath is come,
The plague is o'er thine house. O heavy sleep,
Weigh down the brow of Sweno! seal his lids
In silence, whose next sleep is in the grave!
Sweno, Sweno, I summon thee to death! [*Exit.*

Scene II.

Sweno's *Chamber.* Sweno. Bertha.

BERTHA.

The evening is far spent, and drowsy night
Spreads her still mantle o'er the face of nature.
Sweno, thy mind needs rest.

SWENO. O gentle Bertha,
The limbs may lack refreshment, but the mind
Hath no sweet pause, while shapeless dread hangs o'er it,
E'en in the lap of sleep. That strange weird woman
Has cast a withering spell upon my soul,
And her last words ring dreadful in mine ear.
O Bertha! I am sick at heart, and cheerless;
The memory of the past preys keen and darkling
On my deep-burthen'd soul. The curse of her,
Who bann'd us, still pursues me.

BERTHA. What means my lord?
Have not his firm asseverations made
His Bertha certain, that her wondrous form,
Beauteous in madness, was unknown to Sweno?

SWENO.

And be that added to the bitter sum;
Bertha, my speech deceived thee. Not unknown

Her voice, like fate's last summons, smote my soul.
Still when the tempests rave, and sheeted lightning
Sets the pale vision of her form before me,
That sound appalls my fancy; from above
Retributory vengeance frowns on Sweno.

BERTHA.

Be my lord's thoughts less gloomy! Twenty years
The sun hath smiled on us, and all things prosper'd,
As if kind fortune's course outsped thy wishes.

SWENO.

Ay, my loved wife: but heaven's deep wrath delay'd
O'erwhelms with tenfold vengeance

BERTHA. Nay, good Sweno,
Heaven has still joys in store to cheer the evening
Of thy bright glories: thou unbend thy sorrows,
Disclose the bitter secret of thy thoughts,
And let my love assuage them.

SWENO. Gentle Bertha!
From my youth up I have been proud and fearless.
Bitter must be the pangs which now can wring
Self-accusation from the mouth of Sweno;
But it shall be. Pride wrought the deed that stains
The fair field of my conscience, which yet knows
No other blot: and that dark pride shall stoop
Even to confession of my inward horrors.
I will be henceforth humble, very humble.

BERTHA.

Speak, and be yet my proud and glorious husband!
The evil now abjured, whate'er it be,
Humiliates not.

SWENO. Was she not fair?

BERTHA. O yes;

I well remember on the raving blast,
When her locks stream'd (her beauteous form between us
And the fire-flashing storm) I could almost
Have bow'd and worshipp'd: but the ban, that flow'd
From her ill-ominous lips in phrensy, spoke her
A maniac or a fiendlike spirit, and say'st thou
Not then unknown?

SWENO. O Bertha! she was known
Even to the inmost chamber of my heart.
There was a time, if she had ask'd of Sweno
Wealth, fortune, station, character, whate'er
Makes man amongst his fellows vain or glorious,
I had all given and freely; so enshrined
Was her bright image in my soul: e'en now
My fancy views her innocent and lovely,
The temple of pure joys, as first I saw her
Staunching my wounds, while I lay faint and bleeding.

BERTHA.

What wounds? when, where inflicted? say, kind Sweno.

SWENO,

'Twas dusk; alone I journey'd through the forest,
Where the trees leaning from the ruinous steep
Spread their rude canopy o'er a mountain brook,
Then dry and stony. Crossing the ravine,
A bow-shot slew my steed; loud rose the shout
Of rushing men unmerciful. I staid
My back against a rock and kept at bay
The yelling ruffians, when a hand unseen
From the crag's summit smote me, and I fell
Senseless and seeming dead into the hollow.

BERTHA. Ah me! and none to help?

SWENO. Yes, there was one,
A shape like heaven's pure spirits, to whom I owe
Life rescued from that deep and bloody trance.
BERTHA. How came she in that glen?
SWENO. A cottage mantled
With flowery sweets, on the lone forest's border,
Gave birth and nature to her loveliness.
Widow'd, forlorn, though sprung of gentle blood,
Her mother had no joy, no hope, but her;
Yet in that rich indeed. Passing the glen
At earliest dawn to seek their scanty herd,
She found me thus.
BERTHA. And saved thee! That poor maniac,
Sweno, thy life's preserver! Is it thus?
SWENO.
I tell thee, Bertha, if the slave, that fell'd me,
Had thrust his weapon to the seat of life,
I had died then reproachless, nor thus stoop'd
To strew the ashes of too late repentance
O'er my devoted head. From that long trance
I woke, as by an angel's touch redeem'd.
I had seen nothing on this goodly earth
Like her who stood beside me. Her bright hue,
Her shape, her charms, were in the spring of youth,
With every full-form'd loveliness new-blown;
Of such superior and exalted grace
As woo'd the sense to worship: her dark eyes
Shone with no earthly lustre, proud, yet bashful;
And their glance seem'd to say, "Love me, for I
"Am worth the loving, and can well repay
"With the best bliss of life."

BERTHA. But thy keen wounds,
How were they staunch'd?
SWENO. There, where I carried phrensy,
Disgrace, and death! By beauty nursed I wax'd
In health and vigor, while the mind's deadlier fever
Waxed hot within But Elfrid's soul was haughty,
And, when to lawless passion I gave voice,
The flush of indignation crimson'd o'er
Those beauteous cheeks, where love sate still supreme;
And those dark eyes, which seem'd his throne and altar,
Became a killing plague. Stung with desire,
Maddening, I swore, if she would bless my love,
That she should share my name, rank, wealth, and honors.
My oaths prevail'd. O Bertha! I did call
The living God to witness with such strong
And terrible denouncement, that my soul
Shrinks now from the remembrance. I invoked
A curse on me and mine to everlasting,
If I should fail.
BERTHA. Immortal justice, spare us!
SWENO.
Heaven bears record, how I adored and wrong'd her;
How in brief space those vows, joy-seal'd, were broken.
Health strung my limbs; the prize from thy fair hand
'Mid Christendom's best knights in tourney won
Waked loftier thoughts. Pride scorn'd the lowly gem
Which it had robb'd of lustre. Yet once more
I saw her, mournful, and presaging death,
In her lone bower. I spoke not what I purposed,
But her pale features an expression wore
So sad, and yet so stedfast, that her look
Pierced to my inmost soul, which shrunk beneath it.

Her words were few; but from a harp, o'er which
Oft I had hung in rapture, her white hand
Waked a most wild and dissonant harmony;
And then a song broke forth, which on my soul
Has sear'd its words in fire; ne'er heard since then,
Till from my Agnes the remember'd notes
Stole on my nerves, like the cold ague's fit.

BERTHA.

Nor seen again? until our nuptial hour,
When the flood whelm'd her.

SWENO. Never. That direful music
Was her last parting; nor did I hear reproach,
Save on the morning of her piteous fate
That ominous threat which burst over our bridal:
But here indelible her image dwells,
And shapeless fears appall me.

BERTHA. Let the balm
Of Bertha's tried affection soothe thy thoughts.

SWENO.

Go, Bertha, to thy couch: myself will follow,
Short space to penitent devotion given.

BERTHA. Tarry not, my loved lord. [*Exit* BERTHA.

SWENO, *alone.* (*He sits down.*) I know not why,
Or what vain terrors undefined oppress me.
There is no living thing can daunt my strength;
But visions of the past rise thick before me,
And his own secret thoughts quell Sweno's pride.
O sleep, sweet sleep, when will thy balmy wing
Lap me in still forgetfulness, without
Thy fearful train of soul-appalling fancies?
Steal, gentle soother, o'er my troubled spirits!

[*After a pause, the door opens slowly, and* THE WANDERER *enters cautiously.*]

WANDERER.

Sweno, awake! Hie thee to Agnes' chamber!
Search the maid's bower! The dainty bird is gone,
The virgin honors of thy house are blasted.
Sweno, arise! or sit thou unrevenged,
Till foul dishonor stare thee in the face
Plain as the sun! Ubald has stolen thine Agnes.
The vaulted chamber under Helen's chapel
Is witness to their loves. There seek, there find them!
Up, Sweno, rise! 'tis Elfrid bids thee wake! [*Exit.*

SWENO.

Are my thoughts crazed, or stood that form before me?
Art thou a phantom from the oozy deep,
Breaking night's stillness with unhallow'd voice,
Or shape of flesh and blood, that warn'st me thus?

The WANDERER, *alias* ELFRID, *without, singing.*

The fiend has set his mark
On their heads, dark, dark,
And the spirit of vengeance is near his door.

SWENO.

The voice, the voice, the very tones of Elfrid!
Dread judgment, hang'st thou o'er my fated house?
Not on my child, great God of mercies, not
On my poor Agnes!—Bertha, Bertha, sleeps she
In the sweet rest of innocence unharm'd?
My child, my Agnes, hear me! Bertha! Bertha!
[*Exit.*

Scene III.

[*Moonlight. Before the door of the Cavern under Helen's Chapel, which is seen above, and a projecting point of rock still higher. The River [illegible] appearing to wind close behind the projecting rock. The Monk is seen descending a rocky staircase from the Chapel, [illegible] Ubald and Agnes. The Monk unlocks the door of the Cavern.*]

MONK.

Fear nothing, lady, though the bridal couch
Seem lonesome. Evil spirits have no power
Over the chaste. Dread no worse warlock here,
Than him whose mastering spell subdues thy beauty
Flen to his wish and will. Sweet dreams of love
And waking joys attend ye! [*Exit.*

AGNES. O, loved Ubald.
What have we done! where has thy passion led me!
My [illegible] couch untenanted: my mother,
My [illegible]! Will not the curse of heaven
Burst [illegible] rash and disobedient child?

UBALD.

[illegible] This night was cull'd
From the pure calendar of hallow'd hours
[illegible]

AGNES. Ubald, a solemn blessing
Upon my virgin forehead has just stamp'd
The name of wife. It was my only wish.
And this [illegible] heart, though timid, should be joyous.
Why does fear chill my thoughts? Why hangs a mist
Of vague and shapeless terrors on my soul?
Are they of guilty disobedience born,
Or [illegible] warning? Cheer me, love,
For my strength fails

UBALD. No breath of harm shall near thee;
Bid thine eyes beam with joy! Come, gentle Agnes!

AGNES.

Nay, Ubald, stay, and breathe this pleasant air.
See, how the moon rides glorious in yon sky!
From infant years I loved that silver light,
And the unvaried music of the waters,
That glimmer with its beam. Pleasant and calm
Under this rock falls sweetly on the ear
The murmur of the river. Sit we here;
That cave is terrible.

UBALD. Light of my being,
It grieves thine Ubald's tongue to say thee nay.
Thy flight may be perceived, and hasty wrath
Pour its arm'd scouts around. In that retirement
Secure we rest; and vague pursuit may fret
And spend its breathless speed, but never reach us.

AGNES, (*unwillingly yielding.*)
That cloister's vault is dismal as a tomb. [*Exeunt.*

(*The door closes after them grating heavily. After a short pause, enters* THE WANDERER ELFRID, *cautiously.*)

ELFRID.

Ye beetling rocks, and thou, lone chapel, once
Witness of Elfrid's wrongs, behold her triumph!
Haste, Sweno, to thy doom! The chapel closed—
All hush'd—all silent—save this heart, which throbs
As it would burst the impediments of life.
O dreadful!—O my son! Thy reckless passion
Has overleap'd my speed and marr'd thee. Ubald,
Where art thou? Pray this earth to cover thee,
Ere thy rash guilt be blazon'd to the sun!

[*A shriek is heard within the cavern.*]

Hark to that shriek of fear! O vengeful phantoms,
One moment yet be still!—Come, Sweno, Sweno!
I am belated; in my own toils caught,
And wrapp'd in terrors. Sweno! dullard, haste!

(She ascends the stairs, and passes behind the Chapel. After a pause, enter from the cell hastily AGNES, UBALD.)

AGNES.

Night is terrific in that hideous cavern.

UBALD.

Nay, gentle Agnes. These are vain illusions,
The coy fears of a maiden. Hath not Ubald
Power, strength, and will, to shield thee from all danger?

AGNES.

Bear with me, Ubald; 'tis not lack of love,
That scares me from thy couch. The icy hand
Of horror is upon me. I dare not rest
In that tremendous gloom.

UBALD. Wayward enchantress,
Night hath no darkness where my Agnes is!
Thyself art light, and joy, and loveliness.
Cheer thee, sweet trembler; on thy coral lips
The breath of love is stirring. Thy chaste bosom
Is the dear shrine of bliss. Appease thy fears.

AGNES.

O Ubald! as I near'd that frightful couch,
Lifting its veil with slow and timid hand,
I saw, though in thick darkness, plain and lit
By its own ghastliness, a grinning fiend,
And, shrieking, back I fell. Methought I lay
Wrapt in my shroud and coffin, while around
Glared thousand hideous phantoms as in triumph,
The least too horrible for human gaze.

I tremble, Ubald, and am thrill'd with dread;
For love's dear sake forbear me. SWENO, (*without*)
Ubald! ho!

AGNES.

My father! shield me, Ubald, from his wrath!

[*Enter* SWENO *with his sword drawn.* AGNES *shrinks back towards the rock.*]

SWENO.

Traitor, my daughter!—O my Agnes here!
(*To* UBALD.) Glorious requital of parental cares!
Heap, heap dishonor on the house that rear'd thee,
But hope not, caitiff, to escape the sword
Of an avenging father. Die, ungrateful!
Perish, base-born seducer!

UBALD, (*parrying his blows without returning them.*)
Peace, peace, Sweno!
Put up thy sword; Ubald would not offend
One hair of thine for all the wealth of worlds.
Sire of my Agnes, Ubald kneels to thee.
[*He drops on one knee.*] SWENO.
Kneel not for life! Die, coward, faithless Ubald!

UBALD, (*rising.*)

Thy fury is unmanly. O beware,
Stir not the fiend, which lurking in my heart
Cries vengeance on thine head!—Hold! hold!

ELFRID, (*on the rock above*) Thine oath!
Thine oath! Slay him who made thee fatherless!

UBALD.

Tempt me no further, Sweno, on thy life!
I know not if that wizard tongue speaks true,
Which cries that Sweno made me fatherless.
My thoughts grow perilous; there is that within me

Which swells to think that I have lost a father,
And lost by thee. Stand off, or bid good angels guard thee!

SWENO.

Die, traitor, die! This for my ravish'd daughter,
This for foul breach of hospitable faith.

(UBALD *parries his blows,*) AGNES.

O father, hold!

BERTHA, (*without.*) This way, this way! the din
Of swords is loud.

AGNES. Hold, husband, father, hold!

ELFRID, (*above.*)

Thine oath, thine oath! Think, Ubald, on thy sire!

UBALD.

The spirit of my parent calls for vengeance;
Perish, fond thoughts!

(UBALD *at last fights with* SWENO. *Enter* BERTHA, REYNALD, *Knights, and Attendants with torches.* AGNES *at the same moment rushes forward to part* UBALD *and* SWENO, *and receives the point of* SWENO'S *sword in her breast. She shrinks back, and hangs with both hands on* UBALD'S *shoulder; at the same time* UBALD'S *sword strikes down* SWENO.)

AGNES. O I am sorely hurt!

(UBALD *supports* AGNES. BERTHA *kneels by* SWENO, *and is engrossed with attendance on him.)*

UBALD.

Lean on me, thus!—Ah me, 'tis thy blood, Agnes.

BERTHA.

O Sweno, Sweno, thy life's fount is gushing.
Thy blood wells fast away; I cannot staunch it.

ELFRID, (*above.*)

Sweno, look up! It is thy son, thy son!
Elfrid's accursed issue sends thy soul

Burning to Hell! It is thy son has made
That hateful offspring of thy faithless nuptials
As lost, as sunk in infamy, as curst,
As she whose tongue upbraids thee! Agnes, Agnes,
Despair and perish!——Ubald is thy brother!

UBALD.

O horrible, horrible! Witch, fury, demon!
There is a lying spirit in thy mouth;
Thou durst not thus have outraged nature's mercies.

ELFRID.

Mercy for who shows mercy! Blood for blood!
Ubald, yon fate-struck caitiff was thy sire,
Who cast thee fatherless on this wide world;
Who murder'd Elfrid's fame, and peace, and reason,
And made me what I am, Hell's slave and victim.
My mother's frantic spirit stands beside him,
Smiling in agony, and calls me hence!
Am I not now avenged? Now, now laugh out,
Fiends of dismay! Mix earth, and air, and sea!
Unbind the angels which have power to slay
When the sixth trump has sounded! Hell is loose,
And nothing can the fiends of vengeance brew
Feller than this!—O for a whirlwind's blast,
To cover with unfathomable night
The deeds which I have wrought!—My brain is fire.
Welcome, despair, and death, and phrensy, welcome!
Eternal ruin yawns! I come! I come!

(She springs from the rock into the torrent beneath.)

REYNALD.

Tremendous wreck of reason! O most dreadful!

AGNES, *(in a low voice to* UBALD.)

Cast me not from thee! I am gone, and quickly,

Where they nor wed, nor are in marriage given.
Dying I yet may clasp thine hand. Kind Ubald,
One parting kiss, but pure as angel's greeting!
O hold me up, fast, fast! I swim! I sink!
'Tis sweet to die upon thy bosom, Ubald. (*She dies.*)

UBALD, (*in a low voice.*)

Speak! gentle Agnes, say thou art not gone!
O still, still, breathless, silent as the grave!

SWENO,

(whose eyes had continued riveted on the spot where ELFRID *stood, and unconscious of what was passing.)*

Eternal justice, upon me alone,
Not on mine issue, let thy terrors fall!
My life is ebbing fast. Thine hand, loved Bertha!
O Agnes, O my child, my child, where art thou?
Thy voice was ever music to my soul;
Say he is not thy husband! lift the weight
Of that deep anguish, which appals me dying!

(BERTHA, *who had been kneeling by* SWENO *without attending to* AGNES, *shrieks suddenly on perceiving that she is dead.*)

BERTHA.

Ah me! she is gone for ever! Sweno, Sweno,
She rush'd between thee and hot Ubald's sword,
To stay the hasty temper of such wrath,
And thine own hand has slain her.

SWENO. O my child,

If thou wert wedded to that bed of incest,
Thy death is the sweet sleep of innocence,
And life had been a curse! My gentle Agnes,
Fatally hast thou rued one perilous act
Of disobedience to thy guilty sire,
And thou art gone before me!—I am sick

With terrors keener than the pang of death.
Beloved, ill-fated Bertha, thou hast found
In me, who should have been thy stay and glory,
The rock whereon thy hopes have all made wreck.
Ubald, I charge thee, live! though scathed and blasted
By heaven's dread bolt.

UBALD,
(starting from his silent contemplation of the dead AGNES.)
Who bids that wretch, that once
Was Ubald, live? His fount of life is dried!
My Agnes was the life, the light, of Ubald.
(After a convulsive agony of grief, and a pause.)
They say she was my sister, and thou father;
And both are slain—my father by my sword;
And that weird demon was indeed my mother!
O world, what art thou, but a hell of horrors?
And who bids Ubald live?
(The Knights lay hands upon UBALD *to prevent his injuring himself.)*
UBALD, *(casting them with violence from him.)*
Unhand me, sirs;
My wrath is dangerous.
(After a pause he throws down his sword.)
Yes, I will live.
Ubald will never shrink from fate.—*(He kneels.)* O father,
Curse me not dying! At the tomb of Christ
Through blood of infidels my sword shall hew
Its way to pardon; the bare stone my couch,
The spring my drink, and the hair-shirt my clothing.
No joy, or pride, or hope shall come near Ubald;
But strict achievement of dire penance cleanse
My desolate soul from parricidal guilt,
And for my bones win peace.

SWENO. I curse thee not.
Thou art my heir—A solemn contract. . . . I
Destroyed it—I . . . I . . . Farewell—Ubald—Bertha.

(*He dies.*) BERTHA.

O bitter fate! O cheerless! in one day
Stript of all joy, more lonesome than the dead!

(*To* UBALD.)

Monster, this curse shall cling to thee; thy guilt,
Redder than scarlet, shall incarnadine
The banners of the just, and bar them from
The temple of their Saviour; and the tomb,
Whose indiscriminate yearning swallows all,
Shall cast thy marrowless unquiet bones
Forth from its maw: no mass or requiem
Shall win for thy gaunt skeleton a place
In the still church's bosom, till the lapse
Of hundred winters shall have hush'd the wail
Of thy remorseful spirit, and earn'd for thee
That rest which death denies the parricide!

(*Rising.*)

Yet one word, ere we part for ever, Ubald!
Sleeps that fair victim undefiled in death?

UBALD.

The dew of blushing morn has never bathed
A bud of innocence more pure and stainless.

BERTHA.

Swear it! by all the wreck which thou hast wrought,
By all thy hopes of mercy, Ubald, swear it!

UBALD.

God's lightning rive this head already blasted,
If ought my love has dared, which should have call'd
One blush to the pure cheek of virgin meekness!

BERTHA.

Heaven's mercies hover o'er thy head, mine Agnes!
(throwing herself down with her cheek on AGNES.)
Here let me lie, and breathe my last beside thee!

REYNALD.

Ubald, we have been foes, but in this ruin,
As all our hopes, so be our angers buried.
Here let us close as friends. Unto Christ's banner
With thee I vow my strength. Thou, stately offspring
Of the most noble house, soar eagle-like
Aloft, and let the gale, which rived thine eyrie,
But waft thee nearer to thy native heaven.

APPENDIX.

THE ground work of the foregoing Tragedy originates in a Danish ballad, founded upon circumstances which are said to have occurred towards the end of the fourteenth century. The subject first suggested itself to me in reading a Danish play by Ingemann, which adheres to the traditional story; and at the same time that I observed the most glaring defects in the structure of his drama, it occurred to me that the principal feature of the tradition would furnish a fine tragical subject, if the story were so altered as to give it unity of action and interest. I have adopted thus much of the Danish story. A woman, who had been abandoned by a powerful and illustrious knight, to whom she had borne a son, and had contrived to introduce her infant unknown into his

family, returns, after wandering twenty years, still animated with the desire of vengeance, and hoping to accomplish it through the means of her son, whom she finds in the immediate prospect of marrying his sister by another mother, their affinity not being suspected. Upon this foundation I have constructed my drama, with an entire dissimilarity of the subsequent circumstances, and of the conduct and character of the persons, with the exception of the fact that the father falls, as in the Danish story, by the hand of his son, the events which lead to that catastrophe being quite different. In Ingemann's play, the character of the injured woman is low, and so cold-blooded and atrocious, after an interval of twenty years, that it is quite unnatural; and the part is almost superfluous, for in his drama nothing arises out of her agency which might not have occurred equally without her intervention; and her part, which occupies no considerable space, might perhaps have been totally omitted without disadvantage. The part of Ubald in his play is not less disgustingly atrocious, and the original interest is broken up by his escaping the danger of marrying his sister, through the most extraordinary fickleness, by suddenly falling in love with another lady, disguised as a servant-maid, and murdering his father to prevent his obstructing their union. The improbability also of his father's wife having taken a fancy to him when four yours old, in the arms of a beggar-woman, and obtained him from her to bring up with her own daughter, and two illustrious knights being equally desirous of marrying their only daughters to him is very conspicuous in the Danish play.

In my own view of the proper mode of handling such

a subject, I considered that the whole agency of the piece should centre in the revengeful female, that her birth and original claims must be more respectable, that the atrocity of her character must be diminished by the evident influence of derangement in consequence of her wrongs and sufferings, and a notion that the spirit of her mother was calling upon her for vengeance; that it should be relieved by touches of better feeling and agonizing recollections, and such a view of her former loveliness as would not be inconsistent with the general dispositions of her mind. I have been anxious in the conduct of the story to preserve the most perfect unity of interest, but to conceal from the reader the secret upon which the plot hinges, until the last act. By preserving the character of Agnes unsullied, I have perhaps sacrificed to feelings of delicacy a portion of the force of tragical effect that might have been produced, but I hope that it will not be found to have been injudiciously diminished. Imagining that the reader may have some curiosity to know the particulars of Ingemann's play, I have added a short abstract of it. In the arrangement of the first scene of this tragedy, I had in my recollection the supper of Macbeth. For the substance of the line—

"'Tis a fiend's song; where gat you that foul strain?"

as well as for the general idea of a song having been learnt from the fortune-teller, I am indebted to Ingemann. The verse, "I dread this very darkness which befriends us," and the two following lines, are copied from two splendid verses of Euripides,

σκοτὸν φρίσσωσι τὸν ξυνεργίτην
Τίραμνά τ' οἰκοῦν, μή ποτε φθογγὴν ἴοι.

and in the passage which commences

> "Methinks I could outstrip his lazy course"

my thoughts were directed to the following fine lines of the same author,

> Ἀστρῶν διοίμην ἡλίου πρὸς ἀνατολὴν
> Καὶ γῆς ἔνερθε, δυνατὸς ὢν δράσαι τόδε,
> Τῶν θεῶν μεγίστην ὥστ' ἔχειν Τυραννίδα.

The words "This is the bodiless spectre," have reference to Lady Macbeth's "This is the air-drawn dagger." Reynald's boast that he had slain a renegade was, I believe, suggested to me by the last speech of Othello; and the words "Who bids that thing, that once was Ubald, live?" by "Who calls that wretched thing that was Alonzo?" The ideas in the exclamation of Agnes, "What dost thou meditate? O Ubald, strike not in thy wrath," and in the four lines beginning "In infant's years," were derived from a passage in a Danish prose play called Duveca. The line "Guilt may have some brief pleasures, great tho' anxious," was suggested by a beautiful couplet in Dryden,

> "Then with tumultuous joys my bosom beat,
> And guilt, that made them anxious, made them great."

If my play contains any more coincidences worth mentioning with other authors, they are accidental, and I am not aware of them. The scene of my drama is removed to an earlier period than that of the tradition.

ABSTRACT

OF INGEMANN'S DANISH PLAY CALLED LÖVERIDDEREN, THE LION KNIGHT.

THE play commences with a soliloquy by Grinhilda, a fortune-teller who, in the very outset, destroys all the dignity that might have been given to her character by informing the audience that she is a coal-heaver's daughter. She denounces vengeance against Venno, a knight to whom she had borne a son twenty years before, and who had broken an oath "which the powers of darkness had heard," and which was probably a promise of marriage. She says that she is the she-wolf, and her son Ubald the wolf whom she has let loose amidst his domestic flock. Ubald enters, singing a hunting-song. She informs him that when he was four years old, Margaret, the wife of Venno, seeing him a tawny infant in the arms of a beggar-woman his mother, had obtained him from her to educate as her own child: that his mother was burnt for a witch, but that her ghost still walks; that when she meets him again the third time she will tell him who his father is; and she urges him to conclude immediately the marriage which was intended between himself and Joanna, who was the daughter of Venno and Margaret, and consequently his half sister. She leaves Ubald, who departs after a long soliloquy and another hunting-song. Then follows a very long and tedious scene between Joanna and her father, who are joined first by Margaret and afterwards by Ubald, the sole purport of which is to show that although Ubald and Joanna are deeply attached to each other, they are both uncomfortable and unaccountably uneasy, he from the natural restlessness of his disposition, she from an apprehension that although she loves him she shall never be happy with a man of such a character; for which rational fear her parents rebuke her: but Lady Margaret says she has not yet got all Joanna's wedding-clothes ready, and, by way of a put-off, Joanna proposes to him to go to the neighbouring castle of Count Everard and win a golden cuirass, which was to be tilted for the next day, and promises when he returns with it to name the wedding-day. Off goes Ubald in full armour, and leaves

Joanna and the old people to prose a little longer. The act closes with a soliloquy of Venno's, expressing remorse for the misdeeds of his youth, for which he says that many have cursed him while he was living in joy.

The Second Act opens with a long conversation in the garden of Everard's castle between his daughter Agnes and her waiting maid; on seeing Ubald approach, they retire behind the bushes; and, after a song and a speech from Ubald, they return, having changed clothes with each other. Ubald immediately falls over head and ears in love with the supposed waiting maid, and is almost uncivil to the pretended lady of the castle, who is personated by the maid, and who leaves him alone with Agnes, saying that he seems to have found what he prefers to her. A scene of courtship follows between Ubald and Agnes, whom he supposes to be the servant; and after her departure a long soliloquy by Ubald, who is a little ashamed of himself. Grimhilda, who has overheard all that passed, comes in after his departure, and in a few lines says that it is all one whether the catastrophe is brought about by his marrying his sister or proving unfaithful to her. Then follows a scene of songs and drinking between Reinald, Ubald, and Knights in the castle. They go out and are succeeded by Agnes and her father Everard, to whom she relates all that has passed between her and Ubald, avowing that she is very partial to him, and is confident he will be victorious in the tournament. The Count is, at first, not very well pleased at her forwardness, but ends with saying "well," and they go out upon the terrace to see the combatants. The scene changes to Venno's house, where Joanna sings to him a song which commences thus, "Ah, stranger knight, can I trust thee? Wilt thou not deceive my heart? Wilt thou here in the cellar live and be dweller with thy little dark girl?" Venno is disturbed, and says aside that it is the song of the coalheaver's daughter, and asks how she learned it. She tells him she learnt it of a beggar-woman, and relates a dream about two men burning coals in a hole, and a frightful woman between them, who was just like that beggar-woman. Venno remains alone, and says that perhaps the beggar-woman was the very person who once captivated him in the coalheaver's cellar; and recollects that she threatened that she would pursue him in the next world if not in this. Grimhilda immediately enters the room, and after a short conversation tells him that Ubald is making love to Agnes at Everard's castle, and laughing treacherously at him and Joanna. Venno takes down an old suit of armour, which he puts on, and goes forth.

The Third Act opens with a long scene between Margaret and Joanna, uneasy at the sudden and disturbed departure of Venno. A messenger, who is sent round to invite company, but not them, to the wedding of Agnes, informs them that Ubald has been victorious and is to marry her immediately. The scene then changes to Everard's castle, where Ufo, who is angry at his overthrow by Ubald, tells Reinald that Everard's castle belonged to one of Venno's ancestors, who, on account of some dark crime, laid a curse upon the place, and foretold a bloody end to all his race. Next follows a love-scene between Ubald and Agnes, at the end of which Everard questions Ubald concerning his birth, but obtains no information; he then enquires why Ubald has not invited Venno amongst the other guests to the wedding, and is told that Venno is an odd fellow, who does not like to leave his fireside. Agnes asks if it is the same Venno concerning whom there was a prophecy that if his daughter should fall in love, she and her whole family would be destroyed. Ubald goes out hunting. Venno meets and challenges him. He disarms Venno, and gives him in custody to some of Everard's men to be confined in the tower of the castle, as a ruffian who had attacked him. Grinhilda comes to Ubald and asks him why he spared the old man's life, and says she will dance at his wedding in the morning. The scene changes to Venno's prison: his soliloquy is interrupted by Grinhilda without, who tells him that her old love for him is revived, and shows him a hole through which he may escape to liberty and vengeance.

The Fourth Act introduces Joanna disguised as a pilgrim and conducted by a shepherd through Everard's garden. After her departure, Venno enters with a rusty sword, which he says Grinhilda has given him. The scene changes to a supper, with song and mirth, in the castle. Everard is informed by a frightened servant that the ghost of old Venno (the ancestor) has been just seen again near the tower. Ubald will go out to encounter the ghost. After he is gone, Joanna comes in as a pilgrim and asks Agnes if she has seen an old man with white hair and a drawn sword; and promises to bring her a wedding garland. The scene then changes to the outside of the tower. Ubald goes in with his sword drawn: after which Venno enters, and presently hears Ubald calling him within repeatedly. Venno, bent upon vengeance, rushes into the tower with his drawn sword.

The Fifth Act opens with Agnes telling her father how late and disturbed Ubald returned to her, and that she sat up with him till daybreak, when he went out again. Ubald enters; Everard sends Agnes

to her chamber, and questions Ubald concerning his disturbed appearance. Ubald admits that he has seen the ghost, and intreats Everard to have the tower walled up immediately. In the next scene Joanna brings the wedding-garland to Agnes, who is called by Everard to the wedding. Then follows a duel between Ufo and Reinald, who professes himself friendly to Ubald: after their departure Joanna enters, and is told by Grinhilda that Ubald has murdered her father in the tower. Joanna goes in, and comes out again nearly distracted: the wedding music is heard; Grinhilda gives her a dagger, and tells her to avenge her father. The procession enters; Joanna stops it, accuses Ubald of the secret murder of her father, summons him to answer for it in the next world after a year and a day, and then stabs herself. Agnes is carried out, followed by Everard. Grinhilda enters, tells Ubald that she is his mother and Venno was his father, and departs again. Ubald in his despair is comforted by Reinald, who proposes to accompany him to the Holy Land.

Thus ends the play of Ingemann; the story is continued in a ballad, which says that Lady Margaret was sitting one evening alone, when a loud knocking sounded on the door. It was Reinald with the remains of Ubald. He departed, and left a skeleton, which was buried, but the next day it was found standing at the church door. Three times it was buried and as often returned again to the porch, where it remained in spite of all endeavours to remove it, and at midnight its groans and footsteps were always heard in the chapel. A hundred years after, a lady descended from Agnes, in consequence of a tradition, went at night into the church to pray for the repose of the dead body. The skeleton stood at the door and refused to let her go out alive, unless she could obtain his pardon from an old man with white hair and a pale female who stood beside them. She prayed incessantly till they relented, and, as she passed out through the church door, the skeleton fell to the ground; and the next day it was buried for ever.

TIME.

Written for a bazaar, for the benefit of Wibsey Low-moor Church, near Bradford, June 5, 1838.

WHO art thou? that with stern and iron tread
Chafest the mountains, and their lofty sides
Indented furrowest with deep-worn glens!
Light gleam'd upon thy birth, divided first
From the dense womb of night, wherein it lay
Unprofitably darkling. At thy touch
The waters of the slumberous deep awoke;
Above and underneath outspread, they saw
The firmament put forth its thousand eyes,
And earth spring fresh from the imbroiled mass,
Clothing her glorious flanks with herb and flower
After their kind, which like a mantle veil'd
Her bosom teeming life. The unreach'd peaks,
Ice-clad, and capt with never-changing frost,
From the smooth plain beneath, under thy tread,
Shot upward to the welkin, undescried
By eye of man; while yet the clouds withheld
Their liquid treasure, and a genial mist
Went up and water'd the whole face of ground.
Life sprung beneath thy foot; the lustful Hours,
Spring's genial step, and Summer's garish pride,
Autumn, and Winter with his crown of snow,
Are of thy following. The things that are,
The things which have been, or await the spell

Of strange futurity, arise and fall,
Like atoms from the changeful surface stirr'd
Beneath thy giant stride. Morn, noon, and night,
(Whether of nature's course that wheels its round
As at the first, or mortal life, which hath
Its dawn, its midday, and its eve that sinks
In the still shade of death) come forth and pass,
As thou evokest them with that stern voice
Which none may hear, but all things must obey
Spell-bound, and to resist thee powerless.
Joy, Mirth, and Hope, and young ecstatic Love,
Blossom beneath thy footsteps; gorgeous Pride,
And crimson-zoned Ambition, and the glare
Which Glory throws around the transient crown
Of vain Dominion, stud thy viewless path,
Like fireflies on the dewy lap of eve
Adorn'd with brief effulgency; but on
Thou glidest thro' the infinite, and Death
Who holds all power upon the things of earth,
With him who follows in the darksome train,
Hateful Corruption, thy own issue, seems
To wait upon thy will. The shapes of life,
Which hail'd thee in thine infant down, ere man
Trod this strange world, have from its dwellings pass'd,
And other forms behold thee, striding on
With unresisted and almighty strength
Unto thy distant goal. Primeval hills,
That threw their flame from earth's deep fount to heaven,
Have sunk to stillness at thy touch; the sea
In majesty unchangeable array'd
Hath shrunk into itself, by thee scared back
From its original limits. But, first-born

Unconquer'd and unstaid, still travelling
From thine own cradle to the end of things
Material! in the body, which now frames
This short-lived witness to thy glory, lives
That which shall e'en survive thee; that, which knows
That thou art not for ever, and that all
Which thou surveyest in thine ample course
Unmeasured and immeasurable, is not
Worthy weak man's regard. For thou, e'en thou,
Who seem'st as young and glorious, as when first
Breathing ambrosial odors thou didst spring
From the creative word, thou, wonderous one,
Shalt be-o'ercome by the destroyer Death,
And all the things, which are and have been thine,
Be swallow'd in immense eternity.

CROYLAND ABBEY.

1801.

O venerable pile! whose shatter'd form
From abject Croyland's melancholy site,
Looks proudly o'er this wide-extended plain,
Much of thine ancient grandeur and high name
Old annals tell; much of fierce elfin shapes,
And fiery forms, amid thy lonely fens
Strange sojourners, who never dared invade
Thy hallow'd precincts, but around them lurk'd
To harm the holy pilgrim wandering nigh.
So monks have fabled; now forlorn thou seest
No mitred feasts, no pride of papal rites;

The domes are fallen, where Ingulphus dwelt,
Where pomp and learning reign'd. Thy sounding tower
Calls but the simple cottager to pray,
Neglected now, yet not by me unbless'd;
For here, unknown, beneath a humble roof,
Oft have I changed the tumult of the town
For healthy exercise, of studious toil
Forgetful, and the busy cares that lie
Thick scatter'd on the restless path of life.
O holy solitude! thy charming cup
Too deeply quaff'd, unfits the social mind
For useful intercourse; but sometimes woo'd,
And there best woo'd, where nature's verdant garb
Encircles thee, thou dost correct our thoughts,
Soften the rude asperity of pride,
Wake each pure feeling, and exalt the heart
Nearer its God! On thee, benignant power,
Wherever fate shall guide, amid the storms,
Which, rending the firm base of Europe, shake
My trembling country, with devoted love
(Whether on rushy moor by joyous sport
Urged onwards, or upon some shady bank
Stretch'd in delicious rest, with ardent mind
Weaving bright fancies,) sometimes will I call,
Still cherish'd, still chaste partner of my thoughts!

WRITTEN IN SOMERSETSHIRE.

1801.

O how I love the woody steeps to climb,
Which overhang thy solitary stream,
Clear-flowing Barle! or tread the broken stones,
Round which thy never-ceasing waters foam,
And ever and anon rough-tumbling roar
Beneath the oaken shade. Hail, beauteous hills!
On whose steep sides the cooing ring-dove sits,
Or diving thro' the deep expanse of air
Flaps his delighted wings, and towers again;
And thou, romantic spot, where close beneath
Mountsey's proud brow and Anstey's stately moor
Danesbrook and Barle their noisy streams unite!
Upon your sides abrupt the pausing eye
Dwells charmed, as it views each sparkling spring
Shine thro' the gloomy woods, and trickle down.
Delightful dales! your peaceful course along
Joyous I stray, nor heedless, nor unmoved,
With other thoughts, than in the circle gay.
O innocence! O peace! your simple forms,
Fair images on nature's lap impress'd,
More sweetly shew, than all the trick of art,
Or gorgeous splendour of barbaric pomp.
Had I but liberty, and power to roam
Unshackled by refinement, free from care,
Midst Americ's lakes, or Australasian wilds,

Then would I sing of many a savage race,
Who dwell in forests wild and boundless woods;
Of many a spirit, by their fancy form'd,
Who stir the whirlpool, or the tempest guide,
Invisible; and that* enormous bird,
Which, (as Chepewyans tell) ere earth there was,
O'er the wide waste of trackless ocean ranged,
With eyes, that lightning glanced, and thunderous wings;
At whose enchanting touch from torpor roused
The vast earth started from its oozy bed,
And all the goodly shapes, which nature wears,
From the deep bosom of the water rose.
Such tales, tho' wild, by many a tribe believed,
Suit well the fictions of sweet poesy:
Delightful fictions of the roving mind,
And so delightful only, as they bear
The simple stamp of nature; worthless else,
Or only valued by distemper'd minds,
Which, pamper'd by the vicious hand of art,
Know not to prize the unpolluted shapes
Of beauty, loveliest, when least adorn'd.
Me other thoughts and other cares detain
Bound to my native land; whose Muses dwell
In Cam's soft breast, or Eton's fostering arms,
Whom to majestic Thames fair Isis bore,
Pledge of their married loves. O parent dear,
From whom I drew the milk of classic lore,
And early learn'd to tune the willing lyre
To other strains than meet the savage ear!
What meeter service can thy Muses find,

* See Mackenzie's voyage in North America.

(While Irreligion holds her proud career,
Shaking the thrones of kings and bulwarks old
Of social rule) than chuse some sacred theme,
And from the hallow'd springs of Palestine
Draw numbers chaste and clear; or, if the source
Of those delightful streams be whilom dried
By Milton's holy thirst, attune the lyre
To sing their country's greater poorer days,
And tell, how generous Temple's equal mind
Attemper'd Chatham's pride; while Europe saw
The kindred patriots wield the bolt of war
Invincible, and spread thro' Britain's sons
The virtues, which inform'd their mighty souls?
Nor bootless to such task the love I bear
To those Aonian shades, where Lucan cull'd
Fresh garlands to adorn the historic page.
Proud youth, whose liberal song was loved of old,
E'en in that vicious age, when haughty Rome
Gasp'd at the foot of a licentious lord!
While Cato's name shall fill the listening ear,
And Freedom's voice be cherish'd, still shall live
Thy manly thoughts, and from the glowing mind
Draw praise, above thy verse, which bears the taint
Of that polluted time! For not to all,
Not to the bards of falling Rome was given
To sound that vocal shell, whence Milton drew
Numbers sonorous, fraught with science deep;
Such as majestic Greece had wondering heard,
Nor Freedom's proudest sons disdain'd to own.
Nymphs of Permessus! ye, who chastely guard
The bowers of poesy, and guide the streams
Of witching music; pardon, if uncall'd

I tread with foot adventurous the bank
Of pale Pirene, or the flowery marge
Of fabled Helicon! O holy bards,
Whose spirits hovering yet endear the vales
Of Tempe evergreen, and leafy shades
Of wood-crown'd Academus; or the grot,
Where Dorian Arethuse first heard the strains
Of rural minstrelsy! your voices pure
Still sound in fancy's ear, and oft by night
Breathe from aërial lyres the liquid notes
And high-toned melody of sacred song.
Such charm is yet in your primeval haunts
By that still gloom, in which the enraptured mind
Contemplates the stupendous vault of heaven,
And feels the limitary thought expand
With thousand vast conceptions, undefined,
And stretching far amid the maze of worlds
Beyond the azure deep. At the calm hour
Of silent midnight, when the tranquil moon
Glides slowly o'er the spangled brow of heaven,
Some sacred charm of melancholy strains
Steals soft (or seems to steal) upon the breeze,
Quiring from each bright orb to fancy's ear.
Oft have I listen'd to the sighing gale,
That heaves the rustling boughs, and, gazing round
With pleasing horror on the peaceful gloom,
Thought, that, while nature slept in still repose,
Some viewless spirit hover'd on the breeze,
Revisiting the scenes of former joy,
To muse on one, it loved, and breathe around
O'er each lone vale, green bank, or mossy stream,
The sweet enchantment of immortal sounds.

Nor seldom, when the heart is sad, the soul
To such illusions wild its spirit lends;
For sorrow is to harmony allied
By some mysterious tie: the saddest bird
Sings sweetest, and its soul-delighting plaint
Bears melody, which not the blithesome lark
Caroling can ever reach; the maid forlorn,
Love-crazed, and blighted in the bud of youth,
Will lay her by the secret gurgling stream,
That slowly winds beneath some spreading shade,
Where mournful fancies dwell, and all the day
Warble the sorrowfullest ditties sweet;
Nor would she change her melancholy lay,
And pillow strew'd with many a mystic flower,
For pomp, or wealth, or pleasure's joyous dream.
The mournful music of her sorrow spreads
A strange infectious charm: the very winds,
That kiss her lovely form, more softly blow;
And, as they curl around her virgin limbs,
Waving with innocent breath her tresses loose,
Seem fearful, lest their fond and sportive touch
Should scare her gentle grief. For zephyrs have
Their modulations mild, which sweetly lull
The melancholy soul: there's not a breeze,
That fans the purple year, and spreads around
Thousand soft odours from its gentle breath,
But leaves some sad remembrance, as it goes,
Some painful memory of past delights,
Pleasing, tho' painful. To the feeling heart
All nature breathes harmonious. Are there not
In the sweet gales, that wake the dewy morn,
In the soft night-breeze, and the murmuring stream,

Ay, even in the thunderous hurricane,
Sounds exquisite, which touch some consonant nerve,
And thrill the ear? There is a mystery
In every form, in every varied sound:
For art doth but arrest the fleeting shapes
And combinations of sweet harmony;
And they, who read aright fair nature's book,
Will find a charm in every desert spot
To solace life. O sacred harmony,
Sweet gift of heaven to soothe the troubled soul,
And sweeter still to sing the giver's praise;
In every age by every worship call'd,
Christian, or Heathen, to adorn the pomp
Of holy festival! And fitly so.
His pagan priests their mystic anthems raise
In Eastern climes to his immortal name,
Mightiest, and first, and best, by all adored,
Gaudma, or Codom and Somona call'd,
Or Foe, or Boodh, one great eternal God:
Who, when the world was made, one giant foot
On stony* Meeaday, on Ceylon one,
Firm fixed, did bestride the peopled earth,
Viewing his fair creation. To such strains
Holiest, enchanted nature seems to bend
In solemn acquiescence: all that breathes,
That moves, that lives, and feels the genial sun,
Is held by witchery of sacred song
Listening its maker's praise: sweet tribute paid
To the Omnipotent, and then best paid,
When virtuous sorrow holds each meaner thought

* See Symes's Embassy to Ava.

In calm subjection. Such persuasion is
E'en in idolatrous strains, raised by the voice
Of zealous priests to the creative Power,
Whose word hath hung the infinite of heaven
With countless worlds and vast; whose anger sends
Destruction forth amongst his guilty sons,
Tempest, and war, and famine's blighting scath,
And wither'd shapes of pestilential death
In yellow autumn, when the hollow winds
Howl sickly, loaded with the wrath of heaven.

TO THE

MEMORY OF MY FRIEND THOMAS BRIGSTOCK.

1804.

Dear lost companion of my earliest joys!
If lingering yet thy spirit haunt the fields,
Where blithesome once we stray'd, and young in care,
Thou see'st me still unchanged; this mindful heart
From all the pomp and turmoil of the world
Still faithful turns to thee; and oft retires,
In the dark covert of some aged grove,
Solitary, to muse with sad regret,
What time the nightingale in shady brake
(Where the low hazel or the tangled thorn
Veils her from vulgar eye) with querulous note
Warbles her love. And soothing is her lay
To one, who mindful of departed joy
Grieves placid, at the shadowy fall of eve

Marking the ruddy light that fades away,
And the still moonbeam steal with chaster hue
Over the leafy glades. Oft from the crowd
Withdrawing thoughtful, when the setting sun
Skirted the western clouds with varied light,
Unseen we gazed upon the goodly forms
Of smiling nature! Sometimes, when the year
Put forth its budding charms, we loved to mark
The pale anemone, that softly rear'd
Its modest head beneath the leafless brake,
Herald of coming spring. Then as we saw
The year roll slowly on, breathing new sweets,
And opening to our view the fresh delight
Of shade and pasture, bloom and luscious fruit,
Led by delusive rapture oft we stretch'd
Our anxious thoughts into the viewless maze
Of that wide world, through which our journey lay
Doubtful and distant; now with sorrow dark,
Now gilded with bright hopes and fancy gay.
But ever, as I mark'd the secret hand
Of baneful sickness, slow and unrestrain'd,
Prey on thine alter'd form, (which late had glow'd
With beauty and with strength above thy peers)
A bodeful tear would rush into mine eyes;
And a wild thought would beat against my heart,
That life's eventful journey must be trod
Without that loved companion, whom my soul
Had chosen in the guileless hour of youth;
Who should with me have stretch'd the towering wing
E'en to Ambition's height; and should (if ere
Propitious Fortune smiled) have shared the meed
Of that fair fame, we panted to deserve.

Thy lamp soon wasted; it had burnt too bright,
And sunder'd the frail tenement of life,
That shrouded its pure beams. O! thou art gone;
Thy grave has long been strewn; and those, who erst
Sported with thee in youth or turn'd the page
Of infant learning, have well nigh forgot
That once thou wert, and did'st in all excel.
But never from this breast, this mindful soul,
Shall pass thine image, which is graven there
With friendship's first impression; nor the thought
Of those delightful days, when life was new,
And we together cull'd its budding sweets
Careless of coming wo. But ne'er for thee
Pale sorrow spread her melancholy board;
Thou ne'er didst taste of grief. The tender down
Of manhood scarce had tinged thy blooming cheek,
When the cold hand of all-consuming Death
Nipp'd thy fair promise. Thou didst never learn
The treachery of joy, the loss of friends,
The pangs of hapless love: thy glowing heart
Imagined days of rapture, fondly dream'd
Of more than mortal charms; nor ever waked
To wipe fell sorrow's tear. For few are they,
Whose earliest fancy crowns their days with joy;
But oft through wo, and anguish, and despair,
Man wanders to the port of tranquil bliss.
Thou didst not hear the deadly cry of France,
Which, like the crash of an upbreaking world,
Appall'd all Europe, from the utmost bound
Of Finisterre to Moscow's forests hoar,
And shook old Ocean's reign; thou didst not see
The impious Fiend of democratic war

Let loose its havoc, tearing from their base
The monuments of power, the massive seats
Of ancient empire and religious sway;
Thou didst not mark from every mangled realm
The pang of horror vibrate to the heart
Of thy dear country; else the piteous groan
Of sullied Freedom and dismember'd states
Had rung e'en to thy soul. For thou wast kind
In nature, and thy breast would throb to hear
Of high achievements, and the valor old
Of chiefs recorded in historic page,
Who by fair deeds and honorable strife
Upheld our England's fame. Therefore I deem,
Though torn untimely from our fond embrace,
Thee blest above thy peers; whose sleep of death
(Ere fate had dealt one night of restless wo)
Stole unperceived on thy delighted youth.

ODE TO DESPAIR.

Irregular.

1796.

1.

O THOU, the fiend to Death allied,
Who sit'st by weeping Sorrow's side,
And bid'st unreal shapes arise
Of monsterous port and giant size,
Despair! thy gorgon eye
Can numb the heart with stern controul,
And bind in ice the palsied soul.

Where'er beneath some whistling shed
Thy sullen form is laid,
Scaring from orphan breasts the balm of sleep;
Or listening to the hollow sigh
Of her, whose infants watch and weep,
While on her flank with slow consuming pangs
The gnawing tooth of famine hangs.

2.

Or cast upon some trackless shore,
'Gainst which the barrren billows roar,
Thou turn'st thy leaden eyes in vain
Across the immeasurable main;
And thro' the hoarsely murmuring spray
Hear'st the sad sea-shriek die away:
While thro' the howling storm in awful pride
The baleful spirits of the thunder ride.

3.

Oft by the taper's mournful ray,
In arched vaults but dimly seen,
Where cloister'd virgins vainly pray,
Thou lovest to mark the solemn scene;
And haunt the gloomy cell,
Where pale Regret and hopeless Memory dwell,
And weeping Love; and by his side
Unsated Lust and lingering Pride,
Who left the world, they loved so well;
And Shame, that shuns the day.

4.

But fiercest on the blood-stain'd ground,
Where crush'd Ambition stares around,
And kindred Vice of coward soul,
That hugs the knife with downcast eye,

But dreads the blow, she dares not fly:
There sits thy dark terrific form
With swollen balls, that wildly roll,
And points the slowly gathering storm
Big with the threats of fate.
Around thy hideous phantoms wait;
And chiefly he, the giant pow'r,
Whom lustful Sin to Murder bore,
Fell Suicide, that stalks behind
With ghastly smile and baneful breath,
When hope has left the guilty mind,
Sounding the dirge of death.

THE KISS; A RIDDLE.

1799.

DAUGHTER of Gentleness, and pledge of Love,
With viewless step and fragrant breath I rove;
From cheek to cheek, from lip to lip, I stray;
And the fine nerves my thrilling touch obey.
Born at the blissful call of young Desire,
I live one moment, and the next expire.
Though warm to touch, though lovely as the day,
No eye can trace me, and no hand delay.
Scared from Revenge, and Hatred's lowering eye,
From Anger's fierce antipathy, I fly;
But with the tender solace of a friend
O'er pale Affliction's couch I fondly bend,
Or with the sweetness of a mother's smile

Of half its pangs the youthful heart beguile ;
And, when fell Passion from the soul retires,
The cherub Peace my sacred seal requires.
But thou, chaste nymph, who seek'st my hidden name,
Know, that my breath can stir a fatal flame !
By that moist lip, warm cheek, and sparkling eye,
By all the charms, which on that bosom lie,
Though Love invite and Beauty call, beware !
Nor trust the tempting poison, that I bear !

STANZAS.

1799.

From all the sweets, that scent the vernal air,
All, that on nature's gaudy lap repose,
This humble flower the modest virgin chose,
Pure, as herself, and delicately fair.
Sweet emblem of the maiden most admired,
Thee earliest of the year, some stream along,
Where the lone blackbird trills his mellow song,
My strains shall cherish, by thy sight inspired !
As I behold thee, fancy views her face,
Where all the loveliest charms of nature vie ;
The bashful look that shuns the adoring eye ;
The untaught elegance, and simple grace :
Still I behold that rosy smiling mouth ;
Those eyes with feeling exquisitely bright,
With tender thoughts and innocent delight ;
That bosom glowing with the light of youth.

Thrice happy flower! on nature's simple bed,
Where no refinement taints the breath of spring,
Thou lovest the genial South-wind's gentle wing,
And peaceful airs bedew thy modest head.
There, shelter'd from the sun and vernal hail,
The fresh stream nursed thee and the willow's shade;
Now softly on that fairest bosom laid
No cares molest thee, and no fears assail.
O! could the troubled mind such calmness prove
In social confidence securely bless'd,
The smile of joy would lull each care to rest,
And bind us to the tranquil breast of love.

ON THE

DEATH OF THE HON. MISS RYDER,

AFTER A SHORT ILLNESS.

1801.

If manners mild with mirth combined,
If truth adorns a female mind,
And fond domestic love,
Sweet maid, adieu! the farewell tear,
Which friendship pays thine early bier,
Shall every saint approve.
For not the brightest fairest rays,
Which beauty's slippery form displays,
So reason can enthrall,
As the chaste heart, devoid of pride,
The smile to gentle joys allied,
When harmless pleasures call.

Thy name amidst the circle gay,
Who in life's idle sunshine play,
  Shall soon be heard no more;
But those, who loved thy gentle form,
Whose hearts can prize each social charm,
  Will long thy loss deplore.
Friendship, when many a winter's blast
Shall o'er thy mouldering tomb have pass'd,
  Will still thine image view;
Still will the mind, which draws to light
Each fleeting scene of past delight,
  The tender thought renew.
Sweet maid, farewell! thy smiling face
The mournful friend no more shall trace
  Amidst the moving crowd;
But oft the bitter hour recall,
Which saw thee in life's springtime fall,
  And wrapp'd thy fatal shroud.

" Διδακτὸν μηδὲν, ἀλλ' ἐν τῇ φύσει
Τὸ σωφρονεῖν εἴληχεν."

EURIP. HIPPOL.

1800.

RUTHLESS Cupid, wouldst thou bind
Fast and firm my roving mind,
Search, and find a lovely maid,
Fair, as nature e'er display'd!
Let her unambitious be;
Frank, but free from levity;
Guarded so by modest look,
That her thoughts e'en dread rebuke:

What she saith unstudied, best;
Simple, sweet, by nature bless'd.
Let her bosom softly swelling
Heave at mournful story's telling.
Let her sometimes (thus most fair)
Gentle melancholy wear;
Let her sometimes, free from guile,
Chase it by the sweetest smile,
That did ever beauty give
To the loveliest forms that live.
Give her features not so fair,
As are called regular;
But which might expression lend
Lovelier to the fairest friend:
Sparkling eyes, whose modest fire
Somewhat beams of fond desire:
Tresses soft, that simply flow
O'er a neck of purest snow.
Let her teeth be shining white;
Let her mouth be small and bright,
Of such hue, that freshest rose
By comparison would lose.
Let her feet, a tiny pair,
Figure light and airy bear;
And, like visions of the bless'd,
Scarce have touch'd the soil, they press'd.
Search the world, great God of love,
Search the fairest crowds that move;
Find her such, and add to this,
Meeting wishes, meeting bliss;
Find her such, and thou shalt be
Mine adored Deity.

WRITTEN IN 1805.

FAIREST! if by night or day,
Ne'er in wish from thee to stray,
Nor in hours of lonely leisure
Ever woo a sweeter pleasure,
Than to bid the anxious thought
Dwell on thee, with rapture fraught;
If to deem the breath of youth,
Perfumed by thy fragrant mouth,
Fresher, than the gale, which blows
O'er the dew-besprinkled rose;
If to hold, that who might rest
Pillow'd on that gentle breast,
Were more than Eastern monarchs blest;
If to worship thee, and swear
None are sweet or good or fair,
That each graceful shape is rude,
Near thy perfect image view'd;
If to deem thy cheerful smile
Rich with charms that might beguile
E'en the latest pang of death,
Be the surest pledge of faith:
Think not, that, when doom'd to part
From that treasure of my heart,
These fond thoughts can cease to cherish
Hours of bliss, that quickly perish;
Or, when billows swell between,

Meet with joy another scene!
For to me nor tuneful measure,
Social jest or dearer pleasure,
Joyous seem, when far from thee;
In whose nature sweet and free
All the gentlest virtues vie,
Beauty, mirth, and modesty.
When I miss thy lovely form,
Beauty loses every charm;
Friendship lacks its dearest tie,
Music all its melody.
Still, where'er thy footsteps stray,
Secret vows will win their way;
Ardent wishes born of youth,
Nursed by faith and constant truth;
And, across the bounding sea,
Wing their anxious flight to thee.

ODE

FOR THE WAR ARISING OUT OF

THE PEACE OF AMIENS.

1804.

The metre of this ode is Tuscan, not strictly *Petrarchesque;* for I have neglected the punctuation between the *piedi*, and have made the last line in the first correspond with the first line in the second, which Petrarca never* did, when they consisted, as in these stanzas, of three lines each. I have scrupulously observed the punctuation between the *piedi* and *sirima*, and the law, most sacred to Italians, which forbids the occurrence of a similar rhyme in two stanzas of the same ode; but I have in two instances admitted the same word differently inflected, to which their strictest critics would object. The conclusion of the ode (which the Italians call *ripresa* or *comiato*) corresponds in form (as was customary) with the sirima or last part of the stanzas.

1.

O Freedom, (if the unpolluted bays,
Which British hands entwine
Around thine honor'd brows, have charms to please
In thy distemper'd years) undaunted seize
War's trumpet from the shrine
Of thine high temple, which our sires did raise!
In these degenerate days
Thou needs must sound a strain most fierce and loud,
Ere the distemper'd sleep of sloth be broken,
And Europe's sufferings wroken;

* "E' una delle regole di Dante, che la concordanza di due rime vicine, la qual è laudevolissima nella chiusa, si dee schivar ne piedi." *Tasso, la Cavaletta.* If I had retained the punctuation between the *piedi*, I should have adhered to this rule.

For Truth and Honor rest beneath their shroud,
And Peace hath like a treacherous seamaid sung
To lure her listeners with pernicious tongue.

2.

But as who, dreaming from his feverish side
In hour of troubled rest
His spouse torn shrieking by the savage arm
Of ruffian outrage, starts in wild alarm;
And to his throbbing breast
With wondering rapture clasps the sleeping bride:
So Britain's goodly pride,
(Which lay awhile oppress'd in horrid trance,
Deeming the breath of freeborn honor stifled,
And all her glories rifled
Beneath the culminating star of France)
Started to arms amain, when late she heard
Thy warning, for her fame too long deferr'd.

3.

Disarm'd hath Europe bow'd; on every shore,
Where late the battle roar'd
Tumultuous, Force hath rung sweet Freedom's knell,
And Death and silent Desolation dwell:
But Britain's stubborn sword
Still guards the honors, which our fathers wore.
So when with wild uproar
The banded winds some woody steep assail,
The deep sound murmurs, the whole mountain quakes;
The crashing timber breaks,
And the rent fragments load the rushing gale:
The scathed oak groans beneath the thunderous shock,
But still unbent o'ershades its native rock.

4.

O God of battles! if thine hallow'd will
Ordain, that Britain fall,
And her proud towers be humbled in the dust:
Thy will is law to us, thy laws are just!
When thy dread heralds call,
Her sons undaunted will their fates fulfil!
But, if thy right-hand still
Uphold us, sooner shall yon vaulted sky
Be rent, and winds upheave this solid earth,
Than England's ancient worth
Beneath a proud assailant vanquish'd lie!
That honest valor, which hath made her great,
Unharm'd shall save her mid the wrecks of fate.

5.

Thou, whose immortal reign is stretch'd above
The everlasting stars;
Whose wrath in tempest sends Thy spirits forth;
Whose fiery lances hurtling in the North
Forbode disasterous wars,
When kings conflicting to destruction move;
Thou, whose all-kindling love
More wonderous, fills each breast with holy awe;
Who givest the night its phantoms, scattering dread,
To bend the guilty head
With horror, and enforce Thy glorious law:
Thou, Lord, shalt hold before us in the fight
Thy shield of virtue and Thy sword of right!

6.

Nor ever do the tempests rage in vain,
When fatal whirlwinds speed

To do Thy bidding ! Thou art our right-hand,
Our glory and salvation ! Thy command
Has oft in Britain's need
Roused the blown waves to guard her ancient reign !
Witness the stormy main
Laden with wrecks of that huge armament,
Which erst the arch-fiend in wrath from proud Castile,
To light the funeral pile
Of pure Religion with Hell's torches sent:
Thou spakest in anger; at the sound the waves
Shook, and Hell trembled in its deepest caves.

7.

Not chance, I deem, on *Christ's all-hallow'd day
Blew that tremendous blast,
Which waking, as the foe with impious boast
Pour'd forth his navy, unto Ireland's coast
Wing'd with thy vengeance pass'd
Curling the billows o'er the watery way.
Thine arm with strange dismay,
Thy terror scatter'd them ! The shaft of Heaven
Smites not more swiftly, or the burning death
From Simoom's† fiery breath,
Than dread assail'd them by Thy tempest driven;
As wrapt in smoke the doubtful lights of war
Flash'd horrible, and battle roar'd afar.

8.

While Freedom watches, never foe shall slake
His rage in Britain's shame

* The storm, which dispersed the French armament near Bantry bay, began to blow on Christmas eve.

† The burning wind of Abyssinia.

Victorious; never hath her Genius quail'd,
When whole she met the tempest that assail'd,
And mindful of her fame
Roused all her sons, and bade her might awake.
But thou, sweet Freedom, take
That charmed trump to thy resistless hands,
Whose strain can well inspire with living force
The pale and breathless corse;
And ever and anon her slothful bands
Stir with a lengthen'd peal, whose warlike thunder
Of fatal sleep may rend the bonds asunder.

9.

Go boldly forth, my song,
Though rear'd in peaceful shades; and (if the foe
Ask, why the virgin Muse war's clarion sound)
On unpolluted ground
Say thou wert born, where bloodless rivers flow;
But add,—The guardian sword, ere Britain yield,
Her matrons and her tenderest maids shall wield.

V. 35.—Brama toda a montanha, o som murmura;
Rompemse as folhas, ferve a serra erguida. *Camoens.*

V. 43.—Vinca, se cosi vuol, Vinca lo Scita.—
I voler tuoi Legge son ferme a noi. *Filicaja.*

V. 69.—Tu eres diestra Salud y gloria nuestra. *Herrera.*

V. 78.— ——— ——— Al suon la terra
Si scosse, e ne muggir l'ime caverne. *Ghedino.*

V. 90.—Envuelta en humo la dudosa lumbre.
Lupercio Leonardo de Argensola.

SONNET

ON THE DEATH OF THE BAVARIAN GENERAL TILLY,

WHO WAS KILLED IN 1632, BY A WOUND RECEIVED IN CONTESTING THE PASSAGE OF THE LECH WITH GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS.

1804.

TILLY, thine hopes are fallen! by the stream
Of rapid Lech victorious cannons roar
With Swedish vengeance; on the adverse shore
Fraught with thy death the vollied lightnings gleam!
Yet nor those hardy veterans, who seem
To mock* all hinderance; nor those mouths, which pour
The thundering voice of war with fierce uproar;
Nor e'en Gustavus mars thy glorious dream.
But she, who met thee with her ghastly train
Of murder'd babes, (a pale and vengeful ghost)
Sad Magdeburg, in Leipsic's† dubious fight;
And with her Heaven's red arm, which o'er the plain
Spread strange dismay: then terror seized thine host,
Then sank thy star in everlasting night.

---

* The Lech was swollen, and deemed impassable.

† The first great victory gained in Germany by Gustavus Adolphus was over the army commanded by Tilly, near Leipsic, where he had retired from the ruins of Magdeburg, after burning the town and massacring its inhabitants, to the number of 25 or 30,000 souls. Tilly's army, at first successful, was seized by a sudden panick. Schiller observes, in his history of the 30 years war, that after the horrible destruction of Magdeburg, the good fortune, which Tilly had before invariably enjoyed, forsook him altogether.

SONNET TO A YOUNG BRIDE.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF PELLEGRINI SALANDRI.

Poesie scelte dell' abate P. Salandri, 1783, p. 247.

1804.

O THOU art more than lovely, more than fair!
Hold faith unshaken to thy soul's delight!
Preserve thy spotless beauty chaste and bright,
And keep thine innocence with jealous care!
Each whisper of the soft insidious air,
That breathes from frailer lips, may quench the light
Of that pure flame, which thro' the ravish'd sight
Stole to thine heart, and still is nourish'd there.
Unsullied from the Alps' cold bosom rose
The fountain, in whose stream the God of day
With amorous joy reflects his sparkling fires:
If wandering from its bed the water flows
To kiss each leaf or floweret on the way,
The clear stream lessens slowly, and expires.

SONNET.

On the Death of Garcilaso de la Vega, slain in battle, as had been also his father, Garcilaso, the celebrated Poet.

FROM THE SPANISH OF FRANCISCO DE FIGUEROA.

Ramon's Edit. 1785, p. 8.

1804.

O BEAUTEOUS scyon from the stateliest tree,
That e'er in fertile mead or forest grew!
With freshest bloom adorn'd and vigor new,

Glorious in form, and first in dignity!
The same fell tempest, which by heaven's decree
Around thy parent stock resistless blew,
And far from Tajo its firm trunk o'erthrew,
In foreign clime has stripp'd the leaves from thee!
And the same pitying hand has from the spot
Of cheerless ruin raised ye to rejoice,
Where fruit immortal decks the wither'd stem!
I will not, like the vulgar, mourn your lot;
But, with pure incense and exulting voice,
Praise your high worth, and consecrate your fame.

SONNET.

FROM THE SPANISH OF BARTOLOME LEONARDO DE ARGENSOLA.
Ramon's Edition, 1786, vol. i. p. 183.
1804.

"PARENT of good! since all thy laws are just,
Say, why permits thy judging providence
Oppression's hand to bow meek innocence,
And gives prevailing strength to fraud and lust?
Who steels with stubborn force the arm unjust,
That proudly wars against Omnipotence?
Who bids thy faithful sons, that reverence
Thine holy will, be humbled in the dust?
Amid the din of pleasure Virtue sighs,
While the fierce conqueror binds his impious head
With laurel, and the car of triumph rolls."
Thus I;—when bright before my wondering eyes
A heavenly spirit stood, and smiling said:
"Blind moralist, is earth the sphere of souls?"

PROPHECY OF THE TAJO.

FROM THE SPANISH OF FRAY LUIS DE LEON.
Ramon's Edition, 1790, p. 14.

In consequence of the rape of his daughter Caba by King Rodrigo, Count D. Julian is said to have invited the Moorish army, which overthrew the empire of the Goths in Spain.

1805.

UNSEEN, and lull'd in Caba's arms,
Rodrigo lay, where Tajo flows,
Clasping the virgin's rifled charms;
From his deep bed the river rose,
And thus bespoke him, prophet of his woes.
"Foul ravisher, in evil day
Thou joy'st beneath a luckless star!
E'en now, I hear the rising fray,
The clash of steel, the shock of war,
The voice of tumult rolling from afar!
What grief succeeds thy blissful hour!
That maid shall prove her country's bane,
Who clasps thee now in secret bow'r;
Born to o'erthrow the Gothic reign,
And draw a scourge from heaven on bleeding Spain.
War's secret spark and fatal brand,
Heedless of guilt, thine arms embrace;
Destruction to thy native land;
Despair, and shame, and sure disgrace,
To thy true vassals and thy royal race:
To all, who break the fertile soil
Of Constantina, or the plain

Where Ebro views their peaceful toil;
Who Lusitania's rights maintain,
Or sad Hispania's wide-extended reign.
  E'en now aloud the injured sire,
(Whose thoughts for instant vengeance glow,)
Reckless of fame, with savage ire
From Cadiz calls the barbarous foe!
Their arms uplifted aim the deadly blow!
  Hark! how the trumpet on the coast,
Rending the sky, with dreadful bray
Summons to war the Moorish host
Beneath their banners bright and gay,
Which, flaunting on the breeze, light-streaming play!
  Lo, the fierce Arab smites the wind,
Waving his spear, and shouts to war!
Instant the thronging troops are join'd;
The swarthy nations swarm from far,
With many a prancing steed and rattling car.
  Their countless squadrons hide the ground;
The sea is lost beneath their sails;
Confused and various grows the sound,
And the high vault of Heaven assails;
The thickening dust the day with darkness veils.
  Already floating bold and free
Their navy stems the foaming tide;
Their vigorous arms upturn the sea,
Plying the oar with gallant pride,
And cleaving fast the wave their vessels glide.
  With wind in poop, and prosperous gales,
Great Æolus in godlike state
Exulting fills the strutting sails;
And through the famed Herculean strait

Proud Neptune guides the iron-beaked fleet.
  But ah! the sweet and fatal dream
Of pleasure still thy soul enthralls:
Thou dost not mark the weapons gleam;
Thou dost not rush, where battle calls;
Thou dost not see fair Cadiz' captive walls;
  Haste! buckle on thine arms with speed!
Fly! climb the mountain! reach the field!
Force with the spur thy foaming steed!
Bare the keen blade, and grasp the shield,
And with unceasing rage the falchion wield!
  O what of labor, what of wo,
Hangs o'er the chiefs, in armour bright
That clothe their breasts, to meet the foe?
O'er those for standing combat dight!
O'er horse and horseman laboring in the fight!
  And thou, pure Bœtis, big with slain,
With foreign and with native blood,
What helmets through the frighted plain,
What chiefs, that late in battle stood,
Thy waves shall roll unto the neighbouring flood!
  Five days unmoved on either side
The God of war the fight maintains,
With equal hopes, and equal pride:
The sixth condemns thy hapless swains,
O my dear country, to barbarian chains!

ODE ON THE DEATH OF DON SEBASTIAN,

KING OF PORTUGAL,

Who was destroyed with his whole army, on the banks of the River Luco, in Africa,

FROM THE SPANISH OF FERNANDO DE HERRERA.

Ramon's Edition, 1786, vol. p. 104.

1808.

1.

WITH sorrowing voice begin the strain,
With fearful breath and sounds of wo,
Sad prelude to the mournful lay
For Lusitania's fallen sway,
Spurn'd by the faithless foe !
And let the tale of horror sound
From Lybian Atlas and the burning plain
E'en to the Red Sea's distant bound ;
And where, beyond that foaming tide,
The vanquish'd East, with blushing pride,
And all her nations fierce and brave
Have seen the Christian banners wave !

2.

O Libya, through thy deserts wide,
With many a steed, and chariot boldly driven,
Thou saw'st Sebastian's warriors sweep the shore ?
On rush'd they, fierce in martial pow'r,
Nor raised their thoughts to Heaven.
Self-confident and flush'd with pride,
(Their boastful heart on plunder bent,)
Triumphant o'er the hostile land

In gorgeous trim the stiff-neck'd people went.
But the Lord open'd his upholding hand,
And left them; down the abyss with strange uproar,
Horseman and horse amain and crashing chariots pour.

3.

Loaded with wrath and terror came
The day, the cruel day,
Which gave the widow'd realm to shame,
To solitude and deep dismay.
Dark lower'd the heavens; in garb of wo
The sun astonish'd ceased to glow:
Jehovah visited the guilty land,
And pass'd in anger with his red right-hand
Humbling her pride; he made the force
Of weak barbarians steady in its course;
He made their bosoms firm and bold,
And bade them spurn at baneful gold,
Their ruthless way through yielding legions mow,
Fulfil his vengeful word, and trample on the foe.

4.

O'er thy fair limbs, so long by valor saved,
Sad Lusitania, child of wo!
O'er all that rich and gallant show,
With impious hate the heathen's fearless arm
His flaming falchion waved!
His fury marr'd thine ancient fame,
And scatter'd o'er thy squadrons wild alarm,
Fell slaughter, and eternal shame!
A tide of blood o'er-flow'd the plain;
Like mountains stood the heaps of slain:
Alike on that ill-fated day
War's headlong torrent swept away

The trembling voice of fear, the coward breath,
And the high soul of valor, proud in death.

5.

Are those the warriors once renown'd?
For deeds of glory justly crown'd;
Whose thunder shook the world,
Whene'er their banners were unfurl'd;
Who many a barbarous tribe subdued,
And many an empire stretching wide and far;
Who sack'd each state, that proudly stood;
Whose arms lay'd waste in savage war
What realms lie circled by the Indian tide.
Where now their ancient pride?
Where is that courage, once in fight secure?
How in one moment is the boast
Of that heroic valor lost!
Without the holy rites of sepulture,
Far from their homes and native land
Fallen, O fallen on the desert sand!

6.

Once were they like the cedar fair
Of mighty Lebanon, whose glorious head
With leaves and boughs immeasurably spread.
The rains of Heaven bade it grow
Stately and loftiest on the mountain's brow;
And still its branches rose to view
In form and beauty ever new.
High nestled on its top the fowls of air,
And many a mountain beast
Beneath its ample boughs increased,
And man found shelter in its goodly shade.

With beauteous limbs, unrivall'd did it rise,
Lord of the mountain, towering to the skies.

7.

Its verdant head presumptuously grew,
Trusting to wonderous bulk alone,
And vain of its excelling height:
But from the root its trunk the Lord o'erthrew,
To barbarous despite
And foreign hate a hopeless prey.
Now by the mountain torrent strewn
Its leafless honors naked lie;
And far aloof the frighted wanderers fly,
Whom once it shielded from the burning day:
In the sad ruin of its branches bare
Beasts of the forest dwell, and screaming birds of air.

8.

Thou, hateful Libya, on whose arid sand
Proud Lusitania's glory fell,
And all her boast of wide command,
Let not thine heart with triumph swell!
Though to thy timid hand by angry Heaven
A praiseless victory was given!
For (when the voice of grief shall call
The sons of Spain to venge her fall)
Torn by the lance thy vitals shall repay
The fatal outrage of that bitter day,
And Luco's flood impurpled by the slain
Its mournful tribute roll affrighted to the main.

THE MORNING SONG.

FROM THE GERMAN BY GESNER.

1792.

Hail, orient Sun, auspicious light!
Hail, new-born orb of day!
Lo, from behind the wood-crown'd height
Breaks forth thy glittering ray.

Behold it sparkle in the stream,
And on the dew-drop shine!
O may sweet Joy's enlivening beam
Mix his pure rays with thine!

The Zephyrs now with frolic wing
Their rosy beds forsake;
And, shedding round the sweets of spring,
Their drowsy comrades wake.

Soft Sleep and all his airy forms
Fly from the dawning day:
Like little loves O may their swarms
On Chloe's bosom play!

Ye Zephyr's, haste; from every flow'r
The sweetest perfumes take;
And bear them hence to Chloe's bow'r;
For soon the maid must wake!

And hovering round her fragrant bed
In breezes call my fair;
Go, frolic round her graceful head,
And scent her golden hair!

Then gently whisper in her ear,
  That, ere day lit the skies,
By the soft murmuring fountain here
  I breathed her name in sighs.

THE WATERFALL.

FROM THE GERMAN BY GESNER.

1795.

Is this the vale, whose shadowy wood
Breathed o'er my bosom strange delight?
Is this the rock, whose sparkling flood
Plunged lightly from the wood-crown'd height?

Lo! where the foaming stream from high
Dash'd on its mossy couch below,
A frozen column meets my eye,
Suspended from the beetling brow.

How bare, how naked, frowns the glade!
Where late in thick o'er-arching bow'rs
Soft zephyrs thro' the foliage stray'd,
And gently waved the scented flow'rs;

Where late the glancing sunbeams play'd
On the bright waves and mossy bed;
Or gleam'd along the checker'd shade,
Which leafless now o'erhangs my head.

Soon, soon, sweet spring will warm the sky,
And deck the groves with livelier hue;
Awake each floweret's sparkling eye,
And melt the frost with genial dew.

O then receive me in your shade,
Ye rocks, that crown the valleys deep,
Ye woods, that deck this watery glade,
And wave beneath the rocky steep!

No cares shall here my bosom pain;
No fearful thoughts my heart alarm;
From hill, from grove, and flowery plain,
Shall sweetly steal a soothing charm.

And wherefore envy those that shine,
And bask in fortune's transient beam?
While with my flask of jovial wine
I lay me by the rippling stream;

While sweet success may crown my lays
Amid these cool delicious bow'rs;
And future ages learn to praise
The pastime of my harmless hours.

THE FIRST OLYMPIC ODE OF PINDAR.

1834.

Strophe 1.

Water is best, but like to fire,
That flashes in the night, is gold,
Excelling amid wealth,
That makes man great and bold.
If to tell of noble prizes,
Heart, thou dost desire,
Other star of day more genial
Look not to espy,
Than the glorious sun resplendent
In the desert sky!
Nor shall we a prouder struggle

Than Olympia's trial sing,
(Whence the hymn of many voices
By the counsel of the brave
Swells to resound of Saturn's* son,)
Arrived at the sumptuous heaven-blest hearth
Of Hiero munificent;

Antistrophe 1.

The sceptre of just law who sways
In Sicily far-famed for sheep,
The prime of every good
Rejoicing there to reap;
And the pleasant flower of music
Crowns his blissful days,
Gladsome as around his table
Oft our harpings swell.
From the nail on high suspended
Take the Dorian shell,
If the thought of holy Pisa,
Bend the mind to sweetest cares,
And the gallant† Pherenicus
Earn'd our praises, when he sprang
Over the course with glorious speed,
Unlash'd by the margin of Alpheus, and bore
His master to the victory;

Epode 1.

The Syracusian king
In matchless steeds abounding.
His glory shines beside
The sturdy-peopled seat

* Pisa, where the Olympic games were held, was sacred to Jupiter.
† The Horse of Hiero.

Of Lydian Pelops, who was loved
By mighty Neptune earth-surrounding;
When Clotho from the cauldron bright
Him raised again to life and light,
With ivory* shoulder graced.
Things wonderful have been whilere;
But oft the mind of man
To fable leans a willing ear,
And varied with fallacious tales,
Falsehood o'er sober truth prevails.

Strophe 2.

Pleasing and lovely to mankind,
Are all things made by witching grace;
Faith to the false it lends,
And honor to the base.
But, though fable now surround us,
Future days will bring
Unto truth a surer witness.
It beseems us here
Well to speak of Gods above us;
So less cause of fear.
Son† of Tantalus, as others
Tell, I sing not touching thee.
With their food of bright ambrosia
When thy father in return
Call'd to loved Sipylus the Gods,
And gave them a righteous regale, he who sways
The trident seized thee forcibly;

* When his limbs were taken out of the cauldron and put together again, the real shoulder was missing, which the Gods were supposed to have eaten. The ivory was a substitute.

† Pelops.

Antistrophe 2.

And, swiftly with his golden mares,
Smit by the mighty power of love
He wafted thee aloft
Unto the house of Jove.
Whither for like service carried
To the Thunderer's hall
Ganymedes* came thereafter.
But when rumour none
Those, who sought thee, brought thy mother
Of her vanish'd son,
Grudging neighbors spoke invidious
Secret words of evil fame,
That o'er water fiercely boiling
By the fervent strength of flame,
Piecemeal they hew'd thee with the sword,
Dissever'd thy joints, and the flesh of thy limbs
Devouring feasted daintily.

Epode 2.

Be it not mine to call
The blessed Gods voracious!
I stand aloof; ill words
Are oft by ill repaid.
But, if who hold Olympus high
Were ever to a mortal gracious,
That man was Tantalus: yet, great
Howe'er, he kept not his estate;
But, satiated thro' pride,
He earn'd a punishment so dread,
As man ne'er rued before.
A huge stone Jove hung o'er his head,

* Cup-bearer to Jupiter.

Which ever to throw down and shun
He strives, and happiness hath none.

Strophe 3.

Helpless he wears this load of life
In labors, whence he cannot flee,
And a fourth toil endures
Thus added unto * three.
For that nectar and ambrosia,
Food which maketh Gods
Deathless, he for earthly messmates
Stole. If man infers
Sinning secretly the Gods
To deceive, he errs.
Thereupon the Everlasting
Angry, from their blest abode,
To the short-lived race of mortals
Sent again his youthful son.
When in the opening bloom of life
The black down of manhood had cover'd his chin,
He thought to wed him gallantly;

Antistrophe 3.

From Pisa's lord his maid renown'd
Hippodamia to obtain.
Alone at dead of night
Beside the hoary main
The deep-sounding trident-holder
He invoked; straitway
At his feet the God appearing
Stood; he him address'd.

* Standing, hungering, and thirsting: or the three toils of Tityus, Sisyphus, and Ixion. The first interpretation is preferable.

" If the gifts of Venus merit
" Favor from thy breast,
" Neptune, thou the brazen falchion
" Of Œnomaus o'erthrow!
" And forthwith to Elis waft me
" On the swiftest wheels that be!
" Quickly approach me to renown,
" For ten men and three he has slain, and delays
" To yield his child's virginity!

Epode 3.

" Weak minds in danger find
" No way to be victorious;
" But, to whom death is sure,
" In darkness why should man
" Sit nursing unrenown'd old age,
" Shareless of all things great and glorious!
" To me at least this peril lies
" At hand, a joyful hope and prize;
" Thou grant an issue fair!"
He spoke, and not in vain the spring
Of words by him was touch'd;
The God array'd him; on the wing
Steeds indefatigable bear
His golden chariot thro' the air.

Strophe 4.

Quelling the prowess of the sire
He took the bride to his embrace,
And chieftains six begat
A brave and gallant race.
Now, with honor sacrificial
Placed beside the bank
Of bright Alpheus gliding by him,

Tenant of the grave
He hath here an altar, worshipp'd
By the great and brave.
Far and wide the glory glitters
Of the famed Olympic games,
On the course where Pelops* conquer'd,
Where the swift of foot are tried,
And the hard toil of vigorous strength.
The conqueror joys thro' the rest of his days
The prize in sweet serenity,

Antistrophe 4.

A blest reward of honors won.
The good, which every day is nigh,
Is the best gift that man
Inherits from on high.
Me behoves with strain Æolian
Theet revered to crown,
By equestrian laws abiding;
And I deem no guest
Or more skill'd in valiant labors,
Or of power possest,
(Now at least of men surviving)
Can by music be adorn'd,
In the various folds enveloped
Of heart-stirring minstrelsy.
Over thy cares God favoring thee
Presides, and, unless he forsake thee, I hope
A strain still sweeter, Hiero,

---

* Where he conquered Œnomaus.

† Hiero.

Epode 4.

To find, the way of words
Exploring near steep Cronius,
Hereafter praising thee
On fleetest chariot borne.
The muse for me with vigor frames
Her strongest dart symphonious;
To others other gifts are given,
But kings are lifted nearest heaven,
Therefore no further spy!
The lofty path of life be thine
With port sublime to tread!
And, mix'd with conquerors, be mine,
For science most renown'd, to stand
Conspicuous on all Grecian land!

SECOND OLYMPIC ODE OF PINDAR.

1834.

Strophe 1.

Hymns that rule the lyre symphonious,
To what Power divine,
To what hero, to what lord,
Shall the stream of song be pour'd?
Pisa is the land of Jove;
Hercules, for battle gain'd,
The Olympiad first ordain'd;
Now in the four-yoked car victorious
Theron demands the strain of praise,

Righteous prop of Agrigentum,
Sprung from sires of high renown,
Flower and bulwark of his town.

Antistrophe 1.

Laboring long beside the river
They at last uprear'd
Holy* walls, and were the eye
Of illustrious Sicily.
Years of prosperous fate ensued,
Bringing grace and wealth to crown
Native worth and old renown.
Jove, Rhea's son, who hold'st Olympus,
And, soothed with song, the glorious games
By the ford of Alpheus lovest,
Shield their fatherland benign,
And for ever guard their line!

Epode 1.

The things which are atchieved and wrought,
Whether they have been just or not,
Time, the sire of all,
Cannot render now undone;
But of evils overpast
With milder fate oblivion comes at last:
And, when goodly joys arise,
Calamity beat down
Shrinks back again and dies;

Strophe 2.

While the lot from God proceeding
Honor'd wealth bestows.

* Argigentum.

Well my words beseem the fate
Of the maids, in high estate
Throned, from loins of Cadmus* sprung;
Much they bore, but grief subdued
Sinks before superior good.
Amongst the Gods with long locks flowing
Lives thunder-smitten †Semele;
Love she hath from Pallas ever,
Much from mighty Jove hath won,
And his ivy-bearing son.

Antistrophe 2.

Story saith, in deeps abiding,
With the sea-born maids
Of old Nereus, Ino hath
Changeless years untouch'd by death.
Mortals never can foreknow
When the hour of death is doom'd,
And the thread of life consumed;
Nor when the day, serenely beaming,
Child of the sun, for them shall cease,
With prosperity unbroken.
Streams, that changeful ebb and flow,
Come to man with joy and wo.

Epode 2.

Thus destiny, which made the fate
Of thy forefathers blithe and great,
Showering on their house
Wealth and honor from the Gods,
Evil brought upon their race,
Which should in time to joy again give place;

* Ancestor of Theron.

† Semele and Ino were daughters of Cadmus.

Since the son* ill-fated slew
Laïus, and made the voice
From ancient Pytho true.

Strophe 3.

Him the keen-eyed Fury viewing
With domestic strife
Smote his martial progeny
By each other doom'd to die.
Famed in games of youth and war,
After Polynices slain,
Did his honor'd son remain,
Thersander, to thine house, †Adrastus,
A scyon of auxiliar strength
From that root, ‡Ænesidamus,
Sprung, thy son should not in vain
Ask for song and lyric strain,

Antistrophe 3.

Who victorious at Olympia
Hath received the prize.
Isthmus too and Pytho's game
Saw him to his ‖brother's fame
Link'd; the Graces, favouring both,
Twelve times round the holy course
Led their fourfold strength of horse.
The honor won in trials glorious
Looses the heart from gloomy thoughts;
Wealth, adorn'd with noble virtues,

---

* Œdipus, through whom, by the line of Polynices and Thersander, Theron was descended from Cadmus.

† Adrastus was the father of Thersander's mother.

‡ Father of Theron. ‖ Xenocrates.

Searching duties with it bears,
Opportunities, and cares,

Epode 3.

A star to man exceeding bright,
Shining with true and splendid light.
He, who hath it, knows
What to all hereafter comes.
Dying, evil men straightway
Reap punishment; crimes, here beneath Jove's sway
Done, are judged by one below,
Whom hateful need constrains
To speak the doom of wo.

Strophe 4.

But alike by night for ever,
And alike by day,
Righteous men with sunlight blest
Have a life of tranquil rest;
Nor the earth with strength of hands
Harass, nor the ocean's flood,
Laboring for scanty food.
Those, who in faithful vows delighted,
Now with the honor'd Gods enjoy
Tearless years untouch'd by sorrow;
The foresworn have lengthen'd toil,
From which mortal eyes recoil.

Antistrophe 4.

They who have the strength, unsullied
On each side the grave,
Thrice,* the spirit to restrain
Pure from all unrighteous stain,

* Until after the third metempsychosis or change of body.

Unto Saturn's far abode
Shall atchieve Jove's arduous way.
Soft airs, born of ocean's spray,
There round the blessed isles are breathing,
And golden blossoms gleam; some deck
Beauteous trees, and some the water
Nourishes; blithe hands entwine
Flowery chains and wreaths that shine;

Epode 4.

As Rhadamanth's unerring word
Hath doom'd, who sits by Saturn, lord
Of great Rhea, throned
High above all powers that be.
Amid those removed from care
Cadmus and Peleus dwell in glory there.
Thither joyful Thetis brought
Her son, (when moved by prayer
Jove granted what she sought,)

Strophe 5.

Who o'erthrew undaunted Hector,
Pillar stout of Troy,
Cycnus slew, and Æthiop* born
From the womb of rosy Morn.
Still beneath mine elbow stored
Many a fleet arrow lies
In the quiver, to the wise
Plain sounding; but unto the many
Interpretation they require.
Wise are those, with Nature's learning
Largely gifted; but the taught,
With imperfect jargon fraught,

* Memnon.

Antistrophe 5.

Like obstreperous daws, clamor
Round Jove's bird divine.
Aim the bow with skilful eye!
Mind, bestir thee! whom shall I
With benignant spirit reach,
Speeding the famed arrow's flight?
Agrigentum, I will smite
Thy city, with an oath confirming,
What I with heart sincere avouch,
Thou, an hundred* years enduring,
Hast not borne a heart more kind,
Liberal hand, and friendly mind,

Epode 5.

Than Theron's; but his well-earn'd praise
Did hostile insolence upraise,
Men† unjust, insane,
Wishing o'er the good he wrought
By false speech to throw a veil,
And add ill deeds to many an evil tale.
None can count the ocean's sand,
None tell the joys diffused
O'er others by his hand.

---

* Agrigentum had then been founded an hundred years.

† Alluding to the revolt of Capys and Hippocrates.

SONETO.

1804.

ESPAÑA, España, si sobervia y fuerte,
Si del ufano hierro de fiera gente
Traspassada, muriesses dignamente,
Yo no lloráre tan heroyca suerte !
Duerme tu alma mezquina, y no se advierte,
Que quien se acaba con honrada frente
Vivirà en la memoria eternamente,
Y aqui dichosa se dirà su muerte ?
Gallarda tu eras entre las naciones ;
En las batallas diestra no domada
Tuves, a par de otra qualquier gloriosa :
Ni armas te agora faltan, o varones,
O fuerza ; mas la mente confiada,
Y el brio, que te hizieron poderosa.

SONETTO.

TRADOTTO DAL IPPOLITO DI EURIPIDE.

1804

QUESTA tessuta a te, Dea casta e buona,
Di fior vaghissimi ghirlanda bella,
Da prato intatto insull' alba novella
Scelti, mia mano umile sacra e dona :

Da prato, dove armento mai non suona;
Nè mai pastor vi giunge, o falce fella;
Ma la rugiada semplice l'abbella,
E il mormorio dell' api vi risuona.
Cui l'arte è ignota, e caro per natura
L'immacolato del pudor costume,
Coglier indi sol lice il verde stelo.
Tu il pio fregio da man pudica e pura
All' auree chiome aggradi, o santo Nume!
Chè questa dote sola mi diè il cielo.

SONETTO.

"Hermosura infeliz, siempre nacida
Para mortal estrego de la vida!"
LA RAQUEL.

1804.

O LUCI angeliche, amorose, e belle,
Da che sul delicato e dolce viso
Lampeggia placido e soave il riso
Duci siete d' amor, beate stelle!
Oimè bellezze dolci si, ma felle!
Oimè 'l bel sguardo, che ha ogni cor conquiso!
Le mille grazie care in van ravviso,
Vaghe sempre, mutabili, e novelle!
Perfide duci! lusinghiere scorte!
Ovunque voi lanciate i chiari lampi,

Par che baleni amor, ed arda gioia:
Ma dietro siede infausta e dura sorte;
Quanto più avvien che il bel splendor avvampi,
Tanto ci seguirà più grave noja.

SONETTO.

Ad un' amico.

1804.

Nella calda stagion verde e gioiosa
Di voglia giovenile e vago errore,
Lasso! il ratto deporre un dolce amore,
Sì duro avvien, che l'alma non ha posa,
In van membrando l'aura insidiosa
Di quei pensieri, (inganni, oimè! del core)
E quelle dilettose e placid' ore,
Quando ridea d' amor l' onda or spumosa.
Duro; ma qualche ti sia pur conforto,
Qualche ristoro all'anima dolente,
Che tutto il buon, che lice, hai* fatto et detto.
Perchè or ti strugger quasi in pianto morto,
E non sgombrar dalla ferita mente
Questo amaro dolor, che celi in petto?

* ——— "quæcunque homines bene cuiquam aut dicere possunt
Aut facere, hæc a te dictaque factaque sunt." *Catullus.*

CANZONE.

1804.

Strofe.

Se mai di Teba l'aquila* immortale,
Sublime alzando sovra i nubi il volo
Presso il fulgido lume
Dell' aureo della luce eterno nume,
Per la solinga† via dell' ampio polo
Portò 'l fulmineo strale,
Augel di Giove! se a lei presso eguale
Quell' altro, cigno‡ di Pavià soave,
Col canto ardito e grave
Fè risonar di Roma le alte mura,
E gia sepolta nella sede oscura
Di freddi marmi e gran ruine sparte
L'ombra svegliò della città di Marte!

Antistrofe.

Ne ria sorte o dura iniqua stella
Me vieterà di riserrar le porte
D' inni canori amati;
E, dove alberga il tuono, sovra i fiati
Guidando il carro altisonante e forte,
In su l'alata sella
Delle Muse volar per la procella.
Non sempre a Dirce in riva o su i bei fiumi
D'Italia l' alme numi

* Pindaro. † ἐρήμου δι' αἰθέρος. *Pind.* ‡ A. Guidi.

Temprano il suon della dorata cetra ;
Che spiega il canto arditamente all'etra,
Ma sol di libertate per la strada
L'innalza sì, che fin a Giove vada.

Epodo.

Ottima è* l'acqua ; e, come
Di foco indomito notturna luce,
Gradito tra i mortali
L'oro ardente riluce :
Ma nullo impetra l'uom più bel tesoro,
Di te, onorato nome,
Di te, aurea Libertà ! tu pura sali,
Dell' acqua più preziosa, più dell' oro !
O della patria mia beate sponde !
O reina dell' onde
Dell' oceano, libera tu sei ;
E'l sarai, finchè in te virtù sicura
E del tuo chiaro ardor la fiamma dura ;
Ne mai di servitù gli atroci guai,
O causa di temer i colpi rei
Della Francese Babilonia avrai !
Dal giusto ciel munita
Vivi sdegnosa in libertà romita,
Mentre che i regi intorno ognor tremiscon
Sotto il Gallico giogo, ed obbediscon.

* * *

* Ἄριστον μὲν ὕδωρ, κ. τ. λ. *Pind. Ol.* 1. v. 1.

SYLVARUM LIBER.

——— ἀλλὰ γάρ ἐστιν
μοῦσα καὶ ἡμῖν, ἣ προσομιλεῖ
σοφίας ἕνεκεν.

EURIP. MED.

MUSARUM ETONENSIUM DICATIONES.

1795.

Ad Rev. G. Heath, S. T. P.

Dum tibi prima tui sacrat munuscula cultûs
Donaque fert timidâ Calliope citharâ,
Si quid honoratæ placeat felicius auri,
Sit tua cognato laus rediviva choro.

Ad Rev. J. Goodall, A. M.

1795.

Cui rorem melicæ levem Camenæ, et
Serta uligine veris ac juventæ
Parnasi in bifido rigata monte
Donem, Pierio flagrans amore?
Tuis auspiciis, tuâ sub umbrâ,
Libavi tenerâ scientiarum
Aure blanditias, lyrâque lætâ
Facundas colui vagus sorores.
Quod si Castalias vacans ad undas
Lubenti citharâ dedi susurros,
Si quid fortè mearum ineptiarum
Sit nec illepidum, nec invenustum,
Totum muneris est tui; quod ultra,
Parce, si pietas memor dicavit
Flosculos sociæ tibi Camenæ, et
Grati qualiacunque dona plectri.

ΔΑΡΘΟΥΛΗ.

Ossiani Darthulam, lector benigne, quinque annis antè Græcè redditam, nuper recensitam, tibi profero. Longas Nathi et Darthulæ narrationes, atque Ossiani cantilenam, ne modum libellus excederet, prætermisi; nec verbum verbo reddere curavi; satis, puto, cæterorum fidus interpres. Enimvero si in opere urduo incurias, quas parum caverim, deprehendes, voluntate prolixiori ignoscas; cùm mihi, gravioribus demum studiis impedito, Græcas, prout vellem, literas excolendi negatur opportunitas. Fateor equidem istorum me, qui poëmata, quæcunque in veteres linguas ex recentioribus reddita fuerint, odiis acerrimè insecuti sunt, minimè morari reprehensionem; illiberalem scilicet, neque viro docto, aut humanioribus literis imbuto, dignam planè sententiam! Ea sanè in musis colendis respicienda sunt, quæ ad delectationem animi atque subtilem pertinent voluptatem. Neque ultima nostrati linguæ inter recentiores laus adhibeatur; sed in Graiâ poësi major est et sonantior versuum incessus, pedum exquisita varietas, et cum facilitate numerorum consociata suavitas. Quòd si poëtam eximium, Britanniæ incolam, simplicitate animi, dictionis ubertate egregium, atque in veris humanæ mentis affectibus carmine depingendis Shacspero tantùm aut Homero secundum, pedestri quâdam poëseos specie obvolutum illustraverim; si pulcherrimas Darthulæ veneres cum Homeri ipsius poëmatibus conferendi propiorem dederim facultatem; non me inutilem sanè impendisse laborem existimavero. Simillima adeò in utriusque carminibus morum sociorum species exhibetur et consuetudo; simillimas in utriusque carminibus *διατυπώσεις* inveniemus, simillimas cogitationes; easque Graiæ poësi quàm Anglicæ aptiores. Hoc igitur me in primis impulit, ut suavissimum poëma novâ veste donarem: quòd si licentior in quibusdam exprimendis visus fuero, dicam me magni saltem atque laudati viri, Denhami scilicet, respexisse* sententiam; et

* "That master's hand, which to the life can trace
The airs, the lines, the features of the face,
May with a free and bolder stroke express
A varied posture, or a flattering dress."

Denham, to Sir R. Fanshaw, on his Translation of Pastor Fido.

contendisse, quâ poteram, diligentiâ, ut salvas germani poëmatis illecebras conservarem.

Miscellanea quædam ad calcem hujusce operis accedunt, quæ e scriniis ejeci, rus urbe, musarum veterum societatem severioribus studiis, permutans;

——————————— *οὐκέτ' ἀν' ὕλαν,*
Οὐκέτ' ἀνὰ δρυμὼς, οὐκ ἄλσεα· χαῖρ' Ἀρέθοισα,
Καὶ ποταμοὶ, τοὶ χεῖτε καλὸν κατὰ Θύμβριδος ὕδωρ.

Rhenum, poëma brevibus gravissimi morbi intervallis conscriptum, neque meo sanè judicio limatum satis aut perpolitum, cùm laude Academicâ signatum fuerit, mutare et refingere sum veritus; neque omnino nunc protulissem, nisi in libro quodam alieno, erroribus typographicis commaculatum, nuper prodiisset.

GULIELMUS HERBERT.

A.D. 1801.

ΟΥΡΑΝΙΗ *βασίλεια, μεγίστη, πότνα Σελήνη,*
Εὔκηλόν τε καὶ ἡδὺ τεὸν φάος ἔστι· σὲ δ' ἄστρα
Κυανέης τιμῶσι κατ' ἄντυγα νυκτὸς ὀπηδοὶ,
Καὶ φάεϊ χρυσέῳ νεφελῶν λάμποντα καρηνά.
Πότνια, τίς ἴκελός σοι ἐν οὐρανῷ ἀστερόεντι;
Ἀλλὰ τίη φεύγεις, καὶ ἐνὶ νεφέεσσι καλύπτεις
Αὐγὴν δακρυόεσσαν ἀμειδήτοιο προσώπου,
Ὡς ἐγὼ, ἀχνυμένη; ἦ σοι θνήσκουσιν ἑταῖροι,
Ἠὲ κασίγνηται κατ' Ὀλύμπου χρυσέον οὖδας,
Ὡς κακὴ Ὀσσιάνοιο φίλους περὶ μοῖρ' ἐκάλυψεν;
Ἔσσεται ὥρη, ὅτ' ἄν ποτ' ὀλώλῃ σὸν φάος ἱρὸν,
Οὐρανίων λεῖπον θείαν ὁδόν· ἐκ δὲ πεσούσης,
Τείρεα γηθήσει, τὰ κρύψεν σόν ποτε φέγγος·

Καλλίστη νῦν ἐσσὶ, καὶ ἀγλαΐῃσι προλάμπεις·
Ἔξιθι, ἔξιθι, πότνα· φάος περὶ καλὸν ἴαλλε·
Ὡς σκόπελοι στίλβωσι, καὶ ὑγρῆς νῶτα θαλάσσης.
Νᾶθος ἐπ᾽ ὠκεανὸν φεύγει διὰ νύκτα μέλαιναν,
Ἄλθος τ᾽, Ἄρδανός τε, κασιγνήτου συνοπηδοὶ,
Οὐνοθίδαι, δείσαντες ἀγήνορα Καρβαρῆα.
Ἄγχι δὲ παρθενικῆς ἀπαλώτατον ἵστατο εἶδος,
Δαρθούλη καλλιπλόκαμος, εἰκυῖα θεαίνῃ·
Νὺξ δ᾽ ἀμφεσκίασεν χάριτας μαλακοῖο προσώπου,
Ἡ δὲ κόμη μορμύρει ἐν ὠκεανίτισιν αὔραις
Ἀμφ᾽ ὤμους παίζουσα· θέει δ᾽ ὑπὲρ εὐρέα πόντον
Οὐνοθίδεω δι᾽ ἔρωτα φυγοῦσ᾽ ἐς δάσκιον Ἤθην.
Τοὺς δ᾽ ἄνεμοι παράγουσι, καὶ οὐκ ἐς δάσκιον Ἤθην
Ἔρχονται· ξενίων οὔτις διαδέρκεται αὐγὴ
Ἐκ θαλάμων· δέχεται δ᾽ ἐχθρῆς νέα κόλπος Ἐρῖνος.
Πῇ ποτ᾽ ἄρ᾽ ἦσθε, Νότοι, ὅτ᾽ ἐμοὶ ψεύδοντο ἑταῖροι;
Ἦ ῥά που ἐν πεδίοις πτερὰ ποικίλα δινεύοντες
Ἧκα περὶ σκολύμων συνεπαίζετε λεπτὸν ἴουλον;
Ἀλλὰ γὰρ ὠφέλετ᾽ ἀργενναῖς ὀθόνῃσι πεσόντες
Νῆα φέρειν Ἤθηνδε κατ᾽ ὠκεανὸν κελαδεννόν.
Οὐνοθίδην δ᾽ ἄνεμοι σφάλλουσιν, νηύς τε μελαινα
Τύρην εἰς ἐχθρὴν ῥιπῇ βορέαο φορεῖται.
Καί τοτε Δαρθούλη λιγυρὴν ἀνενείκατο φωνήν.
Ἆρά γέ μοί που σοὺς θαλάμους καὶ δῶμα γέροντος
Οὐνύθου εἰσλεύσσεις; τί δὲ μύρεαι, φίλτατε Νᾶθε;
Δαρθούλῃ φάος ἐσσὶ καὶ εἰν ἀΐδαο δόμοισι.
Ἦ ῥ᾽ ἄπιμεν δύστηνοι ἄπωθεν δασκίου Ἤθης;
Τὴν δ᾽ ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέειπεν Νᾶθος ἀμυμών.
Τῆλ᾽ ἄπιμεν, Κολληΐ φίλη, ἀπὸ πατρίδος αἴης·
Οὐ γὰρ ἐμοὺς λεύσσω θαλάμους, καὶ δῶμα γέροντος
Οὐνόθου· ἀλλ᾽ ἐχθρὴ τέταται Καρβαρέος ὄχθη
Χλωρῇ ἐν Οὐλλῖνι· πνοιῶν δ᾽ ἐπίκειται ἀναγκή.

Ἄλθος δ', Ἄρδανός τε, κατ' ἠΐονα σκοπέεσθε,
Μὴ λάθῃ ἐρχόμενος, καὶ ἀπαύρῃ νόστιμον ἦμαρ.
Αὐτὰρ ἐγὼ Τύρης παρὰ πύργους τῆλε φαεινοὺς
Εἶμι σκεπτόμενος· σὺ δέ μοι, Κολληΐ φιλίστη,
Ἧσο παρ' αἰγιαλὸν κέαρ ἡσυχός· ἀμφί σε Νάθου
Δεξία ἐκτέταται, ἱκελὴ φλογόεντι κεραυνῷ.
Οἱ δ' ἔβαν· ἡ δὲ παρ' αἰγιαλὸν στονόεντα θαλάσσης
Οἰόθι δακρυχέουσα καθέζετο· πάντοσε δ' ὄσσοις
Ἀμπεδίον πάπτηνε δυσαλγὴς, εἴ που ἀκούοι
Νάθου νισσομένου· ἐπὶ δ' αἰνὴ βρίθεθ' ὁμίχλη.
Ἡ δὲ μάλ' ἀχνυμένη ὀλοφύρατο, φώνησέν τε.
Ἦ μέλλεις, τριπόθητος, ἀνέλθειν ; ἡ δ' ἐρεβεννὴ
Βρίθετο νὺξ ἐρίδουπον ἐπ' ἤονα· πάντοσε δ' αὔρη
Ἀμφ' ἐμὲ λευγαλέη πνείει· δείδοικα δὲ θυμῷ,
Μή σ' ἐχθροὶ στυγεροῖσι κακῶς βελέεσσι δαμῶσιν.
Ὣς φατ' ὀδυρομένη· ἀνὰ δ' ἤλυθε Νᾶθος ἀμυμὼν,
Κῆρ ἀχέων· δεινόν ῥα τέρας παρὰ τείχεα Τύρης
Ψυχή οἱ ἄντησε Κυχουλλίνοιο ἄνακτος.
Ἄστρων ἠερίου λάμψεν διὰ σώματος αὐγή·
Ὅσσε δέ οἱ θανατῷ λυγρὸν φλέγε, χειρί τ' ὀλοιῇ
Πάλλε δόρυ σκίοεν, καί οἱ σήμαινεν ὄλεθρον.
Ἔνθ' ὅγ' ἐλυπήθη, ὡς ἠελίοιο πρόσωπον,
Εἰαρίνοις ὄμβροισι καλὴ ὅτε κρύπτεται αὐγή.
Τὸν δ' ἄρα Δαρθούλη ἀγανοῖς ἐπέεσσι προσηύδα.
Νᾶθε, τίη μύρεαι; καὶ γὰρ Κολληΐδι μοῦνον
Ἐσσὶ φάος· σιγὴ τέταται διὰ δῶμα Σελάμης
Ὀκρυόεσσ'· εὕδει δὲ πάτηρ, εὕδουσιν ἑταῖροι,
Οὐλλῖνος κρατερῷ δεδμημένοι ἀμφὶ Κρομάχῳ
Ἐν πεδίοις· αὐτοὺς εἶδον κονίῃσι πεσόντας,
Ἐντεά τε βροτόεντα χάμαι θνήσκοντος ἀδέλφου.
Ἀλλά τοτ' ἐν πολέμοιο μόθῳ χέρας Οὐνοθίδαο
Καρβαρεὺς ἔδδεισε· τεὴν δ' οὐ μίμνεν ἐρωὴν

Ἐς πόλεμον σπέρχοντος· ὁ δ' ἔκφυγεν, ὥσπερ ὄνειρος
Χρυσέοις ἠελίου βεβλημένος ἀκτίνεσσι.
Τὴν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέειπεν ἀρήϊος ἥρως.
Ἐς πόλεμον, Κολληῖ φίλη, νεότητι τερείνῃ
Ἤϊα, καὶ μαλακή μοι χεὶρ ἐβαρύνετο δουρί·
Ἔκλαμψεν δ' ἀρετὴ ψυχῆς, ὡς οὔρεσιν αὐγαὶ
Ἠελίου στίλβουσι, κυλινδομένης πὲρ ἀέλλης.
Νῦν δὴ μοῖρά μ' ἐπίσπεν, ἄτιμος, τηλόθι πάτρας·
Οὐ μὲν ἐμῆς ψυχῆς νῦν μοι γλυκὺς ἵμερος ἦλθεν,
Οὐδὲ κασιγνήτων, οἳ ἐνὶ κονίῃσι πεσοῦνται
Ὀλλύμενοι δι' ἐμοῦ· δείδοικα δ' ἄρ' εἴνεκά σειο,
Μὴ κεινός σ' ἐχθρῇσι, φίλη, χείρεσσι βιήσῃ
Ἄγριος ὢν καὶ ἄνοικτρος· ἐγὼ δ' οὐκ ἔσσομαι, ὅς σε
Ῥύσομ' ὀδυρομένην, καὶ δυστυχὲς ἦμαρ ἀπώσω.
Ὡς ὄφελόν σ' ἄνεμοι Σέλμης ἀπὸ δασκίου ἀκτῆς,
Ὄσκαρε, προσπελάσαι· τότε κεν τρέσσειαν Ἐρινοι
Αὐτόθ' ἐνὶ μεγάροις· καὶ γὰρ Καρβαρέα φάσκες
Τίσεσθαι μέγ' ἄποινον ἀπολλυμένοιο Κρομάχου.
Ἀλλὰ τί, θυμὲ, βαρύνῃ ; ἐν ἀνδροφόνῳ τάχα χάρμῃ
Αὖθι κρατήσουσι στιβαραὶ χέρες Οὐνοθιδάων.
Ὣς φάτο· Δαρθούλη δὲ μεγαυχῆ φράζετο μυθὸν
Εὐχομένη· ἀπαλὸς δ' ἐν στήθεσιν ἄλλετο θυμός.
Ἦ ῥα κρατήσουσιν· μέλεον δ' οὐκ ἔσσεται εὖχος·
Ἦ ῥα κρατήσουσιν. Δότε μοι μελαναυγέα τεύχη
Ἐκ νηός· πολέμου δὲ μόθον γοργῶπος ἔσειμι
Παρθένος· Ὦ Κόλλεω ψυχὴ, ὦ φίλτατ' ἀδέλφων
Τρούθιλλε, σκιερῶν διαδέρκεσθ' ἐκ νεφελῶν μοι·
Οὔποτε δ' ὀκλάσσω βιοωμένη· οὔποτέ μ' ἄξει
Εὖνιν Καρβαρεὺς, ὅς μοι δόμον ἠίστωσεν.
Ὣς ἔφατ'· εὐχομένης δὲ βράχεια κατέλλαβε Νᾶθον
Ἀγλαΐη· μαλακῆς δὲ κόρης εἴσβλεψε πρόσωπον,
Τερπόμενος κραδίην· ἐπεθώϋξεν δ' ἐὺς Ἄλθος.

Ἦ ῥα πέλας μάλ' ἴασιν ἀολλέες· αὐτὸς ἄκουσα
Σαλπίγγων κλαγγῆς, καὶ εἶδον σήματ' Ἐρῖνος
Παμμέλανα· νικᾷ δὲ βοὴ Καρβαρέος αἰνὴ
Ἐχθρῆς ἐκ κεφαλῆς, ὥστε Κρομολῆς ῥέον ὕδωρ.
Καὶ γὰρ ἀπ' αἰγιαλοῦ προυσκέψατο νῆα μέλαιναν
Προπρὸ ὑπαὶ δείλην, ἠδ' ἐν πεδίῳ Ληναίῳ
Ἧστο σὺν ὁπλίτῃσι, καὶ ἔγχεα μυρία κινεῖ.
Ἦ κακὰ σημαίνων· τὸν δ' αὖθις ἀμείβετο Νᾶθος
Λευγαλέον γελάσας· ᾠδεῖ δέ οἱ ἄλκιμον ἦτορ.
Μυρία δὴ κινοῖτο· τί μοι μέλει; ἐλθέτω αὐτὸς,
Ἐλθέτω ὁπλισθεὶς ἀναριθμήτοις σὺν ἑταίροις·
Οὔποτέ τίς γ' ἐρέει, ὡς Οὐνόθου ἀλκιμόεντος
Υἷῆες τρομέουσιν ἐνὶ κρατερῇ ὑσμινῇ.
Πόντε, τί μαργαίνεις, καὶ ἀολλέα κύματ' ἐγείρεις
Ῥηκτὸν ἐπ' αἰγιαλόν; τί δὲ μαίνεσθ' αἰνὸν, ἀήται,
Βένθεα πορφύροντ' οὔλαις κόπτοντες ἀέλλαις,
Οὐ γὰρ οἴετε Νᾶθον ὑπὸ σφετερῶν μανιάων
Δέσμιον αὖθι μένειν, καὶ Ἐρίνων κύρμα ἄνακτι·
Αὐτὸν ἐὴ ψυχὴ ἴσχει, καὶ θυμὸς ἀγήνωρ.
Ἀλλ' ἄγε, νῦν ἀδεεῖς θωρησσόμεθ' αἴθοπι χάλκῳ,
Ἄλθε φίλ'· ἐγχείην δὲ σύ μοι φέρε, τήν ποτ' ἔπηλε
Σῆμος ἀρηΐφιλος· κεῖται δ' ἐν νηῒ μελαίνῃ.
Ὣς ἔφατ'· οὐδ' ἀπίθησε βίη θεοεικελου Ἄλθου.
Ἔνθα μὲν ὡπλίσθη ἐνὶ χάλκῳ παμφανόωντι
Ἡρὼς Οὐνοθίδης· ἐρατὸν δ' ἐν τεύχεσι βαίνων
Λαμπετάα· δεινὴν δ' ἄρ' ἀπ' ὀφθαλμῶν χέεν αἴγλην,
Καρβαρῆα μένων ἀμοτόν· πέλας ἕζετ' ἄναυδος
Δαρθούλη· ἐπὶ δ' ἡγεμονῆ' ἔχεν ἄτρεμας ὄμμα,
Σιγηλή· γοεροῖσι δ' ὑπὸ στήθεσσι πίεζεν
Ἡμίπνουν στοναχὴν, καὶ δάκρυσι τέγγε παρείας.
Ἄλθον δὴ Νᾶθος ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα.
Σπεῦδε, κασίγνητε· γλαφυροῖς σπεέσσι τάχιστα

Τήνδε κατάκρυψόν μοι παρθένον ἱμερόεσσαν·
Εἴθε γὰρ ἐν χαλκέοισιν ἐῇ ἀλκῇφι πεποιθὼς
Καρβαρεὺς τεύχεσσι μόλοι· ἡμῖν δὲ μελήσει
Ἀντίβιον μάρνασθαι ἐν αἰνῇ δηϊότητι.
Ἦν δὲ σὺ, Δαρθούλη, θανάτου τέλος ἐξαλεείνῃς,
Ἅλθῳ σὺν βριαρῷ ὑπὲρ εὐρέα νῶτα θαλάσσης
Φεῦγε παρ' εὐξείνους Ἤθης πολυδειράδος ὄχθας,
Μηδέ τί μου κήδεσθε καὶ ἐν κονίῃσι πεσόντος.
Ἅλθε φίλ', ἀγγελίην σημαίνεο πατρὶ γέροντι,
Εὐκλειῇ γε πεσεῖν ἐνὶ πικρῇ δηϊότητι
Νᾶθον ἀρηΐφιλον· ὡς μνήσατο θουρίδος ἀλκῆς
Οὐ μὴν ἀκλαυτεὶ ὑπὸ μυριάσιν γε δαμασθείς·
Ὣς οἱ ἀγάλλοιτο λυγρὸν μετὰ πένθεος ἦτορ.
Ἔνθα σὺ, Δαρθούλη, χορὸν ἴσταθι παρθενικάων
Ἤθῃ ἐνὶ χλοερῇ, σκιερὴ ὡς νεῖται ὀπώρη·
Αἴθε καὶ Ὀσσίανος θείην ὀμφὴν ἀναγείροι,
Καὶ γοερὴν μέλποι μοῖραν πολυηχέσι χορδαῖς,
Θέλγων μοι ψυχὴν ἀνεμωκέσιν ἐν νεφέλῃσι.
Ὣς ἔφατο, πνείων δεινὴν ἐκ στήθεος ὀργήν·
Οὐδέ σέ γ' Ὀσσιάνου κιθάρη, πολυήρατε Νᾶθε,
Σαῖς ἐπὶ νώνυμνον νεφέλαις ποτάασθαι ἐάσει,
Ἔντιμος δ' ἔσεαι καὶ ἀοίδιμος ἐσσομένοισιν.
Ὡς ὄφελον Λήνης πεδίῳ, ὅτ' ἐγείρετ' ἀϋτὴ,
Σῶσαι σὴν κεφαλὴν, ἢ σφαλλόμενος ἅμ' ὄλεσθαι.
Ἡμεῖς δ' εἰλαπινῇσι καθήμεθα τῶς ἐνὶ Σέλμῃ.
Λυσσώθη δ' ἄνεμος· ὁ δὲ δαίμων οὐρεσιφοίτης
Λευγαλέον ἐνοφερῇσιν ἐνὶ δρυσὶν ἐξολόλυξε·
Δῶμα δ' ὕπηλθ' αὔρη, κιθάρης τ' ἐπιδέδρομε χορδὰς
Μαλθακὰ μοιριδίῳ ψιθυρίσματι μορμύρουσα.
Κωμαλίδης δ' ἐσάκουσεν, ὀδυρόμενός τε ἔειπεν·
Ὦ πόποι, ἡμετέρων τινα μοῖρ' ἐκίχανεν ἑταίρων·
Υἱὸς ἐν κιθάρῃ θανατηφόρος ἔπνεεν αὔρη

Λυγρὴν ἀγγελίην· σὺ δ' ἰήλεμον ἠδὺν ἔγειρε,
Υἱὲ φίλ', ἐν χορδαῖς· ψυχὴν θέμις οὐκ ἄτερ ὕμνων
Ἄκρα Μορυείνης εἰς εἰνοσίφυλλα νέεσθαι.
Ὡς ἔφατ'· αὐτὰρ ἐγὼ γλυκερὸν κελάδημ' ἐπέγειρον,
Ἥρα ἄνακτι φέρων· λυγρὸν δέ τι ἔστενε φόρμιγξ.
Νᾶθος δ' Οὐλλῖνος ἀλίῳ ῥηγμῖνι ἄναυδος
Δυσμενέων κλαγγὴν προσέμεινεν, νυκτὸς ἄωρι.
Ἠμὸς δ' ἠριγένεια φάνη ῥοδοδάκτυλος ἠώς,
Δὴ τότε πασσυδίῃ ἐξήϊσαν υἷες Ἐρίνων,
Ὄχθῳ δενδρήεντι ἀλίγκιοι· ἐν δ' ἄρα μέσσῳ
Καρβαρεὺς ἔστηκε μέγας, σοβαρόν τ' ἐγέλασσε.
Ἂν δ' ἔθορεν Νᾶθος, θαλερὴν ἐπιειμένος ἀλκήν·
Ἄρδανός τ', Ἄλθος τε, κασίγνητοι μενεχάρμαι,
Ἄμφω ἐν ἡλικίῃ τερενεστάτῃ, ἄμφω ἄνηβοι·
Δαρθούλη δὲ βέλος σπομένη χείρεσσι τίνασσεν.
Νᾶθος δ' ἐσσύμενος προσφθέγξατο Καρβαρῆα·
Εἶ' ἄγε, Καρβαρεὺ ὑπερήφανε, τῷδ' ἐνὶ χώρῳ
Τεύχεσιν ἀντίβιον πειρήσομεν, ὅς κεν ἀρείων,
Αἴ κε μένειν τολμᾷς βαθυκόλπου εἵνεκα κούρης.
Τίπτε δὲ παγχάλκων ὁλοὸν στράτον ἦγες ἑταίρων
Μοῦνον ἔπι; προσθέν γε φυγὼν πεδίοισι Σελάμης
Οὐνοθίδην ἔδδεισας ἐν αἰνῇ δῃϊότητι.
Τὸν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος γέλασεν σοβαρῶς Καρβαρεύς·
Νήπιε παῖ, κρείων οὔ σοι πολεμήσει Ἐρίνων·
Οὐ γάρ σοι πάτερες πολυώνυμοι, οὐδὲ τροπαῖα,
Οὐδ' ὅπλων ἀνάθημ' ἐπὶ δώμασιν· ἐν δὲ Τεμώρῃ
Κῦδος ἐμὸν λέγεται· οὐδὲ σμικροῖς πολεμήσω.
Ὡς φάτο κερτομέων· λύπησε δέ οἱ φίλον ἦτορ·
Νᾶθος δ' ἀχθόμενος σιγῇ πρόσλευσσεν ἀδέλφους·
Οἱ δ' ἄρ' ἅμ' ἐσσύμενοι βριαροὺς ἐφέηκαν ἄκοντας,
Ἡρώων τ' ἔβαλον τρία σώματα· λάμπετο δ' αἴγλη
Εὐθὺς ἀπὸ ξιφέων· χάζονται δ' υἷες Ἐρίνων,

Ὡς νεφέλαι βορέαο κεδάσθεισαι ὑπ' ἀήτῃ·
Καὶ νῦν δεινὰ μάχης ἂν ἔρεξαν ἔργ' ἀλεγεινῆς,
Εἰ μὴ Καρβαρεὺς δείσας ἐκέλευσεν ἑταίρους
Τείνειν μυρία τόξα ταχειάων ἀπὸ χειρῶν.
Ἔνθα μὲν Οὐνοθίδας ἐκίχανεν μοῖρα κραταιή·
Δούπησαν δὲ πεσόντες ἐπ' ἠΐονι βροτοέσσῃ·
Ὡς δρύες ἠνεμόεντι ἐν οὔρεϊ, τὰς μὲν ὀδίτης
Καλλικόμους θαύμασσεν ἐρημαίῳ ἐνὶ χώρῳ·
Νὺξ δ' ὁλοὴ ἐπέκειτο, θοοῦ τ' Εὔροιο καταὶξ
Προῤῥίζους ζαμενὴς ἔκλασσεν· ὁ δ' αὖριον ἐλθὼν
Εἶδε μαραινομένας, καὶ ἐν κονίῃσι θανούσας.
Ὣς πέσον Οὐνοθίδαι Δαρθούλην ἀμφὶ τέρειναν.
Ἡ δ' ἔστηκεν ἀκήν, ἀνιωμένη ἐν κραδίῃ περ,
Ἥρωας πεπτεῶτας ἐν αἵματι εἰσορόωσα·
Οὐ μὲν ἐν ὀφθαλμοῖς δάκρυ τρέμε· τῆς δὲ παρείης
Ὠχραίνοντο ῥόδα· στυγερόν τέ τι χείλεα μῦζον.
Τὴν δ' ἐπικερτομέων προσέφη κρείων Καρβαρεύς.
Δαιμονίη, ποῦ νῦν σοι ὑπέρβιός ἐστιν ἐράστης,
Φαίδιμος Οὐνοθίδης, Ἤθης χρυσάρματος ἥρως;
Ἆρα Μορουείνης πύργους σκιόεντά τε εἴδες
Ἄλση; ἀητάων σ' εἰ μὴ κατερήτυον ὁρμαί,
Ἔνθα καὶ ἐν Σέλμης πεδίοις πολεμοῦντός ἐμεῖο
Κωμαλίδης τρέσσειε μένος καὶ χεῖρ' ἀδάμαστον.
Ἦ ῥα μέγ' αὐχήσας· ἡ δ' οὐκ ἀνενείκατο φωνήν·
Ἀλλὰ σάκος πέσεν ἦκ' ὀλιγοδρανέων ἀπὸ χειρῶν,
Καὶ κόλπον γύμνωσε νιφωδέα, τὸν πρὶν ὀϊστὸς
Χαλκέος ἔπληξεν· ἡ δὴ βίον ἐκπνεύσασα,
Αἵματι φυρομένη χρόα μαλθακὸν, αἵματι χαιτὰς,
Κεῖται ἐπὶ Νάθου, ἰκέλη νιφοειδέϊ σώρῳ.
Αὐτάρ οἱ πολύδακρυν ἐθρήνεον ὕμνον ἀοιδοί.
Κεῖσαι, Δαρθούλη λευκώλενος, ἐν κονίῃσι·
Ὤλετο Τρουθίλλου κλεινὸν γένος, οὐδὲ Σελάμης

Χρυσέον ἀγλαΐης ἔτι φωνῇ δῶμ᾽ ἰαχήσει.
Κεῖσαι, Δαρθούλη, καλλίστη παρθενικάων·
Ἐν σκότῳ αἰδίῳ σιγηλοῦ ἐνδόθι τύμβου
Εὕδεις νήγρετον ὕπνον ὁμοιΐου θανάτοιο.
Ουποτέ σ᾽ ἠέλιος προσδέρξεται, οὔποτ᾽ ἐρήσει,—
Ἔγρεο, παρθενικῶν χλῖδος· δρόσοεν γὰρ ἄημα
Πνείει σοι ζεφύροιο· τὰ δ᾽ ἄνθεα πάντ᾽ ἐν ὄρεσφι
Σείεται, ὕλῃσίν τε γελᾷ παμπόρφυρον εἶαρ.—
Ηλιε, μὴ λάμπου· ἡ παῖς αἰώνιον εὕδει
Εὐνῇ εἰν Ἀΐδεω σκοτοέσσῃ, κ᾽ οὔποτε λεύσεις
Παρθένον ἀγλαόμορφον ἐν ἀβροσύνῃ προμολοῦσαν.
Ὣς οἵγ᾽ ἀμφίεπον κούρης τάφον ἱμεροέσσης·
Αὐτὰρ ἐγὼν ἐπὶ τύμβῳ ἰήλεμον αὖθις ἄεισα,
Ἠνίκα Κωμαλίδης χλοερῇ Οὐλλῖνι πρόσηλθεν,
Ὀρνύμενος στυγερῷ σὺν Καρβαρῆι μάχεσθαι.

EX OSSIANI BERRATHONE.

1801.

Ἀκλειεῖς τεθνᾶσιν, ὅσοι ποτε φάσκον ἄριστοι
Ἔμμεναι, οὐδ᾽ ἐδύναντο μέλαιναν κῆρ᾽ ὑπάλυξαι.
Ἀνθρώπων δὴ φῦλα κυλίνδεται ἄλλα μετ᾽ ἄλλα·
Ὥσπερ ἐν αἰγιαλῷ κλύζοντος κύματα πόντου,
Ὥσπερ δάσκια φύλλα Μορουείνης βαθυδένδρου
Τηλεθάει· ἄνεμος δὲ τὰ μὲν φέρει, ἄλλα δὲ θηλεῖ·
Ὣς ἀνδρῶν γενέη ἀλλάσσεται. Ἀρά γε πότμον
Ἡ κεφαλῇ ἀπάμυνεν ἐὺ κράτος Ὀσκαρίοιο,
Ἡ χάρις ἀμβροσίη Ῥυνῶος κῆρ᾽ ἀλέεινεν;
Κωμαλίδης αὐτὸς τέθνηκεν, φέρτατος ἀνδρῶν,

Χρυσέον τ' ἐκλέλαθεν πατερῶν δόμον· οὐδὲ γέραιος
Μοῖραν ἀοιδοπόλος ὑπαλύξομαι, ὡς ἀπόλοντο
Ἥρωες· τὸ δ' ἐμὸν κλέος ἔσσεται, ἠΰτε φῆγος
Εἶνι Μορυείνῃ τανυφύλλῳ, ἥπερ ἀέλλης
Ἀντήρειδε κόμας, ἀνέμοιό τε ἶφι ἀνάσσει.

IAMBOI.

I.

Vide "Shakspere—Macbeth, Act IV. Scene I."

1795.

Τρεῖς φαρμακίδες. Ἑκάτη.

πρώτ. φ.—ΛΥΓΡΟΝ τρὶς αἴθοψ αἰόλουρος ἔκραγεν.
δευτ. φ.—Τρίς· ἡ δ' ἐχῖνος ἀγρία 'φώνησ' ἅπαξ.
τρίτ. φ.—Ἅρπηρ δὲ κράζει,—καιρός ἐστιν· ἀρκτέον.
πρώτ. φ.—Λέβητος ἄμφ' ἴωμεν ἀῤῥήτῳ κύκλῳ·
Ἔμβαλλε δεινῶν ἐντέρων τὰ φάρμακα·
Τὸν φύσαλον μὲν, ὅς γ' ὑπαὶ πέτρον λαθὼν
Ῥιγοῦντα, θαλπὼν νηδὺν ἰωδῇ, κακὴν,
Νύκτας τριάκονθ' ἡμέρας τ' ηὐνάζετο,
Πρῶτον πότοις ἔμβαλλε λυμαντηρίοις.
πᾶσαι.—Πόνος πόνῳ πόνον φέρει·
Αὔγαζε, πῦρ· ἄφρει, λέβης.
πρώτ. φ.—Ὑγρᾶς δ' ἐχίδνης φαρμακωδὲς ἔντερον
Ἔνδον λέβητος ἀνθρακιζέσθω ζέον,
Καὶ χλωροσαύρας ὄμμα, βατράχου τε ποὺς,
Κυνός τε γλῶσσα· νυκτερίδος οὔλης λάχνη,
Ἐγκεντρὶς ὄφεως, ἄσπιδος πικρὸν βέλος,
Σκέλος τε σαύρας, καὶ κακῆς γλαυκὸς πτέρυξ,

Ὁμῶς ἅπαντ' ἐν πώμασιν θυμοφθόροις
Ἀφρίζεθ', ὡς τῶν νερτέρων ζωμεύματα.
πᾶσαι.—Πόνος πόνῳ πόνον φέρει·
Αὔγαζε, πῦρ· ἄφρει, λέβης.
τρίτ. φ.—Λέπις δράκοντος, οὐλίου θ' ὁδοὺς λύκου,
Ξηρόν τε σῶμα φαρμακίδος ἐφθαρμένης,
Θαλασσίου τε φοίνιον κυνὸς κάρα,
Κώνειον, ὅ τις ὑπ' εὐφρόνης ἐδρέψατο
Αὐταῖσι ῥίζαις, ἠδ' Ἰουδαίου λυγρὸν
Θεοὺς λοιδοροῦντος ἦπαρ, αἰγεία χολὴ,
Κλάδοι χλοηροὶ σμίλακος, χάλκου τομῇ
Μήνην ὑπ' ἐκλιποῦσαν ἀποκεκομμένοι,
Ῥῖνές τε Θρῃκὸς, κἀγρίου χείλη Σκύθου,
Καὶ δάκτυλος τεχθέντος ἐν τάφρῳ βρέφους,
Ὃ τῆς ἀναιδοῦς μητρὸς ἔκτανον χέρες,
Ζωμὸν πιαίνετ'· ἔντερον δ' ἐμβάλλετε
Τιγρίδος, ἀκμάζῃ φαρμάκοισιν ὡς λέβης.
πᾶσαι.—Πόνος πόνῳ πόνον φέρει·
Αὔγαζε, πῦρ· ἄφρει, λέβης.
δευτ. φ.—Νῦν δὴ πιθήκου ψυχρὸν αἷμα πρόσβαλε·
Ὡς δεινόν ἐστι πῶμα καὶ δραστήριον.
Ἑκάτη.—Καλῶς τάδ'· οὐδ' ἔσεσθ' ἀδώρητοι, φίλαι.
Καὶ νῦν λέβητος ἄμφι κύκλοσ' ᾄδετε,
Ἀέριον ὥσπερ δαιμόνων κούφων γένος,
Ὠδῇ τελοῦσαι πῶμα φαρμακτήριον.

ἀναπαιστοί.

πᾶσαι.—Ἰώ.—Κυάνεοι, καὶ λευκοὶ δαίμονες·
Ἠδ' ἔρυθροι, καὶ μελανοχρῶτες·
Μικτὰ χορεύετε, μικτὰ χορεύετε,
Μικτὰ χορεύετε,
Χορὸν οἷς ἔξεστιν ἄγεσθαι.

2.

Vide " Shakspere—Merchant of Venice, Act V. Scene 1."

1796.

Ὡς νήνεμον κατ᾽ ὄχθον ἀργυροῦν σέλας
Εὕδει σελήνης· ἔνθ᾽ ἐλινύειν γλυκὺ
Μολπαῖσιν ἁβραῖς μαλθακῶς κοιμωμένους.
Τὸ δ᾽ εὐδίου σιγηλὸν εὐφρόνης γάνος
Ἡδυθρόου φόρμιγγος οὐ φρίσσει μέλη.
Ἰδοὺ, φιλίστη· μυρίαις ὡς λαμπάσι
Πάγχρυσον οὖδας οὐρανοῦ διαπρέπει.
Οὐδεὶς ἔνεστι, τῶν γε προσλεύσσεις κύκλων,
Γλυκερὸν ὃς οὐκ ἴησιν ἐν χοροῖς ὄπα,
Ὕμνον νεώποις δαίμοσιν θελκτήριον.
Τοῖόν γε χλῖδος ἀφθίτοις φώναις ἔνι,
Ἡδεῖα τερψις· ἡμὶν οὐκ αἰσθητικὴ,
Ψυχαῖς τὸ θνητὸν οὕνεκ᾽ ἐμβρίθει βάρος.

3.

Vide " Beaumont and Fletcher—The Maid's Tragedy, Act I."

1796.

Αλλ᾽ ἥδε πασῶν ἐστι δυστυχεστάτη,
Φοιτῶσά τ᾽ ἀρδεῖ δάκρυσιν παρῃΐδας·
Ὕλας ἐρήμους, καὶ δνοφερὰ φιλεῖ νέμη·
Ὄχθην γὰρ ἀνθεμοῦσσαν ἐκζητοῦσά που,
Ῥίπτει μὲν ἁπαλῷ σῶμ᾽ ἐπὶ χλόης λέχει,
Λέγει δὲ σὺν στόνοισιν,—ὡς εἴη τόδ᾽ ἂν
Ἐρῶσι κλῖτος μαλθακὸν τύμβος γλυκύς.—

Στεφάνοις δέ νιν, θανοῦσαν ὡς, προσκειμένην
Ἄβρὸν καταστρώννυσι πρόσπολοι δέμας.
Ἄχος δ' ἄρ' ἐν στέρνοισιν αἱμυλώτατον
Τρέφει, θροοῦσα πένθιμόν τι καὶ βαρὺ,
Ὡς μήτιν' αὐτῆς ἄδακρυν ἐσακούειν ποτε.
Ἀλλ' ἡ μὲν ἰζάνουσα δύσθροον μέλος
Οἰκτρῶς ἀειδει· κἀτά τοι γλυκὺ στένει,
Αὖθίς τ' ἀείδει. Παρθένοι δ' ὡς ἥλικες
Τέρπουσι κούφων θυμὸν ἡδονῇ λόγων,
Δόμος τε πᾶσα συμφλέγει γελάσματι·
Ἡ δὴ στρέφουσα μαλθακὴν παρῃΐδα,
Λέγει θανούσης πένθιμόν τινος πότμον,
Ψευδοῦς ἔρωτος ἥν ποτ' ἔφθειρεν βέλη·
Ἰεῖσα φωνὴν μειλιχὴν, λυπράν θ' ἅμα,
Ὡς συστενάζειν πάντα θρηνούσῃ χορόν.

4.

CARACTACUS LOQUITUR.

EX MASONI TRAGŒDIÂ.

1804.

Βαρίονας γέροντι, Ῥώμαιοι, πέδας
Τουτῷ τύραννον ὕβριν ἐμβάλλειν ἐχρῆν.
Ἔστω· σκυθρωπὸς ἐν πόνων τρικυμίᾳ
Ἔτειρε πόλεμος, ὡς ὁρᾶτέ, μοι μέλῃ·
Πρὸς ταῦτα δεινῆς κέντρα βριθέσθω βίας,
Ἀλλ' οὐδὲ χοὔτως τοὐμὸν οὐ σχάσει κέαρ.
Σὺ δ', ὑψικόμπως τῶνδ' ὃς αἰσυμνᾷς λόχων,
Φρασὸν, στρατηγέ· μεῖον ἆρά σοι δοκεῖ
Κελαινιᾷν νῦν τοῖσδ' ἐν ὄφρυσι κράτος,

Ἦ κοιρανοῦνθ' ὁτὰν σύ μ' ἔτρεσας μάχῃ
Ἄγοντα πολέμου κῦμα σὺν δορὸς βρόμῳ;
Οὔπως γένοιτ' ἄν· κᾄτι γὰρ τοὐμὸν κέαρ
Ἐλεύθερον δι' ὀμμάτων πνέει μένος,
Κόμπον τε τὸν σὸν οὐδαμᾶ λογίζεται.
Οἴμοι· τί λεύσσω; φεῦ δυσάλγητον κάρα,
Ὡς ὄντι δοῦλός ειμι, κοὐκ ἐλεύθερος.
Ὦ θεοὶ, ταλαίφρων ἐμποδίζομαι κακοῖς,
Ψυχὴ δὲ δεινοῖς εἰκάθει παθήμασι·
Θνητοῖς γὰρ ἐν στέρνοισι δουλεύει λυγρὴ,
Ἠδ', ὥσπερ εἰκὸς, ἄλγεσιν βαρύνεται.

ΑΝΑΠΑΙΣΤΟΙ.

"Power with his heafod straught ynto the skies."—*Rowley's Godwin.*

1799.

Δύναμις νεφέλαις κάρα προσπελάσασ',
Ἧς σάκος ἀστὴρ, λογχὴ δ' ἀκτὶς,
Ἤυτε πύρσους ὄσσε κυλίνδει·
Κρούουσά τε γὴν ποσὶ σιδηροῖς
Πόλεμον φώνῃ,
Πόλεμον θορυβοῖσιν ἐγείρει.

ΕΠΙΓΡΑΜΜΑ.

Vide "Collins—Ode written in the beginning of the year 1746."

1797.

Ὀλβιος ἡρώων θάνατος, τοὺς κοίμισε μοῖρα
Πατρίδος ἱμερτοῖς εὔχεσι θαλπομένους.
Ἱροῦ ὑπὲρ τύμβου, ὡς νίσσεται ἄνθιμος ὥρη,
Ἀμβροσίους χεύει λευκὸν ἔαρ στεφάνους,

Ἄνθεά τε δροσόεντ' ἀναθρέψει· οἷά γ' ἐραννὸς
Οὔποτε μουσάων κῆπος ἐπεσκίασεν.
Ἀέριαι γλυκεροῖσι πέριξ ψιθυρίσμασι φωναὶ
Μέλπουσιν θρήνων ἄσματα θεσπεσίων.
Πολλάκι δὴ πολιαῖς χαιτῇσιν πότνια Τιμὴ
Εὐκλειῇ σέβεται γαῖαν ἐπερχομένη·
Καὶ γοερῶς λείβουσα χλοηρῷ δάκρυα τύμβῳ
Οἰκήσει τέμενος σεμνὸν Ἐλευθερία.

HINC SCEPTRA ACCIPERE.

In 8 *Cal. Novemb.*

1794.

Ἀλβίων χαῖρ' εἰναλία, ποκ' ἀκτᾶς
Γαλλίκας ἄκρον στέφος· ὡς θαλάσσας
Ἐβρίδας ῥεῦσεν πέρι χεῦμα, καβά-
τοις ὅθι πέτραις
Ὀρκὰς ἀντάχησ' ὁλόλυγμα θηρῶν.
Κύματ' ἔστ' ἂν ἐσπερίων κελεύθων
Μαινόλης ὥρινε Νότος· κελαινι-
ῶν δ' ἁλὸς οἶδμα
Ῥῆξεν ἰφθίμαν ὁδον· Ἃ δ' ἄρ' ἐνθοῖσ'
Ἀνθιμὰν Ἐλευθερία ποτ' ὄχθαν
Ἐξέτειν' εὔνουν χέρα καλιερχῇ
Σκᾶπτον ἐπ' αἶαν.
Ἀλλὰ Ῥώμα ζεὺγος ἄφυκτον αὐτᾷ
Ἔμβαλεν δεσμώτιδ', ἐνὶ θριάμβοις
Γαυριῶσ' ἀάσχετον, αἰχμαλωτὶς δ'
Ἔστενε νᾶσος

Δᾶρον ὀφθαλμὸς πελάγευς· ἕως ἂν
Βαρβάροις κολοσσὸς ὅπλοισι ῥηχθεὶς
Χαλκέῳ δούπῳ πέσεν· ἂν δ' ἄρ' ἀχεῦς
ἴαχε φωνὰ
Πάντ' ἐπ' ὄχθον. Κυάνεαι δὲ νύμφαι
Ἐχλίδων ἐν ὑαλόεσσιν ἄντροις
Πάντοθ' Ἀλβίωνος, ὅτ' ἀμφὶ τερπννὰ
στιλβε γαλάνα.
Φεῦ μάταν ἔστιλβε. Βία γὰρ αἰνὰ
Βρίθεται Σαξῶνος· ἄφαρ στενείσας
Φόρτιον Λοχλὶν βρέμεται θαλάσσας.
Ὡς κελαρύσδει
Πάντοθ' ἀφρίσδων ῥόος· ὡς ἐρετμοῖς
Κῦμα μορμύρει ῥόθιον· ξιφῶν ὡς
Λάμπετ' ἀκτὶς, κουρανόδεικτον ἀστράπτει σάκεσιν πῦρ.
Φεῦ· μάταν Ἄρθυρε· μάταν, ἄνακτες,
Σᾶμα τᾶς Ἐλευθερίας παλαὶον
Ἐνδυκῶς σώσδειν θέλετ'· αἴλινον δ' ἄρ'
Αἴλινον εἶπετ',
Ἀλβίων νικᾶτο. Νέος δ' ἀρ' ἐχθρὸς
Αὐθις εἴσαγεν κλόνον ὀξύχαλκον·
Ἄν δὲ μυκηθμοῖς κρυερῷ θύελλα
Ἔβρεμεν Ἄρευς.
Ἔβρεμεν Ῥόλλοιο πάϊς. Βρεταννὶς δ'
Αἰνοπλὴξ γουνάσδετο· τὸν δ' ἄρ' ἀρχᾶς
Πορφυρὶς ξώννυσεν. Ἐλεύθερος δὲ
Ἔφλεγεν αἴων
Μειλιχοῖς ἄναξιν· ἄταλλε τ' ἀκτᾷ
Ἀλβίωνος εἰν ἐρανοῖσι δώροις
Χλῖδος εἰράνας. Γένος ὦ τύραννον
Χαίρετε· κλεινὸν

Χαίρεθ' Ἐνρίκων γένος· ὃν μὲν ὅπλοις
Γαλλία ποκ' ἔτρεμε καγχαλῶντα,
Κυδιώσας δ' ὅς ποκ' ἔρηξε λυγρὰ
Δέσματα Ῥώμας.
Χαῖρε, τὸν κόλποις πατέρα χλοηροῖς
Ἥπιον κλέϊσσεν Ἐτῶνα· τὶν μὲν
Ἀδεῖ στάσδοντα δρόσῳ φέρωμες
Στέμματα Μοισᾶν.
Χαῖρε Νασσαύω κλέος. Ὡς δ' ἐν αἴθρᾳ
Λάμψε Βρυνσυίκω σέλας· ὡς γαλανὸν
Μειδιῶν χρύσωσε μελάγχιμον φό-
βοιο πρόσωπον.
Χεῖρ τεά γ', ὦ ναξ, καλὸν ἐκ σκιάων
Ἄνθος ἀγνώστων ἐρύει, λίθον τε
Λαμπρὸν ἐκ σκότῳ διάδημα κοσμή-
σόντ' ἀνατέλλει.
Χαῖρε· τὶν γὰρ σὺν χαρίτεσσιν ἀβραῖς
Τηλόθεν δέδορκε κλέος. Καλῶν δὲ
Τὶν μελῶν χρή μ' οὖρον ἐγειρέμεν φόρ-
μιγγι λιγείᾳ,
Ἀσμάτων τ' ἐγκώμιον ὕμνον εἶναι.
Σάμερον γὰρ οἱστέον εἰν ἐτῶν τοι
Πλαρέων κυλινδομέναισιν ὥραις
Σκᾶπτον ἔδωκε
Λαός. Ὦ πολλὼς λυκάβαντος αὖθις
Εἰσίδοις τρόπως· θαλίαισι τερπνὸς
Τὶν περιῤῥείτω βίος, ἀμβρότω τε
Κύματα φάμας.
Χρὴ περιπλίκτοις ἱερὸν κλεΐσδειν
Ἄμμι σῷ τέκνῳ γάμον ἐν χορείαις,
Ἐξορίνειν τ' εἰρεσίᾳ πτερῶν μωσ-
ήϊον ἅρμα.

Λεπτὰ δ' ἀπύσω κιθάρας ἐν οἴμαις
Χρυσεᾶν ἄκρον χαρίτων ἄωτον
Εὐμόροις δρέπουντα τυ χερσὶ, κἀρε-
τᾶν βαθὺν ὄλβον.

NON OMNIS MORIAR.

1795.

Στροφὴ ά. κώλων ιβ'.

Χρυσέων οἰκήτορες λεπ-
τοὶ μελάθρων, Διος αὐ-
λὰν παρὰ στιλπνὰν, πτερύγων
ποικίλαισιν πεισυνοὶ εἰρεσίαις, οἱ τει-
ρῶν στρωφᾶτε λάμποντας κύκλους
θείαισι σὺν ἁρμονίαις· οἵ τε δρόσου
πορφυραῖς ἀκτῖσι βεβρεγμένοι, εἰν
ἠρινοῖς κοιμᾶσθε λέκτροις ἀνθέων·
δαίμονες ἀέριοι,
πνευμάτων ἁγνὰ θαλερῶν γενεὰ,
ὑμῖν διὰ μαρμάρεον
σκιρτόωσαν

Αντιστροφὴ ά. κώλων ιβ'.

Ἀμφέπειν ψυχὰν στίβυν κού-
φαις παλάμαισι μέλει·
στάθε' ὅκκ' αἰνὰ Θανάτου
λῦσε χείρ· ἐξήλατο δὲ πτερόεσσα φλὸξ
πηδήσασα θνατῶν δεσμάτων,
καὶ γεύσατο Θεσπεσιάων κυδιῶ-

σ' ἀδονᾶν. Ὑμεῖς ὀδὸν ἀμβροσίαν
δέξιοι καλλύνετ', οὔλοισι πτεροῖς
ὑψόθι τρεσσαμέναν
ἦρεμ' αἰωροῦντες, ἰοπλοκάμων
κόλποισιν ἔνι ζεφύρων.
οὐ γὰρ, ἀβρᾶν

Ἐπῳδὸς ἀ. κώλων ιἑ.

Ὄκκα παρηϊάδων χλώ-
ρισσ' ἄωτον μαλθακὸν,
σβέννυται αἰθέριος σπιν-
θήρ· πρὸς εὐῶδες πέδον Ἠλύσιον
νίσσεται· κεῖθ' ἀγλάϊσμ' αἴ-
γλη τε πανν ύχιος ἐκ-
λαμπει· ροδόεσσα χλίδαις γαῖα φλέγει,
μυρσίνων θ' ὕλη τρέφεται
μακάρων ψυχᾶν ἔδος.
τὰς πονηρὰς δὲ δνοφεροῖς ὑπὸ κευθμοῖς
ἄντρον ἀμειδήτου πιέζει
Ταρτάρου· δειναῖσι παγαῖς
ἔνθα πυρὸς βρέμεται
Φλεγέθων, ἔνθα στοναχῶν
κυάνεος Κωκυτὸς ἕρπει.

Στροφὴ β'. κώλων ιβ'.

Ἡ κυλίνδονται πέριξ, στρόμ-
βοις ἀγρίων ἀνέμων
ἄσπετον δινευόμεναι.
Τὼς δι' ὄρφναν τᾶν μελανοπτερύγων ψυχά-
ων εἴδωλα δείν' ὠρύεται,

κλαγγαῖσι μετ' οὐρανίαις. Σοὶ δ' ἔστι γᾶ,
ἔσθ' ἕδος φυλᾶν, Μαόμηδα, τεᾶν,
ἀφθίτοις θάλλοισα χάρμαις εἴαρος·
κειθι δ' ἐϋπλοκάμων
στάθεσ' Ὡρᾶν συνθέμενοι φιλίαν
ἧρωες ἔρωτος ἰαύ-
οντι τέρψιν.

Αντιστροφὴ β'. κώλων ιβ'.

Ἔστι δ' ὀρφαίαισιν αὐλὰ
φρασσομένα νεφέλαις
τείχεα στίλβει φλογοεσ-
σαις κεραυνοῦ λαμπάσ' ἀελλόποδος· τηνεὶ
Ὤδινος πυρώδης ἰζάνει
κόλποις νεφέων ἔνι· κάλλισται πέριξ
γαυριῶσι ψυχαὶ, ἀφυσσάμεναι
νέκταρ εὐῶδες, τὸ θείας ἄμβροτον
δῶρον ἐλευθερίας·
καὶ σιδηρᾶ τεύχεα σὺν πατάγῳ
ἐν χειρεσι πληξάμεναι
καλλινίκοις

Ἐπωδὸς β'. κώλων ιέ.

Θεσπέσιον γανόωνται.
Οὐδαμῶς οὐδ' ὄλλυται
πνεύματος ἀθάνατον πῦρ.
ἄλλα δ' ἄλλο κληρυνομεῦσιν ἕδος·
καὶ τεὸν, *Φάλκνηρε, ναῶν

* Captain Falkner.

ὃν βρέμοντι πολέμῳ
πεπτωκότα κλαίομεν, ἐν κύκλοις χλιδᾷ
οὐρανοῖο, δρεψάμενον
χλοερὸν δαφνᾶν γάνος.
τὶν πόθῳ γὰρ μειλιχίῳ δακρύων τε
στασδομένους λεπτᾷ δρόσῳ, πλέξ-
ωμεν ὕμνοισι πτερωτοῖς
Πιερίδων στεφάνους·
τὶν ἀοιδάων σὺν ἀβραῖς
χάρισιν ἐκπέμπωμεν οὖρον.

IN IIS REBUS QUÆ AD DELECTATIONEM PERTINENT, NATURA DOMINETUR.

1795.

Τὴναν τὰν μύρτον καὶ τὰ σκιόεντα μυρίκας
Φύλλα ῥόδοις στέψω καὶ δροσεροῖσιν ἴοις.
Ἦκα δ' ὑπ' ἀνθοκόμως βῆτε σκίας, ἦκ' ἐπὶ χλοίας,
Ἀμβρόσιαι λεπτοῖς πόσσιν Ἀμαδρύαδες.
Ἔνθα δ' ἐλιννύων ποτὶ εὔδια καχλάσδοντος
Ὕδατος ἐν μαλακᾷ κείσομαι ἀσυχίᾳ.
Χλῶρις ἐπ' εἰαρινῶν ἀνθῶν εὐτέρπεϊ κοίτᾳ
Κείσεθ' ἅμ', ἀλικίας κυδιόωσα γάνει.
Τὶ χρὴ δαιδαλέοις ἐπὶ κώεσι σῶμα τέτασθαι,
Ἢ φύσιος τέχνᾳ φυρέμεναι χάριτας;
Αὐτὰν καὶ χνόαοντα πρὸς Ἐνδυμίωνα Σελάναν
Θοῦρος Ἔρως κύκλων εἵλκεν ἀπ' ὠρανίων.
Τὸν δ' ἔπι πορφυρέοισιν ἐν ἄνθεσι καλὸν ἔοντα

Ἀμβρόσιον θαλερῷ στάσδε φίλαμα πόθῳ.
Οὐ μὲν ἄρα χρυσῷ γε κεκαδμένον, οὐδὲ λίθοισι,
Ἀχράντοις ἅβας χάρμασι τερπομένα
Ἃ Παφία ἐφίλασεν Ἀδώνιδα· τὰν ῥοδόεσσαν
Αἱ χάριτες μαλακῶς ἐστόρεσαν στίβαδα.
Χλῶρι φίλα, τὺ δὲ τόσσα φιλάματα, τόσσα μοι ἀδῆ,
Ὅσσα ποκ' ἁ Κύπρις τῷ Κινύραο, δίδου.
Ὡς ἐρατὸν φύσιος χροΐαις θέρμαινε πρόσωπον,
Χιονέαν μόρφας ὡς ἀνάφαινε χλίδαν.
Σὰν μὲν ὑπὲρ ἁμαλάν τε παρηΐδα, σαῖς τ' ἐνὶ χαίταις
Δινεύει πτέρυγας χρυσεόνωτος Ἔρως.
Τῶν δ' ἄρ' ἀπ' ὀφθαλμῶν διπλῷ πυρὶ λάμπαδ' ἀνάπτει
Θαλπνοτάτῳ πειθοῦς στασδομέναν μέλιτι.
Ἀδὺς Ἔρως, τοὶ μὲν τά τε λείρεα, τόν θ' ὑάκινθον
Πλέξω, τᾶς φύσιος χάρματ' ἀφυσσάμενος.
Κεῖθι τοι αφνειῶν χρυσέας προλιπόντι καλίας
Ἁβρὸν ναρκίσσοις ἐν δροσεροῖσι λέχος.
Κεῖθί ἀηδονίδων ἐρατὸν στόμα· καὶ τὸ διαυγὲς
Ὕδωρ ἀενάω κλύσδεται ἐκ λιβάδος·
Κεῖθι γᾶ εἰαρινοῖσιν ἐρευθιάει καλύκεσσι,
Καὶ πτέρυγας γλυκερὰν συνθέμεναι φιλίαν
Ἀμβροσίας σείοντι πελειάδες· ἠδ' Αφροδίτας
Εὐωδὴς βωμὸν μύρτος ἐπισκάει.

RHENUS,

POEMA PRÆMIO SOLENNI DONATUM,

et in Theatro Oxoniensi recitatum, A. D. 1797.

" Dî patrii indigetes, quorum sub numine præceps
Congeritur rabies ventorum, et turbidus æther ;
Queîs scopuli, magnoque fremunt plangentia fluctu
Æquora, et arcano impulsu tonitralia parent
Atria cœlorum ; Romæ cohibete furores ! 5
Dî patrii, audaces animos cohibete, nec ultrà
Impius hic nostris irrumpat sedibus hostis !"
Hæc Pater undoso se attollens gurgite Rhenus
Clamat, ut immani impositum molimine pontem,
Cæsareasque videt radianti in margine turmas. 10
Lignorum intereà violentâ compede vinctus
Undarum vortex injectâ mole laborat,
Atque repercusso luctantur litora fluctu :
Fervet opus, junctasque exæquat machina ripas.
Extemplò turbati animi ; pavor iraque gentes 15
Extimulant, trepidatque novo Germania marte.
Quin et terrificus Bardarum accendere clangor
Indigenas acies, totâque ardescere ripâ
Agmina. Cœrulei ad strepitum coiere Suëvi,
Vangionesque truces, et torto crine Sicambri. 20
Signa canunt ; resonant æris nemora excita pulsu,
Antraque barbarico sacrorum exercita cantu
Dant gemitum, sanctæque tremunt in litore silvæ.
Tum Pater, ingentis præsumens omina famæ,
Attollit faciem, et fatis dia ora resolvit. 25

" At tu siste pedem, qui jam felicibus armis
Fretus, adhuc placidos conturbas milite fines!
Indigetes metuas lucorum accendere Divos!
Cœruleos aditus sylvarum lugubre numen
Insidet, et sacræ caliginis horror obumbrat;
Pallentesque habitant formæ, quas nocte silenti
Incola formidat. Sæpe illum ad prælia cantu
Exacuunt Bardæ, et nemorum bacchata reclamant
Avia; quæ circum Teuthates fulminat ingens,
Turbineque armisono graditur mavortius Hesus,
Lucorumque *potens Taranis. Ne tu irrita contrà
Impius arma feras! neque enim tibi lecta valebunt
Agmina. Nonne vides, ut sacris cincta corollis
Votiva crumpit ferali ardore juventus?
Illis festa dies; ita pronæ in bella cohortes
Subjecere necem pedibus, dum fortia munit
Sanctus corda furor, patriæque amor anxius urget.
Quippe nec oppressam claudet mors inclyta vitam,
Nec mœsti in Stygio pallebunt litore manes;
Sed florentem iterum membris induta juventam
Olim anima ad solitas remeabit martia sedes,
Atque iterum dulci pro libertate recumbet
Cara inter nemora et patrii juga conscia cultús.
" Quò, furiose, ruis? quid Romæ audacia quærit?
Arvane cincta gelu, et nunquam viduata pruinis
Litora, et antiquam populi turbare quietem?
Siste aquilas, Cæsar! neque enim me victor inultus
Pollueris. Magnum Ausoniæ prosternet honores
Exitium, serosque manet vindicta nepotes.

* Perperam *pater* in ed. prim.—Taranis proculdubio Taurica vel (ut a Lucano nuncupatur) Scythica Diana est.

Scilicet et quondam, borealia frigora linquens,
Gens edura virûm apricæ prorumpet in agros
Italiæ. Incipiunt collecta tumescere latè
Agmina, et audiri sumtis fragor horridus armis.
Audin' ? barbaricis reboant clamoribus Alpes,
Agmen ut Hesperiæ florentes conspicit oras !
Horrentes recolens nimbos hiemesque relictas
Aurea miratur latè loca, cœrula* cœli
Lumina, et ambrosias zephyrorum in vallibus auras;
Atque, insueta novo calcans violaria luxu,
Carpit purpureâ pendentes vite racemos.
At tu, Roma ferox, quæ victum amplecteris orbem,
Jam frustra imperio raptos lugebis honores,
Eversasque patrum sedes ; disjectaque Divôm
Templa solo cernes, inhonesto pulvere fœdans
Turrigerum caput, et famæ monumenta prioris.
" Lætior at scena, et pacis me blanda salutant
Murmura. Namque ubi secretum sub margine fontem,
Saxa inter placida et sylvarum umbracula, servant
Helvetii montes, olim mihi dura moratur
Libertas, nemorumque rudi purissima Virtus
Hospitio, et longum Pax incorrupta per ævum,
Non ibi degeneres animi, atque enervia languent
Corpora : sed patriæ ingenti perculsus amore,
Dum juga miratur nemorosa Alpesque nivales
Incola, et umbriferos ad Acronia litora saltus,
Hinc discit natale solum, Geniumque locorum,
Liberaque audaci defendere limina dextrâ;
Æternoque fovet constrictos frigore montes,
Indigenamque hiemem, et notis saxa horrida nimbis.

* Vide " Gray—Fragment on Education and Government."

" Quin me fata vocant, Divômque arcana voluntas
Ad sortis majora ciet ! Jamque inclyta martis
Orgia tranquillæ rupere silentia pacis.
Apparent facies heroum, et lucidus ordo
Exoritur ! Videor venturæ splendida famæ
Secula conspicere, atque ævi decora alta futuri !
Salvete, illustres animæ ! quas martia virtus,
Quas laudis suadebit amor victricibus armis
Oppida proruere, et domitis insistere regnis !
Vos olim, et vestros circùm visurus honores
Raucisonos magno devolvam vortice fluctus ;
Dum fremitus inter victorum, et fulmina belli,
Clara triumphales spectabunt litora pompas.
" Hæc adeò auspicia, hæc quondam volventibus annis
Fata trahunt. Neque enim, Armipotens tibi carior Hebrus,
Aut Thracum nemora, et Libyci vada barbara ponti !
Hîc olli sedes ; hîc olim horrentia ducet
Agmina, bellantesque fero clangore ciebit.
Sed neque qualis erat ; qualem tu, maxime Cæsar,
Vidisti, galeâ insignem et fulgentibus armis :
At major, vultuque ferox, ipsamque Tonantis
Indutus speciem, clypeumque hastamque relinquet,
Perculsasque metet tonitrali murmure turmas
Lugubre flammato jaculatus turbine fulmen.
" Sed neque me strepitus, aut belli æterna lacessent
Funera. Jam placido mitescere secula cultu,
Securasque inter latebras nemorumque recessus
Nutriri Doctrina potens, Gothicisque serenam
Immissura diem tenebris ! Jam grandia viset
Mœnia Lugduni ! nec te, Basilea, silebo,
Doctrinæ hospitium, et patriis gratissima Musis !
Tum mihi limosâ pingues uligine campi

Flavescent cerere optata; cultuque subacti
Purpureis circùm nigrescent vitibus agri,
Unde ingens cecidit quercus, pinusque tumentes
Undarum ruptura minas. Quin tutius æquor
Navibus, errantesque reget magnetis in alto
Subtile indicium, atque axi cognata potestas.
" Amplior hinc rerum facies, majorque patebit
Area. Ubi pelagus cultæ* superimminet oræ,
Abreptumque solum et quondam sua vindicat arva,
Gens operum patiens longoque assueta perîclo
Molibus oceanum reprimit, pontique frementis
Subripit imperium, et vinctas dominatur in undas.
Illustres animæ, libertatisque capaces!
Quas neque sævus Iber quatiet, neque deprimet olim
Ira ferox Alvæ, aut Farnesî vivida virtus!
Illis firma fides, durique tenacia cœpti
Pectora, et occultas promet labor improbus artes!
" His freta auspiciis video commercia latè
Fervere, et effusas ignota per æquora naves
Oceani fines penetrare, ac litora nocte
Septa procellarum, et dubii formidine ponti.
Purpureo hinc varias olim mihi dædala tellus
Divitias gremio effundet! Mihi cinnama felix
Taprobane, mihi Plata sonans, et Amazonis unda
Nativas submittet opes; et quæ sola longè
Indus arat, quæ palmosæ rudis incola vallis
Gambiam ad auriferum, aut Nigri flaventis arenas.
Quid referam, quali dives mercator ab orâ
Per mea regna trahens immani pondere naves
Ibit ovans? venientem extremo in rure coloni

* Vide "Goldsmith—The Traveller."

Excipient, ratibusque gement stridentibus undæ.
Clarior hinc sinuans cultis vada cœrula campis
Spectabo ingenti vicina palatia finctû,
Splendentesque domos regum, et quæ maxima ripis
Cernere erit delubra meis; dum grandia circùm
Ostia divitiis terræ omniparentis abundant.
" At quæ dira meos obscurat scena triumphos?
Finitimis video latè grassantia regnis
Funera, quà lymphata gravi Discordia motu
Proruit antiquas vulso fundamine leges!
Hinc extincta fides, olim qua sidera adibant
Puræ animæ heroum! bellorum hinc maximus horror,
Pollutique lares, et tecta ardentia ferro!
Eheu! quanta meæ spectabunt prælia ripæ!
Quando erit, ut placidam componant secula pacem,
Libertasque iterum virides festiva recessus
Exhilaret, vitreosque lacus! Sat funera mœsti
Vidimus, et sparsis albentes ossibus oras.
Salve, sancta Dea, et nemorum carissima Virgo,
Te petimus, tua pacificis altaria donis,
Candida Libertas! non qualem exercita diris
Gallia, sanguineoque exorat Sequana cultu;
Mollia sed purâ velantem pectora veste,
Et sociam Musarum, et amantem dulcis olivæ!

Δακρυόεσσαν ἄγηται ἐλεύθερον ἦμαρ ἀπούρας.—Hom. Il. Z.

1796.

Dia parens, quæcunque regis commercia mundi,
Cui venti parent, et strato marmore latè
Dædala diversis subrident litora gazis!
Dia Parens pelagi! quàm vellem carmine digno
Ingemuisse tui miseranda opprobria cultûs!
Ex quo vecta super longos ratis extera fluctus
Olim, Afer, tibi dira tulit; tibi dura paravit
Servitia, et tristes crudeli fraude catenas.
Scilicet hinc disrupta fides, ac dulcia vitæ
Fœdera; et insidiæ turpes civilia bella
Extimulant; sævus captiva ut ab agmine victor
Membra trahat, lucri magno perculsus amore.
Eheu! quàm potius periisse, interque sodales
Exhalasse acri fortem in certamine vitam,
Quàm patriæ gremio avelli, et prædura subire
Imperia indignasque externo in litore pœnas!
Navibus at mœsti (infandum!) clauduntur in arctis,
Aëris expertes lucisque: inde horrida tabes,
Pestesque, febresque, et plurima mortis imago.
Multi igitur lentaque fame et squalore gravatas
Ante diem posuere animas, sub carcere fœdo
Pallenti macie et tacito mœrore soluti.
At miseri! qui longa ultra confinia ponti
Evasere, sub arbitrium crudele flagelli;
Durior est ollis sors, atque ingrata salutis
Munera! Non iterum excipiet sub vespere conjux

Cara, neque amplexus puerorum, aut balba loquela
Mollibit miserorum animas ; sed longa laborum
Tædia, et exustas urgebunt vincula plantas.
Sint liceat, quibus imperio mansuescat amico
Servitium ; sed adhuc permolli percita sensu
Corda premit desiderium, patriæque fidelis
Haurit amor : neque enim, ut perhibent, ignara malorum
Pectora hebent Afris, brutæ vix conscia vitæ;
At placidum viget ingenium, fidissima mentis
Temperies, tenerique inculto pectore sensus.
Scilicet his ardet numerorum aurita libido,
Mœroremque rudi spirantes carmine quondam
Dulce gemunt ; ita suaviloqui vis musica luctûs
Inseritur menti subtili : ea sola voluptas
Labentes regit arcano solamine nervos.
Nec patriæ minùs, et comitum prædulcis imago
Pellicet ægram animam : hinc olim se visere credunt
Natales lucos post mortem, iterumque redire
Calbarim ad herbosam, vel quà cava litora mordens
Gambiæ aqua ingentis patet, atque excelsa Leone,
Sylvarumque Niger ridens viridantibus umbris.
Nam licet, ut perhibent, notos audire susurros
Sic reduci patriæ ad saltus, et amore novato
In solitos ferri amplexus ; ubi nulla laborum
Tædia languentem, neque fervor solis aduret.
  Scilicet haud illis quæcunque industria finxit,
Illecebræ, luxusque, politæ gaudia gentis ;
At saltem alloquia, at saltem dilecta sub umbrâ
Otia ; et incultis falluntur lusibus horæ.
Sæpe puer fidæ gelidâ sub nocte puellæ
Toto inhians vultu, foliisque et pelle ferinâ
Stravit humi thalamum, et carâ in cervice repôstus

Defendit crudos ab amato pectore rores;
Quæ nunc desertis frustra in convallibus errat
Abrepti desiderio perfixa, torumque
Sæpe petens memori paulatim carpitur igne.
O sævas hominum mentes, obtusaque lucro
Pectora! Nonne idem his stimulant præcordia sensus,
Non luctûs, non lætitiæ socialis acumen
Affectu parili instigat, quo corda moveret
Ditis heri, qui fortè ostro velatus et auro
Torpet opes inter cultique cubilia luxûs?
Quid tibi, si passis traheretur mœsta capillis
Filia, servitium externi passura tyranni;
Aut uxor prædulcis, et indignantia frustra
Ora soror lacrymis nudataque pectora fœdans?
Nonne tuas angor vibraret adusque medullas,
Subtilisque dolor? qui vel sêcla âspra ferarum
Tangit, et admissus brutis sub cordibus hæret!
Aspice*, quà teneros ruptis ursa horrida in antris
Stat catulos super invigilans, et frendet amore
Sævitieque simul, dum cornu arguta resultant
Avia sylvarumque aditus: furor improba suadet
Agmina proruere, at pietas materna reducit;
Dum rapit in dubium anxietas, iræque cupido.
O ferus! ô silice ingenitâ præcordia vinctus!
Mœrentes animas patriâ qui primus ab orâ
Eripere, et socias potuisti spernere leges!
Ah! utinam tutæ ambierat commercia gentis
Hæc Europa colens! neque enim te ditior Hermus,
Magne Niger; neque Gambiacâ Pactolus arena:
Atque ibi simplicitas molli castissima formâ

* Vide "Ariosto," canto 19.

Lascivit; redolent sylvæ, et perlucet amœnum
Elysium; auratæ volucres sub sole renident
Purpureo, ingenitumque ciet vox omnis amorem.
Sedes blanda olim, et felix (dum fata sinebant)
Hospitium! at miseris etiamnum in vallibus ardet
Vivus amor, mœstâque pudor suspirat in aurâ!
O Britones, vestras ô si sanctissima quondam
Numine mansueto Libertas protegit oras,
Vincula flebilium populorum ac jura catastæ
Rumpite! Desertæ jaceant florentia culta
Americæ, et pingues sine frugum munere campi,
Diva, priùs quàm te violet carissima semper
Terra tibi, atque olim heroum purissima nutrix!
Illa dies veniat, cùm lati immania servans
Imperia oceani, sacrumque, Britannia, mundi
Arbitrium, excuties miserandæ vincula pubi,
Libera securæ instaurans commercia genti!
Tum sertis Pater ipse Niger viridantia cingens
Tempora, lætificum patriæ pæana salutis
Audiet, et magno merces vehet aureus amne.

EX PINDARI PYTH. PRIM.

1796.

Aurea testudo, Phœbi suavissima semper
Gloria, Pieridumque! pedum te mobilis audit
Gratia, et harmoniæ qui lætus fœdera servat
Cantor; ubi festam nervo trepidante choream,
Suavisonumque cies tremulâ dulcedine carmen.
Tu potis es tela ardentis compescere flammæ,

Indomitum cœli fulmen! Quin ipse Tonantis
Composito dormit capite et pendentibus alis
Sceptra super regalis avis; tu rostra profundâ
Nube tegens, densâ consopis lumina nocte;
Ille sedet placidum, et dulci mollissima somno
Terga levat lentè, perculsus corda tuâ vi.
Namque et tela manu deponens aspera Mavors
Pacificam melico demulcet carmina mentem;
Carmine, quod gratâ devincit compede Divos,
Blandus honos Musarum, et Apollinis alma voluptas.
Sed quos infesto aspexit Saturnius ore
Terga super terræ, aut latè spumantia ponti
Cœrula, non ullâ poteris mulcere camenæ
Blanditiâ: non, sæva jacet qui Tartara subter,
Dis formidatum centenâ mole Typhœa;
Olim quem Cilicum notæ genuere cavernæ,
At nunc Cumarum resonantia litora fluctu
Oceani, hirsutumque premit Trinacria pectus.
Mole sub aëriâ rupes Ætnæa jacentem
Continet, æternæ nutrix asperrima brumæ;
Cujus inaccessis prorumpens flamma cavernis
Ejicitur, puréque fluit liquidissimus ignis.
Sub sole eructant fulvæ fuliginis undas
Ardentes fluvii; qui sæpe silentibus umbris,
Saxea flammato torquentes pondera fluctu,
Cum strepitu horrisoni volvuntur in æquora ponti.
Scilicet hos ignis stridentes concoquit æstus
Prodigium deforme, ingens; quod sæpe viator
Obstupuit, diram fulgenti in vertice lucem
Saxaque conspiciens sævo plangentia monstro:
Tale sub umbriferi æternùm fundamine montis
Vincitur, dorsumque toro recline fatigat.

AD AMICUM, W. S. ROSE,

IN NORVEGIAM PROFECTURUS.

"Quæ causa remotas
Quærendi sedeis, frigidaque arva, viris?
Libertas, nequidquam alibi quæsita: sub Arcto
Hospitibus tandem tuta reperta novis."
Laurentius Norrmannus ap. Rudbeck. in Lap. illust.

1802.

O EGO siquando Americæ ferar hospes ad oras,
Quà Canadæ juxta nemora atque ignota locorum
Volvitur immani fluviorum maximus alvêo;
Aut, Australasiæ fines atque arva Demani
Omine collustrans dextro, prope litus amœnum
Longinqui maris in gremio nova mœnia condam!
Ipsum ultra oceanum magnoque sonantia fluctu
Litora Sumatræ penetrare et saxa Timori
Mens avet. O quondam nostros ea terra nepotes
Libertate suâ excipiat, longinqua Selandi
Quæ juga prospiciens Australi tunditur undà!
Hîc olim (si fata sinant, aut anxia mentis
Ausa meæ fatum superent) veneranda futuri
Ad vada* Darripylæ regni fundamina ponam.
Sint modò, qui mecum rudis ad cunabula vitæ
Ire velint, vastosque oculis lustrare recessus,
Quo nunc perculsus studio inter devia rupum
Scandiæ ad horribilis nemorosas deferar Alpes.
O juga pinifera, et fractis reboantia saxis

* Dalrymple river in Van Dieman's land.

Flumina, quàm vellem vestri requiescere longùm
Ruris in hospitio, gelida inter lustra ferarum!
Libera vos auditis enim, neque sævus honores
Sprevit adhuc vestros pede Gallicus induperator;
Qui nunc per magnas Anglorum turpiter urbes
Percellit populum, et major de pace triumphat.
O patria, o animo semper carissima nostro,
Si tibi mens eadem, et virtus antiqua maneret,
Nulla tibi me subriperent discrimina fati;
Sed potiùs te suspicerem, potiúsque cadenti
Hærerem, et penitus nullo divellerer ævo!
Quòd si dura pati fatum est, perdique Britannûm
Res statuit Pater omnipotens, saltem inde sinebat
Magnà mente animisque tamen procumbere victos.
Occubuisse parum est, socii! mallem omnia raptet,
Omnia victor agat ferrêo pede barbarus hostis,
Quàm Britonum, tot post securæ secula laudis,
Proculcari animos turpique senescere somno.
O Thamesine pater fluviorum, et nobilis Humber,
Et virgo Sabrina Locrini regia proles,
Tamaraque, et liquido delabens Usa fluento,
Nonne foret satius regna ultra Sauromatarum
Ircutscam lavere indigetes, gelidæque Tobolscæ
Æternâ nive constringi, quàm talia tristes
Vidisse, et penitus raptum flevisse decorem,
Olim armis quæsitum, armis et sanguine vestrûm?
Sed (quoniam, necdum confecto corpore regni,
In medio victrix languet certamine virtus,
Et, quibus imperium pelagi magnique patebant
Ditia regna maris custodi turbida fluctu,
Nunc patimur segnes positisque labascimus armis)
Ponemus patrios alio sub sole penates.

Care comes, qui mecum in primo limine vitæ
Dulcia Pierii libâsti pocula fontis,
Iisdem odiis, uno patriæ commotus amore,
Te socium studeo mihi quondam in sede Demani;
Cui conclusa mari natalibus æstuat arvis
Magna gemens anima, et luctu languescit inermi.
Nam neque, quem patriæ quondam victricis imago
Juvit, et antiquo regum sub sanguine virtus,
Te servile jugum prostrato admittere collo
Ipsius ante pedes reor aut sub consule segnem
Malle pati, quàm regna ultra spumantia ponti
Virtutemque rudem proavorum et jura fovere
Libera. Non ego, si centum mihi tecta paterent
Aurea, magnificis circùm lucentia gazis,
Tale quid appeterem, mentemque inducere possem,
Ut paterer raptâ de libertate triumphum;
Sed potiùs sylvarum umbras et sola ferarum
Antra colens, mœstam solarer carmine mentem,
Ad vada Darripylæ, vel litora rauca Selandi,
Incultasque rudi proscindens vomere glebas
Messe novâ flavisque docerem fulgere culmis.

EX ATTILÆ MEI Lib. 9. v. iii. et seq.

1831.

Fit trepidus Romam concursus, et undique portas
Invadunt, belli validis quos arcet ab armis
Conscia debilitas, aut mollis gratia formæ;
Degeneresque animæ, quas occubuisse deceret
Pro patriâ atque aris medio certamine vitam

Fortiter efflantes, frustraque virilia membra
Nunc turpi confusa fugâ. Pavor anxius anteit
Prætrepidans; mixto procedunt agmine Morbi,
Et macilenta Fames; dum belli incerta furorem
It Fama antevolans, Martis quam major imago
Circum ululat, sævisque adstat truculentior armis.
Turba effusa, frequens, omni de cardine cœli
Adproperat; thalamos mœsti liquere vacantes
Desertasque domos; aspectu rura silenti
Contristata jacent, et campis incubat horror.
Idem angor; gemitus pariles, idem omnibus error.
Ipsum intra muros, pedibusque fugacibus ipsum
Instare aiebant, et diro insistere cursu;
Namque et inhumanas rabidi vidisse putabant
Maxillas, rictumque canis, speciemque tremendam
Frontis, et infantûm stillantes sangiune fauces.
Illum alii ditis solio insedisse Ravennæ
Mussabant; alii posuisse ingentia rupto
Castra jugo, pronis quæ Fæsula prospicit arvis;
Aut Mutinæ circum nigras errare phalanges
Mœnia, quam visu raptam texisse sacerdos
Dicitur, ex alto cogens prece nubila cœlo.
Illum alii spoliis oneratum et cædis iniquæ
Sanguine rorantem, vel quos arat Appulus agros,
Vel Calabrum montes, duris tenuisse ministris;
Mambulejum alii petiisse, atque omnibus armis,
Toto animo, et cunctis meditari magna catervis,
Mincius Ardelicam quà lentâ præfluit undâ.
Non tamen in planis venienti occurrere campis,
Aut intra montes tardatum aut vallibus ausi
Aspexisse semel; non expectare, morato
Agmine, Cimmeriâ cinctas caligine turmas.

NULLIUS AGRICOLÆ CULTU STIRPS TAM DIUTURNA, QUAM POETÆ VERSU, SEMINARI POTEST.

1795.

O TACITI quæcunque regis penetralia luci
Visco sacratum Quercus operta caput,
Indigetum salve Druidum sub nocte silenti
Arcanis olim concelebrata choris !
Pallida quos Phœbe summo spectaret Olympo,
Et tremeret solis conscia Mona jugis.
Te lyra, te magicâ aërius testudine vates
Ambit adhuc, notis invigilatque comis.
Jam jam cœruleam video subrepere noctem ;
Luna sacrum tacito lustrat ab axe nemus :
Circùm spectra volant tenui stridentia pennâ,
Inque levi trepidant mystica verba Noto.
Vive, decus nemoris ! nullo tibi durior ævo
Decutiat sanctam temporis ira comam !
Te magici Druidum cantus, te prisca tuetur
Religio, et ritus sancit inulta tuos ;
Ambrosiis mollem dum nutrit roribus umbram,
Et decorat serto Pieris ipsa suo.
Quàm citò deponit nativum sylva decorem !
Quàm citò flet celerem temporis orba fugam !
Non ita, perpetuis cui pubescentia gemmis
Vimina Castaliæ rore lavantur aquæ.
Sacra olim Phœbo, et nullâ violata securi,
Ornat adoptivo laurus honore comas ;
Ingenio vatum et melicâ nutrita Camenâ,

Umbra per Elysios myrtea floret agros.
Ipse tuis gemebundus adhuc, Valclusa, sub antris
Purpureus mollem fundit Amor lacrymam;
Lenta sub argutis trepidant suspiria ramis,
Crescit et æternæ consona sylva lyræ.
Scilicet et Lauram languenti voce susurrat,
Numine Petrarcæ nobilitata tui.
Umbra Cupidineis semper lustranda choreis
Surget, honorato sit decus unde solo;
Nec dêerit tibi, dum teneri versantur amores,
Aut nemus, aut nemori religiosus honor.

ACTÆ NON ALIO REGE PUERTIÆ.

1705.

En, ubi marmorei reclinis ad ora sepulcri
Excubiis solus tristibus hæret Amor!
Ut placidè mœrens gelidam complectitur urnam,
Humida dum fidis saxa rigat lacrymis.
E cinere exiguis queritur natura susurris,
Vivit et extincto mutua flamma rogo.
Dulce super bustum est rapti lugere sodalis,
Et dare dilecto suaviolum tumulo;
Ipsaque per trepidos delabens lacryma vultus
Illecebras suavi miscet amaritie.
Tupia ut tacitè malo suspensus ab alto
Spectat adhuc patrios, dum sinit hora, lares!
Quà sociis olim sub amatâ molliter umbrâ
Suetus erat furvo luxuriare choro!

Galliam et è puppi lento languore Maria
  Quærit avens, oculis persequiturque suis !
Ingemit, ut colles fugienti et saxa recedunt,
  Primus ubi in tenero pectore serpsit amor ;
Mnemosyne, lapsas recolens dulcedinis horas,
  Languet deliciis emoriturque suis :
Temporis exacti dum læta resurgit imago,
  Stat sua cognato gratia cara solo.
Scilicet antiquis inter loca cognita ludis
  Stringuntur tacitâ religione sinus.
Quis tibi jam sensus, qui subrepentibus annis
  Hospes Etonensem visis amate larem ?
Dum tenerâ lustras penetralia culta juventâ,
  Olim lætitiæ conscia rura tuæ.
Mens ut amicitiæ, luctu resoluta, priori
  Largitur gemitus lacrymulamque brevem ;
Seu molli desiderio sublapsa relanguet,
  Aurea seu dextrâ somnia fingit ave.
Primævi redeunt blandâ sub imagine lusus,
  Et cari, longùm qui siluere, chori.
Nonne tibi, notos ubi permeat aura recessus,
  Ebria mellito vulnere corda tremunt ?
Nonne inter primis arva insignita Camenis
  Gliscit adoptivo pristinus igne calor ?

AD FLORAM.

1795.

Flora, veni! quocunque polo, quâcunque sub aurâ
  Detinuit gelidæ te mora longa viæ.
Conscia seu niveam quâ Latmi ad saxa Dianam
  Inter blanditas suasit amor violas,
Aut nemora Americæ Chilisque umbracula lustrans
  Otia purpureo carpis odora toro;
Seu, quà flexanimo Circassia mollis Amori
  Sacrat aromatici florea dona soli,
Nympharum ingenuo decoras languore pudoris
  Cœruleos oculos aureolamque comam:
Eia age, rumpe moras! vernæ te spiritus auræ
  Flagitat, et Zephyri vox rediviva tui.
Rumpe moras! glacie gemuit satis oblita tellus,
  Fluminaque strepitus dedidicere suos.
Audiit, et vegeto stipata rubentibus Horis
  Flora renascentem promit honore diem.
Sed cave! ne Boreas ulnis amplexus iniquis
  Illicito teneros stringat amore sinus.
Irruit ut cupidus, vitreo torpore labascit
  Languida, et algentes horret inire manus.
Sed memor uxoris trepidante Favonius alâ
  Ipse catenatos solvet ab hoste pedes.
Tum Venus, et molli descendat Gratia curru
  Ambrosio teneras humida rore comas:
Læta Cupidineo modulamine consonet arbos,
  Facunda aligeri munere facta Dei;
Tum juvet ad melici lugentia murmura fontis

Inter odoratas delituisse rosas;
Dum cupidus Floram gemmato in gramine ludens
Lascivis ambit suaviolis Zephyrus.
Scilicet et molli vacat indulgere veterno,
Et Veneri lentam rite dicare lyram.
Fer typanum, fer, Musa, chelyn! Quid mortis iniquam
Prætrepidem querulo languidus ore vicem?
Lucet adhuc: jam funereo Mors horrida passu
Obrepet, tacitas injicietque manus.
Interea ambrosiæ libantes dona juventæ
Ludamus vernâ, dum sinit hora, die;
Sertaque Acidaliæ texamus florea Divæ,
Dum lepidos menti spirat Hygea modos.

QUIS MEMBRA MOVERE MOLLIUS?

1794.

Casta, fave, Diana! tibi nam sæpe solebat
Ludere Mænaliis festa chorea jugis.
Teque, Venus, molles spirat cui Gratia risus,
Advehat ambrosiâ turturis ala rotâ!
Teïa dum magicâ tangit dulcedine chordas
Musica, virgineis non aliena choris;
Quâ spirante melos, facili turma excita motu
Solvitur, et graciles implicat arte pedes.
O teneri passim pueri, teneræque puellæ,
Ludite festivâ, dum favet hora, die!
Ludite! jam tacito obrepit pede tarda Senectus!
Jam vocat in Stygias luridus Orcus aquas.

Cerne, puer, liquido ut mollis velamine vestis
Defluit! ut pressos vix tegit illa sinus!
Ut flos luctanti in gremio suspirat odores!
Virgineo ut varium subrubet ore decus!
Pallidulus color huic, et Amoris lenta voluptas;
Celatus niveis excubat ille genis:
Huic fervens nitet ore salus, labroque rubescit
Simplicis in tenero purpura sola rosæ.
Dum radios vibrans et vivi fulgur ocelli
Corda Cupidineâ sanciat illa face,
Hæc placido risu et vultu demissa modesto
Urit scintillâ languidiore sinus:
Alligat at duplici vinctam dulcedine mentem
Risus, et ingenuo blandus ab ore sonus.
Sed leviter saliens terram dum pulsat, agitque
Ad numerum motos læta chorea pedes,
Quæ tunc deliciæ, trepido quis sensus amanti,
Dum victa indomito vulnere corda micant!

ADRASTUS LOQUITUR.

1705.

Di, quorum auspicia infractos tueantur amores,
Queis pura hospitibus luceat ara focis,
Accipite hanc animam, meque ultro exolvite fatis!
Heu nimium lentas illa dedere moras!
Scilicet et dudum, invisæ ludibria sortis,
Debueram fratri non superesse meo.
Tum poterat virtus leviori conscia probro
Nobilior tacitæ mortis obîsse viam.

Quin semel incestâ trepidaverat illita cæde;
  Hospitii nondum læserat illa fidem.
Proh pudor! O miserande parens, tibi talia reddam?
  Hoc tibi pro grato pignus amore dedi?
Sol, qui purpureo circumspicis æthera curru,
  Aurea paulisper sistat habena rotam!
Dum te deliciasque tuas, lux alma, supremùm
  Libo, flagitiis o temerata meis!
Sed quid adhuc invisa fovens confinia vitæ
  Illicitam necto languidus ore moram?
Ter Saturnius intonuit per pura diei;
  Ter sævo increpuit numine læsus Hymen.
Apparent diræ facies, ultricia Divûm
  Numina, et in Stygios me vocat umbra lacus.
At tibi per tacitos, puer o miserande, recessus
  It comes, et tenebras purus inaurat Amor.
Te cæsum ante diem, placidè te lucus ovantem
  Excipiet molli myrteus Elysio.
Quòd si respicias Erebo me dura ferentem,
  Nec poteris luctu mitior esse meo,
"Hic" (saltem dices) "fatis congressus iniquis
  "Ultor adest culpæ non levis ipse suæ."

IN TUMULUM FIDELIÆ.

Vide "Collins, Dirge in Cymbeline."

1706.

Qua tilias subter veteres lentamque cupressum
  Roscida gramineo cespite vernat humus,
Sub florem ætatis confecta Fidelia dormit,

Composita agrèsti molliter in tumulo.
Hîc sæpe eliciens teneri suspiria luctûs
Viset dilectum fida puella locum;
Sæpe aget excubias sero sub vespere pastor,
Et canet ad mœstam dulcia verba lyram;
Ruricolæque dabunt lacrymas, (dum nenia ducit
Solennis memores ad pia busta choros)
Sertaque diffundent, quotquot florentia Maii
Halitus in primo germina vere fovet.
Ah! neque pallentes lemures sub nocte silenti
Polluto inficiant sacra vireta pede!
Nec casses narcisso intexere turpis arachne
Audeat, aut limax serpere per violas!
Sola cicindela egelido sub vespere repens
Castâ rorantem lampade lustret humum!

Ὅς κινεῖς ἀνέμους, νεφέλῃσι δὲ πάντα καλύπτεις,
Πρηστῆρσι σχίζων πλατὺν αἰθέρα. ORPHEUS.

1796.

ÆSTIBUS autumni mediis, sæpe orsa repentè
Obscurat purum tristior umbra diem.
Obrepunt tenebræ furtim, dum luce malignâ
Lurida sol dubium vibrat in arva jubar.
Quin gemitus mussant ventorum in vallibus imis,
Murmurat et presso lugubris aura sono;
Desertis præsaga silent aviaria ramis,
Et mœsta horrificum possidet umbra nemus.
Longinquo intereà glomerantur fulmine nubes,
Nictantique procul lumine flamma tremit.
Jamque adeò nemora haud dubiis trepidare susurris,

Et strepere in densis plurima gutta rubis.
Tum fragor erumpit; jam jamque per ardua cœli
Invehitur magno turbine tristis hiems.
Nec mora, torrentes undæ funduntur, et ignis
Obstantem indomito fulgure findit aquam.
Hæc recolas! et, si culpâ tibi pectora sudant,
Ultorem moneat fulmen adesse Deum!

SERVI AFRICANI MORS.

1796.

Jam nece servilis rupturus vincula vitæ
Ore vocat patrios Afer ovante Deos.
" Vos, quibus est curæ leto rediviva sub ipso
Rursum ad natales ducere membra plagas,
Accipite hanc animam! jam pascua cara revisam,
Ruraque lætitiæ consona sæpe meæ!
Gambiaci dulces errans prope fluminis undas
Luget ubi vacuum Zelia fida torum.
Ibimus, et dominæ fugiemus verbera dextræ,
Quà placido lenis sol beat arva die;
Et nemora umbriferæ recreans palmosa Leones
Irrigat æstivam roscidus imber humum.
O genitor, si liber adhuc natalia lustras
Litora, in amplexus me vehet aura tuos!
Quà neque sævus Iber, neque fervor solis aduret
Servitii duro membra subacta jugo;
Sed comitum ad lusus impellere sistra licebit,
Aut canere ad festam martia verba tubam:
Zelia dum suaves suspirat ab ore susurros,

Colla premens carâ desidiosa manu;
Et pueri reducem excipiunt, balboque parentis
Oscula certatim murmure præripiunt.
Ibo, ibo! ventosque super rapidasque procellas
Gambiacos visam morte solutus agros!"

IN OBITUM LUCTUOSUM DILECTISSIMI CONSODALIS,

THOMÆ BRIGSTOCK;

Qui, ætatis anno septemdecimo, in mense Octobri, A. D. 1792, gravi morbo minutatim absumtus, interlit; formâ, indole, ingenio, præstantissimus.

1800.

O Nemora, ô campi, sedes mellita juventæ!
O dilecta animo semper Etona meo!
Ut me sæpe tui sub sola umbracula ruris
Stratum Pieriæ detinuere Deæ!
Quà tecum nunquam hæc veritus, dilecte, solebam
Somnia adhuc tenero læta fovere sinu;
Sicubi purpureæ recubans in margine ripæ
Lustrabam placidas desidiosus aquas.
At te, blande puer, lento rapuere marasmo,
Heu! lacrymis flecti nescia fata meis;
Ne patriæ fastos posses virtutibus olim
Clarus et ingenio concelebrare tuo.
Atqui talis eras, qui (si modò vita fuisset)
Debueras patriam condecorare domum;
Arcanos olim qui legum evolvere nodos,
Difficiles sophiæ vel penetrare vias!
Atqui talis eras, quem vis, et pura venustas
Primum inter socios vellet inesse choros!

Ut memini, quando alloquerer te voce supremùm,
  Intumuit tristi præscia gutta genâ ;
At reditum certè spondebas, cara reflectens
  Lumina, in amplexus non reditura meos.
O dilecte comes, nunquam tua lumina posthâc
  Aspiciam ! duri sic voluere Dei.
At sub corde tamen tua vox, tua dulcis imago
  Hæret, pars animæ carior illa meæ.
Ut placuit quondam vacuâ præsumere mente
  Fortunæ dubias, te comitante, vias !
Ut placuit dulces musarum carpere laurus,
  Te decus ingenii participante mei !
Hæc fuerunt ; sed nunc, abrepti cara sodalis
  Umbra, mihi solo est vita terenda pede !
At (te siquando ad nostræ confinia terræ
  Devocat e cœli limine blandus amor,
Nec trepidæ æternùm ducens oblivia vitæ
  Curarum dulcem linquis amaritiem)
Quæ me cunque manent rerum discrimina, nunquam
  Mutatum aspicies immemoremque tui !
Jam nunc octavus foliis sese induit annus,
  Nec vetus ex animo cedit amicitia :
Quo desiderio primùm tua funera planxit,
  Mens eadem extremam perstat adusque diem.

TREMELLA GELU CONFECTA.

Vide "Darwin Bot. Gard."

1796.

Dovinæ ad ripam míseros lugebat amores
Sola legens gelidâ nocte Tremella viam.
Nulla etenim lunæ fluctu radiabat imago;
Lucebant tristi sidera nulla polo.
"Pulcra Tremella, redi!" Dryades dixere sorores;
Naïades mœstâ voce, "Tremella, redi!"
Nequicquam; nam dura trahens suspiria amoris
Carpit fatalem litore sola viam.
At gelidi Boreæ circùm increbrescere flatus,
Et fremere effusâ turbinis ira nive.
Illa riget sensim, tardoque oppressa veterno
Membra pruinosâ languida ponit humo.
Paulatim lentus pervadit ad ilia torpor,
Stringunturque gravi mollia corda gelu.
Vix elanguentem suspirant ora querelam,
Sed gena concretis stillat adhuc lacrymis.
"Pulcra Tremella, vale!' Dryades dixere sorores:
Naiades mœstâ voce, "Tremella, vale!"

ASPASIÆ LUCTUS.

Vide, "Beaumont and Fletcher—The Maid's Tragedy."

1797.

Ut thalamum Aspasia Evadnes, lectumque jugalem,
Et, sibi quæ fuerant debita, serta videt,
Spreta fides animo sedet, et perjurus Amintor,
Dum læso indomitus pectore regnat amor.

It tristi obtutu, et lacrymâ dejecta silenti
  Humectat pulchras languida nympha genas.
Sylvæ illi, solæque placent in vallibus umbræ,
  Quæque sub obscuris labitur unda jugis.
Namque ibi, floriferâ recubans mœstissima ripâ,
  Pallida flumineæ serta legit salicis;
Fronde comas ligat, et cassos meditata dolores,
  "Talis," ait, "tumulo convenit umbra meo!"
Nec minùs, æqualem repetat si fortè coronam,
  Lentus virgineo pallet in ore dolor:
Dumque leves aliæ celebrant de more choreas,
  Et resonat festâ vox sociata lyrâ,
Illa gemit, lentéque trahens suspiria, narrat
  Quàm grave desertis pectora torquet onus,
Languentis si quando in dulci ætate puellæ
  Conturbata domat flebile corda jugum.
Hei mihi! qualis erat, quæ surdum luget amantem!
  Olim inter Rhodios prima puella choros!

VIRGINUM SOLIS
INAUGURATIO.

1797.

Tempus erat, quo Sol Libræ in confinia vergens
  Aurea Quitoæ viseret arva suæ,
Cùm virgo ex ulnis traheretur mœsta parentûm,
  Luciferi thalamum jussa subire Dei.
Hôc ergo illecebras et suavia mutat amoris;
  Hôc trepidas ponit spes dubiosque metus:

Scilicet ut tristi fundat dulcedine cantus,
  Quà tenebris sancti clauditur ara Dei.
At quondam, heu! cari mœstâ sub imagine lusus,
  Et tener in miserâ mente resurget amor.
Siste pedem! Non genua labant? Non pectora sentis
  Præscia furtivo diriguisse metu?
Non, vultum pallentem et lactea colla reflectens,
  Agnoscis trepido corda micare sinu?
Siste pedem, dum fata sinunt! jam stabis ad aram
  Victima sacrato non soluenda jugo;
Et sterilem absumes vano mœrore juventam
  Frigida secretis saxa rigans lacrymis.

ELISENA PERIONI.

Vide "Amadis de Gaul," lib. prim.

1802.

Ecquid, ubi nostros liquisti, care, penates,
  Hæsit adhuc memori pectore fidus amor?
Ecquid adhuc, Perion, Elisenæ dulcis imago,
  Et desiderium flebile corda movet?
O ego quàm sæpe, ut resonant mihi limina, credo
  Prætrepidans pulsas te redeunte fores!
Quàm sæpe ad celsos mœrentia lumina colles
  Convertens dico, "Cur mihi lentus abes?"
Inde fleo misera; et, quem tu laudare solebas
  Argutum, fletu tristis ocellus hebet.
Nam neque lucidulum, nec jam decet esse loquacem;
  Nec sibi nunc oculus, quod loqueretur, habet.
Tu mihi durus abes, cui cæco mota furore

Virgineam astrinxi voce tremente fidem.
Ipsa fidem pepigi; at pavidam me nocte silenti
Duxit ad illicitum Darioletta torum.
Tradidit illa tibi, vix tectam pectora velo
Tradidit, heu votis officiosa tuis!
At tu, nam memini, rapuisti exterritus ensem;
Omen et hoc miseri forsan amoris erat.
Formidanda tuam turbârant somnia mentem,
Et miseræ exitio nox ea penè fuit.
Eheu! cædebant vacuas quæ tela tenebras
Sanguine debuerant incaluisse meo.
Sic ego nec moriens violâssem jura pudoris,
Nec patrios læsà virginitate lares.
O infelices animi, quascunque sub imo
Solicitas versat corde molestus amor!
Queis sterili tantùm fas est incumbere luctu,
Pectore dum muto cura repressa gemit.
Aut, furtiva Venus miseros si temperat ignes,
Posthâc desertas tristior hora manet!
O Perion, quibus in terris nova bella gerentem,
Aut quibus errantem te rear esse locis?
Hoc fugiens saltem spondebas mœstus amanti,
Olim legitimam te renovare fidem;
Et tibi me sancto sociatam fœdere lecti
Conjugis optato nomine posse frui.
Eheu! cur unquam tetigisti has perfidus ædes
Advena? Sed certé regius hospes eras.
Tum crevit malesana meo sub corde cupido,
Et mihi non alio tempore notus amor.
Heu placidi mores, et vitæ lætior ætas!
Dum castæ noctes, et sine fraude dies;
Dum perducebat teneros mihi leniter annos

Culta puellari simplicitate quies.
Tu mea discedens fregisti gaudia; durant
Omnia, quæ vetito sunt in amore, mala.
Cùm neque celari veneris jam sontia possent
Furta, quòd in gremio molle tumebat onus;
Nec spes ulla ferum patriæ mansuescere morem,
Qui morte illiciti damnat amoris opus.
Sed fortè ad ripam vicinæ porticus undæ
Umbrosâ nemoris stabat operta comâ.
Hîc ego consuêram sub aprico tempore veris
Cum libris sanctâ sola quiete frui;
Atque ita solicitè genitoris lumina fallens
Secretum posui languida mater onus.
Ipsa legens salices facili de vimine fecit
Solerti calathum Darioletta manu;
Et dulcis pueri mœrens (ego lenta jacebam)
Purpureâ involuit membra novella togâ.
Parvula de niveo pendebat litera collo,
" Regum Amadis claro sanguine cretus ego."
Nam belli (si fata sinant obstantia) fulmen
Hunc fore finitimis auspicor orba plagis;
Hunc equitum florem quem Ganges audiat, et quæ
Taprobane ignoto tunditur oceano.
Pulcher erat, similisque tui; calathoque cubantis
Lætus blanda super lumina risus erat.
Eheu! sic positum materno pectore fovi
Supremùm, et dixi mortua penè, " Vale."
O ter amate puer, tumido malè credite fluctû,
Matris cura brevis deliciæque tuæ!
Lenior externas si te maris æstus ad oras
Vexit, et, heu! tenero sæva pepercit aqua,
Scandia nunc brumæ genetrix, aut horrida Thule

Continet, aut gelidû terra Britanna nive.
Scilicet hâc unâ potui vice fallere patrem ;
Sed tibi crudelis, care, noverca fui.
At pater occubuit ; fervet circùm anxia pubes,
Et validi, qui me tot petiere, proci.
Hinc gravior, Perion, luctûs manet hora dolentem ;
Anxia dum peredit pectora durus amor.
Interiam ; nullusque meo de funere planctus
Fiat, lugubri nenia nulla sono !
Sed memores salicis mœstæque nigrantia taxi
In tumulo, nymphæ, sternite serta meo!
Tum mihi solicitæ deponens vincula vitæ
Libera terrarum transiet umbra moras :
Sæpe ex hospitio tenebrarum ad cara reviset
Litora, pallentes nox ubi lustrat agros ;
Te, dilecte nimis, sero te vespere quærens
Conficiet longas irrequieta vias ;
Aut Amadis (si vivit adhuc) cunabula propter
Invigilans puero somnia læta feret.
O Perion, Perion, quo nunc te cunque sub axe
Terra rudi felix distinet hospitio,
Si tremulum sentis circùm spirare susurrum,
Ultimus est animæ spiritus ille meæ !
Care, redi ; tecumque refer, quæ tu mihi labris
Furtim purpureis oscula sæpe dabas !
Oscula contigerent quæ si mihi morte sub ipsâ,
Glisceret algenti lux rediviva genæ ;
Mente vetus miserâ penitus vivesceret ignis,
Manaretque redux per mea membra vigor.

GUENDOLENA LOCRINO,

1802.

Hæc, Locrine, tibi sævi prænuntia martis
Mittitur uxoris litera facta manu.
Sunt arma, et currus, viresque ad prælia nobis;
Est mens egregio nomine digna patris.
Tu senio torpes animi, Scythicæque recumbens
Pellicis in gremio, desidiose, lates;
Nec pudet ætatem pigro consumere somno,
Pectore dum sordens inveterascit amor.
Illa dies nocuit, cùm victor et hoste redires
Occiso, Scythicis clarior exuviis.
Vidi te, hostili rorantem sanguine vidi,
Captivam imbelli continuisse sinu;
Nec lecti hanc puduit Britonum duxisse per urbes
Consortem, sceptri participemque tui.
Ast ego, Dardanio cui fulgent sanguine venæ,
Cui patriâ dignus nobilitate decor,
Spreta maritali thalamo et deserta jacebam,
Aut sola, aut nato collacrymante tuo.
Scilicet haud unam Estrildæ lascivia læsit
Me, neque desertum nunc queror esse torum:
Ausus eras, quamvis peregrinâ ex pellice nata est,
Sabrinæ Madanum posthabuisse meum.
Ast ego jure parens, maternaque prælia tento;
Fœdus amor thalamos inquinat iste tuos.
Sed mihi præclari veneranda Corinëos* umbra

* Corinëos. In the quantity of this name I have followed Spenser, who uses it Corĭnēus and Corīnĕus. It is called Corĭnēus by Drayton,

Et tua sint testes Inogenia parens,
Non aliam caluisse meo sub pectore flammam,
Nec stupro intactam me violâsse fidem!
Quanta et qualis eram! patriâ dum cincta coronâ
Amplexu hærebam sponsa beata tuo;*
Dum jure ingenti cretam genitore colebat
Suspiciens nutum terra Britanna meum,
Verbaque servabat pubes mea; nec fuit unquam
Dignior in terris ulla, Locrine, coli.
Sit pectus muliebre licet, sint mollia membra;
Viribus, ingenio, mens animosa valet.
Ecquid, ubi niveis te circumfusa lacertis
Libâram liciti gaudia prima tori,
Castaque virgineo lucebant colla rubore,
Non ita deliciis dissocianda tuis,
Eximiâ stirpe indignum sub corde notâsti
Aut animo mendax delituisse meo?
Ut, quæ me tanti jacto genus esse parentis,
Invisa externæ pellicis ora feram;
Aut profuga et magnæ submittens gentis honores
Cum nato externam cogar abire domum.
Non hoc me genitor tuus olim insuevit; avitæ
Non ita me famæ tradita cura monet;
Non pater—At, ní me mentis vaga somnia fallunt,
Pœna venit certo jam tibi sera pede.
Audin'? Cornubiæ coierunt fortia bello
Agmina, vindictæ turba ministra meæ.

---

and Corĭnæus by Hanvill in his Architrenius, who has also used Cornubia with the second syllable long; but I have not thought myself bound by his quantity, which is not always correct in classical words

* For the history, see Jeffrey of Monmouth, and the tenth canto of the second book of Spenser's Faerie Queen.

Tela tibi, sævis jam formidata gigantum
  Viribus, exitio, turpis adulter, erunt;
Et trepidas inter Britonum collapsa catervas
  Candida cum fœdâ matre Sabrina cadet.
Sit formosa licet, sitque auro purius illi
  Pectus, at illiciti pignus amoris erat.
Explebit celebres, nec fuso sanguine, pœnas;
  Tantus erit castæ virginitatis honor.
Illam ego, tendentem spumanti in vorticis undâ
  Lævia necquicquam brachia, projiciam;
Ut florem in ripâ, qui nullo læsus aratro
  Demisit gravidum languidus imbre caput;
Nec quidquam aut prenso luctari in gurgite ramo
  Proderit, aut patrios ore vocâsse Deos.
Sed Nymphæ intactam miseratæ fortè juventam
  Corripient vitrei sub cava lustra vadi,
Atque ita compositam præclari fontis in antro
  Numen honorati fluminis esse canent.
At tibi, cui torpet mutato in pectore virtus,
  Obvia concutiet spicula læsus Hymen;
Ultricesque ciens in te, fœdissime, diras
  Eripiam turpi sceptra inhonesta manu.
Intereà, fati securus, dulcia junge
  Oscula, nec spretæ conjugis arma time!
Sed (quondam insignem* quà rupis in arce triumphum

---

* "That well can witness yet unto this day
  The westerne Hogh besprincled with the gore
  Of mighty Goëmot, whom in stout fray
Corineus conquered, and cruelly did slay."—*Spenser.*
"Upon that loftie place, at Plinmouth called the Hoe,
  Those mighty wrastlers met."—*Drayton.*

Mirata est patris Tamara* fusca mei)
Jam comitum mihi sæva cohors mavortia mussat
Prælia, nervosis scuta levans humeris.
Tu tamen, in molli si dormis languidus ostro,
Dum rumpat somnos buccina, vive ! vale !

HILDA ATTILÆ.

1841.

Actum est; mortifero sævivi cuspide vindex,
Heu ! genetrix natis exitiosa meis !
Jam cruce ferali puerorum impubia pendent
Corpora ! jam triplex sanguine fossa madet.
Actum est; et gladio vulnus fatale, meorum
Ipsa neci nudans membra tenella, dedi.
Quid superest? Vos o Furiarum adsistite quotquot
Vim trahitis nostro lætitiamque malo !
Attila, supremæ mitto tibi fercula cænæ,
Vilis adulterio, perfide, facta tuo.
Accipe odorato conditam melle placentam !
Corda tuæ sobolis mollia lætus ede!
Interea Eskamiam (si stat tibi tanta libido)
Blanditiis genitor concubituque fove !
Mitte puellares sub brachia turpiter artus,
Et natæ amplexu flagitiosus ova!
Vel, si Mycolthæ ridet tibi blanda venustas,
Adjuncta omnivolo sit nova nupta toro!
Et niveas gemmis† Ariaspes vincta papillas

---

* "Et fusca metullis Tamara." —*Milton.*

† Ariaspe, vetus oppidi Bactrorum nomen.

Virgineis mœrens te beet exuviis!
Has tamen exitio complecteris ; ipsa nefasto
Hæc soror et conjux imprecor orba viro.
Nox una indomitos sceptri raptabit honores,
Opprobrium thalami finiet una tui.
Jamdudum ultorem prope litora glauca *juvencum
Fortiter in patrio gramine Rhenus alit.
Ipsa ipsa exacui furibundum in vulnera cornu,
Ipsa fero accensas in tua damna faces.
Hei mihi! quàm dulci quondam amplectebar amore
Te solii consors et sociata toro!
Pulcra, ætate virens, clarâ de stirpe Balambri,
Fraternum accepi sponsa pudica jugum.
Non me (fabor enim, quoniam tibi nostra venustas
Sordescit, patriis ejiciorque focis)
Aut Venus Idaliæ vicit celeberrima luco,
Aut culta Arctois Freïa diva plagis.
Vix ubi complêram duodenos molliter annos,
Concordi æternam strinximus ore fidem.
Ut memini! mihi te †Linæ de turre videnti
Invasit subitus nescia corda deus.
Accipitris sub tecta fugam tibi fortè secuto
Permisit vetitas aula reclusa vias.
Heimero custode, levi subtegmine formas
Hîc mea fulgentes consociabat acus ;
Danubii cycnos pingebam atque Hunnica castra,
Ducens solerti serica fila manu.
Turre sedebamus vacuâ, quà flumina lento
Ad Rhodanum lapsu cœrula volvit Arar.
Multa loquebamur tutâ statione morati,

---

* Hageni cum Gunthario cæsi natum. † Hlindale.

Doctrinæ occultas me reserante fores.
Arcana astrorum docui, et cogentia manes
Verba, tenebrosâ quæ pavet *Hela domo.
Ingenii vires laudâsti, aptamque putabas
Blanditiis formam corporis esse mei.
Tum calicem cepi auratum; tibi, maxime, soli
Dulcia virgineus musta profudit amor.
Sed loricatæ spondebas casta sorori,
Oscula dum placidâ fronte modesta dabam.
O ego qualis eram, sequerer cùm prælia victrix,
Armigeri gladium docta rotare Dei!
Et me sublimi portans in bella volatu
Cycnea aërias raderet ala vias!
Tum Patris æterni fatalibus addita Nymphis
In pugnâ vitæ jura necisque dabam.
Dejeci † indomitum; ‡ juvenis sine vulnere salvum
Servavi invito Bellipotente caput.
Hæc potui; versâ metuendi lege sepulcri
Fata novas docui conseruisse vices.
Sed Pater iratus vetuit, ne prælia posthâc
Ingrederer, diris cincta veneficiis.
Somniferâ armatæ percussit tempora virgâ
Ipse maritali dans mea colla jugo;
Compositamque gravi sub frondea tecta veterno
Stragula me lentis implicuere moris;
Et clypei supra, circùm fera flamma nitebat;
Suspensa in quercu plumea vestis erat.
Ast ego per tenebras et non violabile pignus
Juravi, tantis haud superata malis,
Non ita nupturam, nisi qui serpente subacto
Aureus abreptis iret ovans spoliis,

* Hades Borealium. † Hialmgunnar. ‡ Audbroder.

Et mihi sanguinolenta ferens insignia pugnæ
  Regibus occisis regna novena daret,
Invictâ Granam pressurus calce, coactum
  Pergere, quà crepitans igne micabat humus;
Et prope Lethæo dixi devicta sopore,
  " Magne, veni, thalamum sic aditure meum!"
Tu poteras solus dirum superare draconem,
  Casside et auratâ victor iturus eras.
Quis capita ingentûm, nisi tu, dotalia regum,
  Sceptraque confectis rite daturus heris?
Admonitûs patiens soli, fortissime, sævâ
  Nare vomans flammas se tibi præbet equus.
Vicisti, et tacitum patuit penetrale cubilis,
  Quadrupede ardentes insiliente vias.
Egregium caput agnovi, et signa aurea pugnæ,
  Nec veterem piguit me pepigisse fidem;
Testis at, ancipiti inter nos mucrone sub atrâ
  Nocte, pudicitiæ ferreus ensis erat.
Hinc tamen exultans in me convicia jactat
  Eskamia, incestâ non bene nupta face.
Virgineo decore abrepto, tibi vendita dicor
  Palma trucidatis æquiparanda viris;
Et, frustra insonti posthâc conjuncta hymenæo,
  Turpis victori præda fuisse feror.
Juverit Armipotens ita me, non vera loquuntur;
  Ista meo capiti probra maligna canunt.
Arceor imperio, et thalamo spectabilis exul
  Jura ego famosis do mea pellicibus.
Quæ regum incedo regis conjuxque sororque,
  Invita exoso trador adulterio;
Arte imbuta meâ mihi, perfide, philtra parâsti,
  Queîs animam docui corpore posse trahi;

Atque ita nil spectans, neque conscia, fraude nefandâ
Cogor ad indigni fulcra pudenda *tori.
Impia vis agitur fictis sponsalibus, et me
Occupat ignaram connubialis amor.
Nixa pedem ridet soleâ lasciva parentis
Filia, delicto facta superba tuo.
Non tamen unanimes decernunt irrita Parcæ;
Lethiferis vindex jam venit hora minis.
Intranti thalamum tibi nuptæ, offensa lababit
Liminis in primo lubrica planta solo;
Cœleste insolitâ sordet ferrugine ferrum;
Deserit occiduum Grana protervus herum,
Nigraque perlustrans laxis dumeta lupatis
Quassat† in Hercyniis libera terga jugis.
Sed non solus abis; subeunti numinis aulam
Non cadet in calces aurea porta tuas.
Ipsa adero grandi comitatu regia conjux,
Usta sepulcrali, te moriente, pyrâ.
Haud indigna meis sequar, o sequar, innubus olim
Quâ mente in Linâ me rapiebat amor!

* Gunnaris scilicet (aliter Guntharii) filii Burgundiæ regis ab Attilâ devicti.

† Equorum graviter sudantium et cœno aspersorum more.

Βάλε φέγγος Ἠριγένη.

1795.

Metri gratiâ nuper emendatum.

Surge, roscida Lux, rotis
Vecta purpureis! Nitens
Phœbe, qui thalamo maris
Verticem exeris aureum,
Prodeas face purâ.
Nubibus caput efferens
Splendidis propera comis
Montiumque virentium
Saltuumque nigrantium
Purpurare cacumen!
Jam diem tremulam vibrans
Scintillas vitreo vado,
Roribusque micantibus
Prata et irriguas doces
Erubescere ripas.
Eia, roscida Lux, rotis
Vecta purpureis veni!
Fervidumque Cupidinem
Profer, et Venerem, Jocosque,
Explicans jubar almum.
Floreos pede lubrico
Deserunt Zephyri, illitos
Melle nectareo, toros;
Et diem reducem halitu
Suave olente salutant.

Tum rosaria permeant,
Et thymum et violam ambiunt,
Gestiuntque per arbores
Ludere, et comites pigro
Suscitare veterno.
Jamque versicoloribus
Blanda somnia pennulis
E cubilibus avolant;
Sedibusque hominum, novo
Pulsa lumine, cedunt.
Ast, Acidaliæ velut
Læta progenies Deæ,
Per Chloës teneras genas,
Blanda somnia, per Chloës
Lusitate capillos!
Lenis, O Zephyre, et tremens
Suave olentia mollibus
Rura pervolita comis,
Floribusque fragrantibus
Mella dulcia liba!
Tunc odorifero Chloën
Dormientem in amaraco
Spiritu recrea vago,
Donec excutiat levem
Te monente soporem!
Aura, quæ lacrymam humidi
Roris ætheriam bibis,
Mitis, O precor, adveni!
Virginis propera meam
Ventilare cubile!
Ventila nitidam comam!
Ventila niveos sinus!

Grata flamina, molliter
Ventilate tenellulum
    Ludibunda labellum !
Mox, ubi extulerit toro
Pulcra purpureum caput,
Suscitans oculi jubar,
Languidosque represserit
    Nympha pollice somnos,
Osculantia virginem
Dicite, scatebras aquæ
Propter irriguæ, Chloën
Mane me, priùs excitum
    Sole, concinuisse.

AD JULIAM.

1799.

Quid me severo lumine, Julia,
Mutata vitas, et nemorum immemor,
    Quorum reclinatis sub umbrâ
        Sæpe hilares abiere soles ?
Cùm tu renidenti in violario,
Mollive lecto suavis amaraci
    Lentè jaceres, nec, decoro
        Rite premens strophio papillas,
Dîs invideres, dum tibi dulcia
Gratis ligabas vincula floribus,
    Crinesque lascivè per album
        Læta dabas fluitare collum :
Sic delicato pulcrior otio,

Præclara quàm si purpura candidos
Vestiret artus, aut capillos
Magnifico religaret aurum
Fulgore comptos. Te rosa simplici
Cultu nitentem, te meliùs decet
Flos veris, et furtim loquaces
Cœrulei decorant ocelli.
Sed tu fidelem semper amoribus
Vatem secundo numine protegas,
O Memphis apricæ, Cnidique, et
Idaliæ Cytherea præses!

AD JULIAM LACRYMANTEM.

1799.

Eheu! Julia cara, delicatæ
Quid pallent tibi gratiæ genarum?
Quid muto lacrymans hebet dolore
Quondam lætitiâ nitens ocellus?
Sed tecum Charites, sed ipse mœret
In vultu gremioque seminudo
Servans excubias Amor fideles.
At tu, Julia, simplici corollâ
Fluentes humero liga capillos,
Et priscos pete, sic venusta, lusus,
Risus flexanimos, brevesque rixas.
Sic te, inter niveas tuas sodales,
Designet lepidæ decus choreæ
Iste lucidus et loquax ocellus,
Suavis arbiter elegantiarum.

AD AMICUM,

Qui me, puellâ quâdam aspectâ, eam deperiturum fore dixerat.

1799.

Vidi; sed neque me genæ
Fulgor purpureus, nec gremium mihi
Pulcrum surripuit, neque
Lucentes oculi, splendida sidera, aut
Collum candidius nive.
Vidi; sed refugit mens, quia ferrea
Linguæ garrulitas; quia
Nil pectus muliebre aut tenerum gerit.
Non uno Venus improba
Cunctos consequitur vulnere; lacrymis
Hic fœdans tacitè genas
Incumbit miseris semper amoribus;
Hic mutat vagus in dies
Lectos instabili corde cupidines.
Te fulgentia lucidi
Præstringunt oculi fulgura; te genæ,
Et labri nimius nitor;
At jucunda meos aura modestiæ
Sensus perdomuit magis,
Et molli retinet pectora vinculo:
Quantum nec potuit nitor,
Quantum nec levitas, imperiosaque
Pulcræ forma superbiæ.
Me demissa solo lumina languidè
Dulci pelliciunt face;
Me simplex tenerâ quæ rosa subrubet
Et mutabilis in genâ,
Me casto trepidans corde juvat pudor.

AD AMICUM GULIELMUM FRERE.

1796.

O DOCTE mecum, quà Thamesis fluit,
Quondam procacem tendere barbiton,
  Suavesque Musarum sacerdos
    Cum numeris sociare cantus!
Quânam sub umbrâ pergis amabiles
Pulsare chordas? Nam neque Naiadum
  Bacchata Faunorumque lusu
    Pascua, sed gremio coercet
Te triste Cami litus, ut Eliæ
Nondum cubantem lapsus ad insulam,
  Segnique devexus fluento,
    Lambit agros, lutulentus amnis.
Me ripa vernans Isidis innubæ
Circumsonanti distinet ambitu,;
  Dumeta me lustrata Nymphis,
    Et vitreæ Charuelis undæ.
Sed nec sonoro per salices strepit
Pimplea cantu; quam viridi toro
  Etona, dilectisque serpens
    Nutrit adhuc Thamesinus agris.
O cara lucorum hospitia, et meis
Lustrata quondum rura sodalibus,
  Nunquamne Musarum canoro
    Fila iterum tetigisse plectro,
Aut, in quieto margine lubricam
Spectare fluctûs cœrulei fugam,

Notasque per ripas licebit
Pennipedes renovare lusus!
Vivendum, et actâ quas dederit vices
Fortuna nobis alta puertiâ
Partesque servandæ! Potentis
Jam patriæ per aperta nisu
Audax honesto me feret indoles!
Raptanda nunc est major adorea,
Majorque ferventis juventæ
Area jam quatienda gressu!
Manes aviti, vos sequor! Æmulis
Invitat ætas integra viribus!
Non erubescendis parentum est
Passibus ingredienda virtus!
Tu, cui refulgens fronte sedet decor
Intaminatis castus honoribus,
Per bella, Libertas, per almæ
Lætitiam rege me quietis!

AD AMICUM.

1798.

Quæris, quid tremulam solicitans chelyn
Decantem querulâ carmina næniâ?
Quæris, quid nec amœni
Lusus aut choreæ juvent?
Quem nunquam placido lumine conspicit
Quondam blanda Venus, sed miserabilis
Lentus pallor amoris,
Luctusque, et gemitus manent.

Duri torquet enim flamma Cupidinis,
Et spe cassa fides, dum veneror dolens
  Toto corde puellæ
    Dignam Dîs animam meæ.
Me dulces oculi, me mihi surripit
Vultus purpureo lumine lubricus ;
  Me, quæ sola labello et
    Simplex erubuit, rosa.
Quondam, dum trepidâ læta puertiâ
Lusit Musa novo molliter impetu,
  Mens festiva jocosis
    Exultabat amoribus.
Tum verno docuit me nemus halitu
Securum citharâ nectere carmina,
  Tum pallens anemone,
    Vel nigrum violis solum.
Dilecta O vacui cordis amœnitas !
Suaves illecebræ ! quas ego lucidi
  Ripâ fontis odorâ
    Intonsus colerem puer.
Frustra præteritos mens recolit dies,
Et desiderio pallida mutuo
  Languet purpura vultûs,
    Languent ingenium et vigor.
O felix nimium, cui placidum Venus
Finem solicitis annuit ignibus,
  Qui tranquillus amatæ
    Caro consenuit sinu.

IRIS.

1825.

Spectrum beatæ lucis, amabili
Dum pingis arcu cœruleos sinus
Refracta nimborum, procellas
Opositas decorante Phœbo,
Miræque legis non variabili
Septem ligatas servitio tenes
Vincloque cognato sorores,
Fronte tuens veneror silenti
Cœleste signum te, rapidus licet
Auster coactis ingruat imbribus,
Diusque mugitu volutis
In nebulis equitetur ignis!
Qualem fugatis te tenebris pater
Grandævus olim vidit, ut æquora
Pacata defluxere, tractus
Per liquidos abeunte nimbo,
Qui nuper amplo fonte retexerat
Caliginosos in gremio Jovis
Ortus aquarum, dum supremas
Diluvio cumulabat arces.
Te teste priscum per vada navitam
Vexata ventis arcus Apollinis
Servavit, extensus superne
Lethiferamque domans procellam.
Quo tutus almi pignore fulgidum
Prospexit orbem solis et æthera,
Terrasque lætas, ac vireta
Non iterum violanda fluctu.

Sic et gigantum secula bis novem
Persæ prementem te pede barbari
  Sanctumque pinxerunt Amorem
    Vertice in aërio sedentem.
Te Fama narrat, primùm ubi Tartari
Juraret atram per Styga Jupiter,
  Pulcram, procellosis ab undis,
    Oceani micuisse neptem,
Nondum fugatis terrigenis; tua
Queis Arca pulsis auxilium tulit
  Germana, cùm flammante cœlo
    Viribus oppeterent Tonantis.
Te victor udo fixit in æthere
Thaumante cretam, non sine consciâ
  Tellure cum cœtu Deorum,
    Prodigium venientis ævi.
Tuque, Iris, îsdem viva coloribus,
Dum magnus orbis permanet, irritos
  Ex arce nimbosâ labores
    Despicies hominumque nisus.
Sic rauca venti flamina, sic tibi
Cessabit imber turbidus, et dies
  Ridebit aspectu serenam
    Docta tuo renovare lucem;
Solare grato fœdere tu jubar,
Utcunque fulges, luminis implicas,
  Nectisque subtilem colorum
    Perpetuâ speciem catenâ;
Ceu mota filis plectra trementibus
Reddunt canorem, nec dubiâ vice
  Concordis ad tactum sonoris
    Subsequitur modulatus ordo.

Quâ lege, septem tincta coloribus
Rex Medus olim mœnia dicitur
  Intusque diversis gradatim
    Culminibus posuisse turres.
Quondam, ad revulsæ saxa Niagaræ,
Narrat strepentis vertice pendulo
  Venator aspexisse clivi
    Inter aquæ fremitus minaces
Te dormientem, pronus ubi intonat
Laurens tremendum, et spuma ruentibus
  (Effusa ceu nubes) ab undis
    Sursum agitur, reboante fundo;
Te sæpe colles inter, ubi breves
Sol altus umbras demeret, humido
  In vallis angustæ recessu
    Rupe sub imbriferâ nitentem,
Montisve celso culmine imaginem
Sub mane primo multiplicem, et sui
  Gyris coronatam venustis
    Obstupuit medio figuram.
Te, pulcher arcus, nocte sub algidâ
Pallentiorem, qui vigil excubat,
  Dum luce collustrat serenâ
    Roriferos vaga luna nimbos,
Cernit; benigno cœrula sidere
Dum saxa rident, et nemorum avia
  Velantur humenti vapore, et
    Purpureus requiescit annus.
Sæpe et beatis Hesperiæ plagis
Lustras Velini marmora, gestiens,
  Dum Phœbus in cœlo relucet,
    Sub gelido lavere ora fonte.

Spes alma vultu nascitur ex tuo;
Quocunque sub sole, aut quibus in locis
Te cunque contemplabor, addes
Pacem animæ memori Deorum.

NOTES.

V. 29. ARGO (the first ship doubtless the ark) was said to have been saved by the bow of Apollo, which stilled the storm. *Conon, Dieg.* 49. Do not the bows of Apollo and Diana represent the solar and lunar rainbows? In the Iliad, (book 14,) Jupiter summons Apollo and Iris, and dispatches Iris with a mandate to Neptune, detaining near his side Apollo, (the sun by whose operation the rainbow is projected) till her office is accomplished. Apollo might perhaps not be known to Homer as the sun, yet the connexion between his bow and Iris is here manifest, though the mystery might not have been understood by Homer, who related the tradition. In the seventeenth book, v. 547, Minerva descends in the similitude of a rainbow, to re-assure the dismayed Greeks.

V. 29. See the engraving, in Bryant's Mythology, of Love seated on a rainbow, above two rows consisting each of nine giants. This appears to me to mean the nine generations of the two branches, through Seth and through Cain, from the creation to the deluge.

V. 34. Iris administers to the gods, by the order of Jupiter, the oath ὁρκος, (Orcus,) or the water of Styx, first called into heaven by Jupiter on the occasion of the conflict with the Titans: or, in other words, the rainbow was the witness of the first covenant of the Almighty, on the occasion of the great overthrow of the rebellious race of men.—See *Hesiod, Theog.* 265, 400, and 784.

V. 35. Iris was the grand-daughter of Oceanus, by her mother the nymph Electra.

V. 38. Ἡ δὲ Ἄρκα Θαύμαντος ἦν θυγάτηρ, ἧς ἡ ἀδελφὴ Ἶρις. *Ptol. Heph. Nov. Hist. L. vi. ap. Phot. Bibl.*——Observe the mystic

connexion between the two daughters of Thaumas, Iris and Arca, the rainbow or arc in heaven, and the ark of Noah, the two arcs or arks of the covenant, by which the remnant were saved after the deluge; on which account, Arca, in which they were saved, was probably said, in the same work, to have assisted the Titans.—See *Faber Myst. Cab.* 1. *p.* 262.

V. 44. ——— *Ἶρισσι ἐοικότες, ἅς τε Κρονίων*
Ἐν νέφει στήριξε, τέρας μερόπων ἀνθρώπων. Il. λ'. 27.
——— *πορφυρέην Ἶριν θνητοῖσι τανύσσῃ*
Ζεὺς ἐξ οὐρανόθεν τέρας ἔμμεναι. Il. ρ'. 547.

The name Thaumas, which is clearly identical with Thammuz, has the same root as *θαυμα*, a prodigy or wonder. It is remarkable that as the most harmonious lines in Homer are, perhaps, those concerning Thamuris, in the catalogue of ships, the most harmonious in Milton are those relating to Thammuz in the catalogue of devils. The exquisite sweetness of the latter passage induced me to attempt, many years ago, to transfuse it into Latin verse.

Proximus, in Libano cujus plaga annua mœstè
Voce voluptatem Syrias spirante puellas
Æstivum allicuit cantu producere solem,
Ad mare dum patrio de vertice lentus Adonis
Purpureas volvebat aquas, sic fama, quotannis
Thaumantis placidum violatus vulnere fontem;
Quo luctu accensas parilique cupidine duxit
Hebrææas flagrare nurus ea dulcis imago,
Quarum in vestibulo, ipsiusque ad limina templi,
Luscivos olim Ezekiel aspexit amores.

V. 61. See *Herodotus, Clio.*

V. 77. See *Ulloa's Voyage.*

V. 90. In eodem (Velino) lacu nullo non die apparere arcus. *Plin. Hist. Nat. L.* 2. *c.* 62. This stanza was added after reading Mr. Selwyn's Cambridge ode, by which it was suggested.

NAPOLEON.

1840.

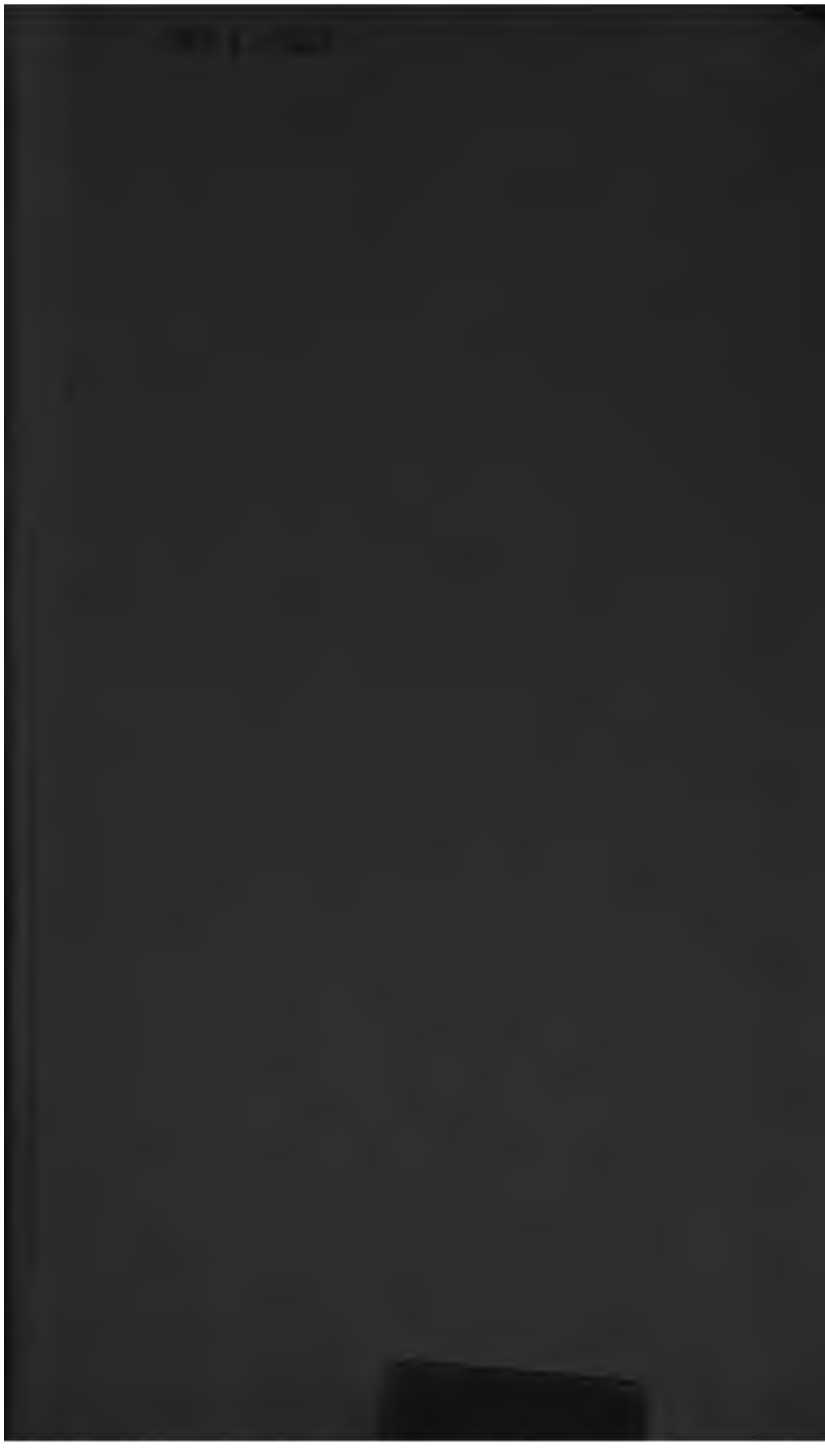
Qualis, tremendo sub Jovis impetu,
Ignis per amplum labitur æthera,
  Quo dura tellus, quo superne
    Fulmineæ quatiuntur arces,
Montesque nutant Acroceraunii,
Dum fons sacrorum cœrulus imbrium
  Nudatur, et præceps ab atrâ
    Nube fluit liquefactus ardor ;
Fulgore circùm percita mugiunt
Querceta, pulsu mœnia corruunt
  Detrusa, et antiquis ab alto
    Saxa cadunt resoluta vînclis;
Sed purus ignis permeat aëra
Portans salutem, cui nebulæ graves
  Cedunt, paludosusque fœtor,
    Qui calidæ tenet uda terræ;
Talis, tumultu non superabilis
Ibas per urbes, Napoleon, pari,
  Mussantis Europæ vetustis
    Gentibus incutiens ruinam !
Sic decidisti, splendide ! Sed vigor
Prolapsus a te fluxit ad intima
  Virtute regnorum novatâ,
    Et resides stimulavit artus.
Actum est ; et ultor, qui capit omnia,

Te cepit Hades. Sanguinis arbiter
  Haud parcus humani, peremptas
    Te toties duce, visis umbras!
Quot non sepultorum ad Stygis advenam
Manes salutant litora, flebili
  Fœdata bello! Quis videntem
    Te rapuit glacialis horror!
Ast inter omnes, maxime militum,
Quotquot fuerunt, flaminibus vagis
  Vexilla pandebas supremus,
    Rex patriæ dominusque regum!
Nunc dormit, ustæ saxa minacibus
Quà tundit æquor fluctibus insulæ,
  Sopita majestas sepulcro, et
    Ira tui metuenda vultûs.
Collapsa languent brachia; fervidi
Quondam sub horâ sæpe periculi
  Nexis obumbratum lacertis,
    Pectus hebet; vigilemque cura
Frontem explicatis deseruit minis,
Quo fonte moles ardua consilî
  Enata percellebat hostes,
    Et citior Jovis igne virtus;
Regum superbæ cùm tremerent domus,
Ac non domando pergeret agmine
  Parere velox, et parata
    Præripere ex acie cruentâ
Laurum juventus. Exitialia
Visûs quiescunt fulgura! Cespite
  Dotatus arenti recumbis,
    Et sterili salicis sub umbrâ
Nequicquam ad Arctum victor ab Hespero

Torpes inultus. Te procul a tuis
  Undâ procellosâ coercet
    Sol alius scopulisque cinctum.
Sordent tropæorum et decus et cruor;
Nec quid triumphi jam tibi proderunt,
  Postesque Mavortis refracti
    Fulmine, perdomitæque gentes.
Majore sed tu teste viges adhuc!
Conversa quod nec vis equitum fugâ,
  Moscoa nec, lucente flammis
    Urbe, dedit miseranda nomen,
Non usitatos ingredientibus
Alpes coactæ pandere tramites,
  Et pontis indignatus Ister
    Pondera, te dominum loquuntur.
Hæc per futuri secula temporis
Durare perstant, quod vorat irritos
  Fastus triumphantumque palmas,
    Sanguinei monumenta belli.
Semota curis et vigili metu,
Cespes, timendi membra tegas ducis,
  Dum sera neglectum reposcat
    Vox patriæ tumulo cadaver!
Fractam sepulcri jam videor domum
Spectare! ventis jam fluitantia
  Vexilla, concordique pacto
    Fœdus amicitiæ novatum,
Quos inter olim te duce perditus
Bellabat ardor! quos odium ferox
  Exasperabat, te cruenti
    Martis atrox jaculante fulmen
Feralis ædes te tenet integrum;

Non squalet ensis, non gena, non chlamys ;
  Non membra sub terrâ jacentis
    Dedecorat maculosa tabes.
Corpus severis mors domitrix tenet
Vinctum catenis, ast eadem sedet
  In fronte regalis voluntas,
    Mens eadem taciturna vultu.
Quo muta visu turma fidelium
Stat; lacrymarum fons sacer irrigat
  Malas, et experrecta fervet
    Pectoribus veterana virtus.
Miti revisas alite Galliam !
Nec te tremendæ gentibus evocent
  Fatale portentum sorores,
    Te patriæ furiale signum !

INDEX.

	PAGE.
Pia della Pietra	3
Julia Montalban	24
The Guahiba	47
The Wanderer of Jutland	75
Time	167
Croyland Abbey	169
Written in Somersetshire	171
To the memory of T. Brigstock	177
Ode to Despair	180
A riddle	182
Stanzas	183
On the Death of Miss Ryder	184
Written in 1800	185
Written in 1805	187
Peace of Amiens	189
General Tilly	194
Sonnet from Salandri	195
——— Figueroa	*ib.*
Prophecy of the Tajo	196
Sonnet from Agensola	197
Death of Don Sebastian	200
Morning Song	204
The Waterfall	205
First Olympic Ode of Pindar	206
Second Olympic Ode of Pindar	213
Soneto	220
Sonetto tradotto dal Ippolito	*ib.*
Sonetto, 1804	221
Sonetto ad un amico	222
Canzone	223
Sylvarum liber	225
Musarum Etonens. dicationes	227
Δαρθούλη	228
Βερράθων	237
Ἰαμβοί	238
Ἀναπαίστοι	242
Ἐπίγραμμα	*ib.*
In 8 Cal. Nov.	243
Non omnis moriar	246
Natura dominetur	249
Rhenus	251
Δακρυόεσσαν ἄγηται	257
Ex Pindari Pyth. prim.	260
Ad amicum W. S. Rose	262
Ex Attilæ l. 9.	264
Nullius agricolæ, &c.	266
Actæ non alio rege puertiæ	267
Ad Floram	269
Quis membra movere molliùs?	270
Adrastus loquitur	271
In tumulum Fideliæ	272
Ὅς κινεῖς ἀνέμους, &c.	273
Servi Africani mors	274
In obitum T. Brigstock	275
Tremella gelu confecta	277
Aspasiæ luctus	*ib.*
Virginum Solis inauguratio	278
Elisena Perioni	279
Guendolena Locrino	283
Hilda Attilæ	286
Βάλε φέγγος Ηριγένη	291
Ad Juliam	293
Ad Jullam lacrymantem	294
Ad amicum	295
Ad amicum Gul. Frere	296
Ad amicum	297
Iris	299
Napoleon	304

G. NORMAN, PRINTER, MAIDEN LANE, COVENT GARDEN.